

Diegueno (Kammzi) Yuman

1888 - 1935

Indians of San Diego County And Their Water Rights.

~~1888~~
The Indians in San Diego county are having some trouble about water that is claimed by them and which they say is being taken by the white men. The agent is investigating the matter. Apropos of the affair, Daniel Sexton, the old pioneer, has sent the following letter to the TIMES:

Colton, May 12, 1888.

EDITOR TIMES—DEAR SIR; Commodore Stockton of the United States Navy sent me, Daniel Sexton, to say to the Indians of San Diego county to remain at their homes and they should be protected in their rights. Hence they would not take up arms against the Americans. But the Indians of San Bernardino county did take up arms and about a thousand of them with 200 Mexicans went to punish the San Diego Indians for not falling into the ranks against the common invader. They had a battle and I saw it and saw an old servant of mine kill seven Indians with a war club that I made myself and if I had been well mounted I would have charged down among them, but I was on foot.

That night I went into their war camp and that made a change in things, for I held council with the old chief that gave my children the tin mines and he changed things a little. The courts at Washington can rob me, but in the name of God I hope they will quit robbing the poor Indians.

I remain yours, with respect,

DANIEL SEXTON.

INDIAN VOTERS.

San Diego County to Cast 500 Indian Votes This Fall.

Recent Decisions by the United States
Attorney General and the General
Land Office All go to Show That
the Mission Indians are
Citizens of the United
States.

Sept 27 — 1888

Frank D. Lewis, an attorney-at-law, representing legal defence committee for Mission Indians, Lake Mohonk conference, with headquarters at Pomona, visited Elsinore recently. Mr. Lewis is an enthusiast on the Indian question and is evidently the right man in the right place.

In the course of a most pleasant and interesting interview Mr. Lewis furnished a *News* representative with some decidedly novel and startling information concerning the rights to citizenship of the Mission and Pueblo tribes.

This question had its origin in the following incident: One Fedez Calac, a Mission Indian, of Pala, had been living on a section of a school land belonging to the State, understanding that a white man intended purchasing it he was advised to apply to purchase under the State law regarding the purchase of State land, which requires that the purchaser shall be a citizen of the United States, and if the lands are suitable for cultivation, that the purchaser shall reside upon the land applied for (see Section 3496 Political Code of California.) The surveyor general refused his application on the ground that he was an Indian and not a citizen. Calac filed with the attorney general his protest against this refusal of the surveyor general who instructed the latter to allow his application. Other complications arose and the case was carried into court, which was decided in favor of the Indian—that he is a citizen and as such he has a right to purchase school land.

Later on two Indians by the names of James Castello and Victor M. Charey, in the San Jacinto reservation were desirous of taking up their land in severalty, but as they were living on the reservation this was impossible. They applied to the Secretary of the Interior to restore the same to the public domain so as it could be entered under the homestead law. The application was rejected on the ground of citizenship. The case was appealed to the general land office, and it was decided that the opinion expressed in report of April 14, '87, "That the Mission Indians of California, as well as the Pueblos of New Mexico are, and have been since the acquisition from Mexico of the territory upon which they are now located, *citizens of the United States* under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidaigo (9 stat., 922).

"Now" said Mr. Lewis, "If, as these decisions would seem to infer, these Indians especially referred to are citizens of the United States entitled to all the privileges and immunities accruing therefrom, why are they not entitled to a vote?" Continuing, Mr. Lewis stated that there some twenty-five hundred in this county, five hundred of which are legal voters, based on these decisions.

If this be true they will play no small part in the coming presidential campaign. The respective parties will doubtless see that they vote if they are entitled to it. Should it be found that they are legal voters, these poor, abused, down-trodden wretches will for the first time in the history of the "paleface" on this continent, receive anything like the attention and consideration that by virtue of heritage they have always merited.—*Elsinore News*.

Drunk Mexican Throws a Stone Breaking an Indian Woman's Arm.

An Inhuman Act.

Yesterday as the dumb Indian woman, well-known to many San Diegans, was going to her daily work as servant in a residence on Ninth street, a vicious boy, wishing to tease her, threw a stone which struck her arm with such force that it broke the bone. She was taken into the Winona House, medical aid was summoned, and the injured member bandaged. The Doctor pronounced the fracture an ugly one and said that she would have to go to the county hospital for some weeks. This information caused the poor

creature much distress, and she asked in the language of the mute, "Who will take care of my babies?" For it seems that though dumb and so eccentric in her mode of dress as to make her an object of ridicule to the thoughtless, she has a kinder heart than many of those who laugh at her, and her humble home is shared by two little Indian orphans whom she supports from her scanty earnings, and keeps neatly clothed by sitting up late nights to make their clothes. Verily, it is to the poor one must go to learn lessons of charity. A gentleman has authorized THE UNION to offer \$25 reward for the arrest and conviction of the perpetrator of this dastardly act.

HE PLEAD GUILTY

And Was Sentenced to Forty Days in Jail.

Jesus Romero, the Mexican whose case for an assault with a deadly weapon was dismissed in Justice Sloane's Court yesterday, was allowed to plead guilty of a simple assault, before Police Judge Rawson this morning, and was sentenced to forty days in jail. The complaining witness was an Indian woman, who charged him with having thrown a stone at her, thereby breaking one of her arms. Romero was drunk at the time.

San Diego Union Nov 8 - 1888

A VENERABLE SQUAW'S WEAKNESS.

She is Allowed the Freedom of the Jail Yard
in Serving her Sentence. 1889

A venerable squaw, wearing a small flag for a head cloth, has been sunning herself in the county jail yard since July 1st. Pio Pico, her buck, is confined within the jail, but Juana Surro, as she is entered on the records, spends her nights in the iron cage in the yard. This cage was formerly the city jail and stood at Fourth and G for the accommodation of drunks, as high as eight at a time having been locked in it at once. It now does duty for women, for "crazies" and for separating the men.

Juana and Pio have a rancheria in the Julian mountains, and earn a subsistence by gathering Oregon root, which is required in the manufacture of certain medicine, and selling it at Julian. It is their practice to celebrate on those trips to town, but on this last one they were arrested for disturbing the peace and given twenty days each. The squaw speaks but a few words of English, and in reply to the question if she had any children, said: "No papooses." Jailor Tom Merrill had her play the part of the Goddess of Liberty on the Fourth, by getting up from the corner of the lot, where she sits all day, and having the flag twisted around the short, gray hair of her head. She has a powerful frame and is tall and erect. Her feet are bare. She wears a skirt and sack of black and white striped

calico, a dirty, black and white spotted apron, and a plaid shawl of red, green and white. Her only diversion is the rolling and making of cigarettes, as the good-natured jailor keeps her supplied with tobacco.

1889.

[July]

July 13 **FUN IN JULIAN.** *1889*
**An Angry Cowboy and an Indignant Indian—
Telephone to Heaven.** *Sum*

They have fun up in Julian. For two weeks past a cowboy has had a written notice posted in a saloon inviting another cowboy, who had taken the first one's girl to a dance, to show up and be licked.

But the Indians furnish the most amusement. When a telephone line was run from the valley to one of the mines the redskins were beside themselves with curiosity. One of them was told that the line ran to the kingdom of heaven. He came to Julian to investigate, and the boys at the other instrument were instructed what to say. When the Indian got the receiver over his ear he heard a sepulchral voice saying, "Jose, Jose, you stole a horse from Tom Stratton last month." Smash went the Indian's fist against the 'phone and as he strode out with an ugly look in his eye he was heard to mutter: "Kingdom of Heaven tell d—d lies!" *San Diego*

Mission Indians accused of
unlawful practices.
Mesa Grande

THRIFTY INDIANS.

**They Drive Cattle on Their Reservation
and Then Demand a Toll.**

This morning Deputy District Attorney Lawrence Middlecoff will proceed to Mesa Grande, near Warner's ranch. For some time past complaints have been made that the Mission Indians, who have a reservation there, have been guilty of various acts which are not only very annoying to the ranchers in that vicinity but also unlawful. It is alleged that they will go out into a herd and pick out several cattle and then drive them on the reservation.

As soon as they are missed by their owners a search is instituted, and, as a matter of course, the cattle are found on the reservation. The Indians then demand a toll for having kept them, and refuse to give them up until the toll is paid.

These Mission Indians are old inhabitants, being relics of the olden time of Mexican rule. They are now wards of the Nation. They are always peaceable, and no lawless acts on their part have ever before been reported. Most of them are engaged in farming on their own account, and quite a number are employed by ranchers in the vicinity of the reservation.

Mr. Middlecoff will make an investigation of the full facts in relation to the case, and if necessary some prosecutions will be commenced to put an end to these misdeeds.

San Diego Union + Bee
Aug 17. 1889

Murder of Juan Pablo

Special Dispatches to the CHRONICLE.
MURDER WILL OUT.

Indians in a State of Terror in San Diego County.

SAN DIEGO, September 27.—About two years ago an Indian named Juan Pablo, well known around Julian, in the eastern part of this county, mysteriously disappeared, and until two or three days ago no one knew what had become of him. An officer went to Santa Isabel on Tuesday to arrest an Indian for some trivial offense committed at Julian, and the arrested man was so terrified that he volunteered the statement that if he were allowed to depart he would tell what became of Pablo and where his remains could be found. He conducted the officers to an abandoned mining shaft where the skeleton was found.

At the inquest it was developed that Pablo was killed by another Indian known as Big John, who afterward threw the body in the shaft where it was found. Big John was himself killed a short time afterward by some of the murdered man's friends, but it was never known by the whites for what cause until the inquest on Tuesday.

One of the peculiar features of the case is the fact that another Indian who was called as a witness at the inquest was so frightened that he fell in a fit, and when he recovered one side was completely paralyzed from his head to his feet.

1889

San Francisco
Chronicle
July 28 1891

A QUEER sort of revolution in labor circles is reported from Southern California. In times past great dependence has been placed during the fruit-drying season upon the help of the Indians. Whole families, including parents and children, have been accustomed to aid in preparing the fruit for drying. This season the growers in one of the prominent fruit centers determined to employ none but white help, but the apricots ripened so rapidly that they could not be handled, and the Indians, who had asked for work and been refused, were applied to for assistance. They were backward in complying, and better wages were tendered. Even this did not satisfy them, and now they have refused point blank to go to work. In other words they have boycotted the white employers and seem to enjoy the situation thoroughly.

About fifteen miles from Agua Caliente, over the Warner ranch, up a long, steep mountain grade into the Cuyamaca range, is the home of 160 Dio Ganio Indians. Their reservation embraces chiefly pastoral lands, although there is a sufficient area adapted to cultivation for the production of all needed cereals and vegetables. Twenty-acre allotments have been made to several families, who have built adobe houses and manifested so much interest in individual ownership that an Indian, assisted by his wife, was seen working in the pouring rain, fencing their possessions. Nearly the full enrollment of twenty-six children had come through a heavy storm which then prevailed to the Government school. Their teacher, Miss Mary C. Watkins, was enthusiastic in their praise, describing them as "gentle, good and industrious," and the most eager pupils to learn she had ever known.

NEWTON H. CHITTENDEN.

San Fran Chron Aug 1 - 1897
San Francisco Chronicle - Aug. 1, 1897.

FIGHT VULTURES FOR THEIR FOOD

S.F. Chronicle

Nov. 17, 1904

Campo Indians Starving on the
Desert While Waiting Pa-
tiently for Government Aid.

WORK LAND WHERE LITTLE RAIN FALLS

Driven by Hunger, They Have
Subsisted Upon Acorns, Rats
and Mice—Death Said to Be
Near Unless Succor Comes.

Special Dispatches to the "Chronicle."

SAN DIEGO, November 16.—A piti-
ful story of hunger and destitution
and of patience and faith in the ulti-
mate consideration of a kind govern-
ment are brought from the eastern
mountains of this county by men
who have been investigating the con-
dition of the Indians on the Govern-
ment reservations near Campo.

Indian Agent Charles E. Schell of
Pala and Charles F. Lummis, the
author and editor of Out West, have
spent six days among the red men.
The gist of what they found is har-
rowing enough to send a shudder
through the country.

On the five reservations near Cam-
po, on the edge of the desert, there
are at the present time nearly 200
Indians—not the dirty, vicious, un-
tutored, begging creatures who infest
the transcontinental railroad stations,
but hard-working, intelligent farming
people, who cultivate every possible
square inch of the practically worth-
less land reserved for them by the
Nation.

No rain has fallen to start the
seed planted and there is no water
at hand for irrigating. No large re-
serve food supply is ever possible and
the unfortunates are now subsisting
chiefly upon acorns.

"Unless relief comes," said Lummis,
"all the Indians will be dead before
New Year's Day. Such emaciation,
such patient suffering among old and
young alike, I have never seen before
and never want to see again. These
Indians loathe putrid flesh, yet such
is their extremity that when they see
vultures devouring any animal that
has been killed, they scare the birds
away and eke out their larder with
the flesh. They also go out and catch
rats and mice and eat them."

S.F. Chronicle

Nov. 27, 1904

ASK AID FOR CAMPO INDIANS

Merchants and Others Appeal to the President to Send Relief to the Starving Tribe.

LOS ANGELES, November 26.—A telegram signed by forty-six prominent men of Los Angeles, including bankers, lawyers, merchants, journalists and other officials, has been sent President Roosevelt, asking him to cause some action to be taken in behalf of the starving Campo Indians in San Diego county. The telegram is as follows:

"We know that the reports about famine-stricken conditions of the Campo Indians in San Diego county are well

founded. Humanity demands that immediate relief be given them. We urge and ask you to act in this matter."

Charles F. Lummis, the well-known author and authority on Indians, lectured last night before a large audience upon the conditions of the Campo Indians, and made an appeal for \$500 to relieve the immediate and pressing wants of these people. The money was contributed at once.

SAN DIEGO, November 26.—The destitution of nearly all of the remaining Indians on the five reservations near Campo, in the southeastern part of this county, is well authenticated. The Indians have been starving and suffering greatly because of lack of clothing. Efforts have been made in this city for their relief, and food and clothing for their immediate necessities have been forwarded.

Part of the money realized here will be spent in the purchase of grain for seed for next year's crops. Action by the Government is needed to place the Indians beyond want in the future, and the urgency of action is apparent from the reports of death and privation that have come to this city.

The Oakland Branch

is now
at

CHIEF'S DEATH MARKED BY LAST EAGLE DANCE

Mesa Grande Indians Hold Impressive Ceremony

DESCENDANT OF ENGLAND GOVERNS TRIBE

Adolph Beresford, Half-Breed
Is Elected to Position
of Judge

MOUNTED COWBOYS JOIN
CITY PEOPLE AT DANCE

Red Men Tramp on Live Cook
Chanting Wierd Memor-
ial to Leader

"Nosome! Hoomow-no-some!"
"It is finished, the tribe is finished."
These were the words of old Cinon Duro, the last chief of the Mesa Grande tribe of Indians, spoken just before he died one year ago. Those witnessing the famous Eagle dance, which was performed for the last time in the history of the tribe on Monday night, well understand the import and pathos of the venerable chief's final words.

This wierd dance is perhaps one of the most interesting remnants of the customs of an ancient people, a people whose last flicker of existence lies within the breasts of some eight or ten old men and as many women; a handful of centenarians whose lives are in the past, and who embody the traditions marking the tribe as an individual entity. There are, in fact, about one hundred and fifty members of the Mesa Grande reservation, but the younger people are about as alien to the real life of the tribe, which was, as are the white ranchers and cattlemen with whom they associate. It has become almost a matter of pride with them that they cannot speak the Indian dialect, their native tongue, and have no knowledge of the traditions and legends of their people. They speak the Spanish of the Mexican, and imitate the dress, the manners and the habits of the whites, as closely as possible, so that it is not too much to say that the days of an ancient people are numbered, and its life breath is held in the enfeebled bodies of a handful of centenarians.

Last Chief Dies and Title Becomes Extinct

The loss which the tribe suffered in the death of their last hereditary chief, old Cinon Duro, or to use his Indian name, Mata Whur, "hard rock," will be readily understood, as he was, apart from his dignity as bearer of the hereditary title, the custodian of the sacred legends which were handed down from chief to chief, and leader in the ceremonials and rites of the primeval religion. There being none to succeed him, at his death the title lapsed, and with him was also buried the wealth of the history of his people, apart from fragmentary records which had been gathered by a few enthusiastic ethnologists. Old Cinon was over a hundred years old, and had practically outlived his own descendants, as he was a great, great grandfather, and in 1860 had four sons. In this bit of family history is shown too plainly the result of the white man's influence, a condition even more vividly brought forth at the spectacle of the dances, when the gap between the group of wiry, athletic old dancers, each one over ninety years of age, and the lounging young fellows among the spectators, hardly any being above forty, is a silent and eloquent tribute to the effects of the process of civilization.

The government of the tribe is now wholly political and consists of a "capitan" and a judge, each office being filled once a year by election. The two offices are sometimes merged in one, as is the case this year, Adolf Beresford, a half-breed of unusual intelligence, holding the office. As his name indicates, he is descended from the English family of Beresfords, of whom Admiral Beresford is at present a conspicuous representative.

The tribe is composed of four clans, the Duro (hard), La Chappa (chief), La Chusa (the owl), and Pena (cliff). These clans control the social and

Indian mind, is well expressed in its quaint wording, with its swinging rhythm and endless repetitions.

"At first"—in the beginning, all the world was covered with water, and the sky was very close to the earth. These two, the sky father, "Sing you how," and the earth mother were the two great gods of all things. And the earth mother said to the sky father, "Why do you take the waters from my bosom?" And the sky father said to the earth mother, "I have it within my thoughts, to create man, and I must make him by the rhythmic beat of the waters against the rocks." And from the union of the earth mother and sky father, two sons were born; the eldest, "Pu-chi-pa," was the creator of all things on earth, and the second, "Yo-co-ma-tis," was his helper. And the two brothers sat upon a tule patch, and the first brother said to the second: "Little brother, what am I going to do?" and the second said, "I do not know." And the first said, "I am going to send the waters into the great deep." And he plucked a pipe from the tules, and smoking, wafted the smoke three times in the air, saying each time, "Ha-wa, ha-wa, ha-wa!" and the waters went into the great deep. Then he said again: "Little brother, what are you going to do?" and the second said, "I do not know." And the first said, "You are going to send the sky to its place above." So he lifted the tobacco pipe three times in the air again, saying, "Ha-wa, ha-wa, ha-wa!" with great organ tones of incantation, and the sky went to its place above.

So the legend goes on, "Pu-chi-pa" the "creator," making "the paths from east to west of all the stars," and the great "path from north to south, the back-bone of the sky," our Milky Way, which is to be "the pathway of departing spirits." Then he announces that he is going to make man; but first he will make trees, for men will need wood to warm themselves, and grasses and seeds, for they will need food, and fountains of water, and lastly animals, which were also people. He is now ready to make man, and he takes clay from the fountain and forms a man, and sets him up to dry. There is then not enough clay left to make another, so he makes a woman. He then breathes tobacco smoke upon them, saying, "Sup-la," and they become living creatures. After this the "Story of Creation" relates the life of man in that far primitive time, when the frog and the rabbit, the house-fly and the coyote mingle in their development in fable and myth, and the great Moon god comes down and lives among them, instructing them in fiestas, in basketries and potteries.

Eagle is Killed After Death of Each Chief

The story of the eagle is of a different character, more in the nature of a historical legend of the tribe. The tale runs that in the far past the tribe traveled many long moons, coming always from the south, far over the mountains and the deserts. In that long migration the guardian spirit of the people in the form of an eagle watched over them, and guided them to the Mesa Grande country, the land of plenty and promise. So the eagle has always been regarded as the sacred bird, and has borne a prominent part in fiestas and ceremonials. When a chief or great man dies, a young eagle is captured and kept in captivity for several months. Then on the anniversary of the chief's death a great fiesta is held, lasting three days. For this preparation is made long in advance. On the night of the third day, the day on which the chief died, the Eagle dance is held, the dancing continuing during the entire night, and as the grey dawn begins to tinge the darkness of the starlit sky, amid the mourning and chanting of the people, the eagle is killed by "charm," dying a mysterious, painless death, "without violence." This sacred eagle is the medium through which the relatives and friends send final messages to the departed chieftain, and when the freed spirit of the bird finally finds its burdened flight down the "pathway of the spirits," the wailing is turned to loud rejoicings. This dance has occurred at rare intervals in the history of the people, the last one having been held over twenty years ago, and the fatal words, "no-some," literally interpreted, "the last-forever," was written to its annals, as to that of the chieftanship, last Monday night.

Last Fiesta is Most Elaborate Ever Held

This fiesta of the past week was perhaps one of the most elaborate that has been held in recent times, and a concourse of at least five hundred people gathered to witness it. The direct guests of the Duro clan, of which the dead chief was a member, represented nearly all the Southern California tribes, including the Pala, San Ysidro, Inaja Rincon Santa Ysabel, Mission and Agua Caliente tribes, gathered from the seashore to the desert edge, from the mountains in the south, and the fertile valleys to the north. The white people were also welcome, and formed a liberal percentage of the

ried on thus openly adds not a little to the picturesqueness of the scene. Saturday, Sunday and Monday dancing and feasting had continued, each afternoon the Tata Huila, or whirling dance, being given, and through the long nights the fierce war dance being held, and on the third evening, Monday night, as the fading rosy glow of the twilight settled into the clear star-gemmed dusk, those not already at the rancharie, gathered from all directions to witness the wonderful Eagle dance.

Autos Appear Strange During Fantastic Dance

Groups of mounted cowboys galloped down the steep, winding roads with jingling spurs and loud laughter, all manners of vehicles made the descent more cautiously, to the level stretch of ground where lay the low black blur of the rancharie, surrounded on all sides by towering oak studded hills. Automobiles chugged and chirred, and brought up outside the enclosure, in curious juxtaposition to the flimsy, primitive structures. Descending, through the cool sweetness of the night, with the fresh scent of Spanish willow and vegetation of the bottomland rising in grateful fragrance, under the serene expanse of the sky, palely lit by the young moon, and the brooding silence of the dim towering hills, one was oppressed with the contrast, of the hopelessness of the tiny struggle for existence of the people clustered below about the dull glow of their man-made bonfire; a people whose boast it had been that "when the hills were young they had danced upon them." Nature-mates they had been, indeed, but at this critical moment, how did that very Nature overwhelm and crush them!

Entering the enclosure, however, the life of the people loomed large. The row of ramadas were each lit by swinging lanterns or candles, and were the scene of much interior activity. Squaws and babies mingled within, clustering about the smoldering supper fires, and lounging outside groups of dark-skinned, good natured men smoked and talked in the soft Mexican patois. Curious sightseers peered and commented, whispered and giggled, and at one end of the square, about a huge blazing log fire, a group of some five or six old men sat, smoking in contemplative silence.

Then, as the darkness thickened, one of the old men stirred the fire until the sparks flew high into the blackness above, and others threw on more logs. This huge mass of flaming embers furnished the sole illumination for the ceremonies, but its lurid glow sufficed. It was built up on the edge of a leveled circle of earth beaten hard by the tramp of many bare feet, and at one side of this space an old Indian now stood, a small, tensely held figure, with an ever smiling face,—the master of ceremonies, "Queresanto." He raised his voice in a long calling cry, thrice repeated,—the summoning of the people.

Brown Indians Mix With Pale-Face Youths

Scattering groups emerged from all directions into the circle of light, their long black shadows wavering uncertainly behind them. Without any appearance of haste, from here and there an old woman would detach herself, and join a group of sisters seated upon the ground near the fire,—the singers, the chanting chorus which furnished the music for the dancing. In the curiously mingled assemblage white and dark faces blended. Young Indians with cerise and emerald hued silk kerchiefs about their necks, and flapping sombreros covering their mats of black hair, stood elbow to elbow with khaki clad youths whose pale faces showed the months of their indoor employment in the cities. Society girls, dainty and impeccable in white shirtwaist suits, tip-toed eagerly beside dark skinned damsels, whose bright ribbon bows and neatly braided hair marked a soul as truly ambitious for the refinements of life. Seated upon the ground next to Isabella, leader of the cantadoras, was an earnest woman, an artist, whose study of Indian music had made her of note in the musical world, and near by was the adjusted phonograph of an ethnologist, sent down for the purpose of securing records of these almost extinct Indian songs. Newspaper men, painters, collectors and students, ranchers and cowboys in leather "chaps," added to the motley, and babies and dogs ranged the outer circle.

And now the dancers filed into the circle, some eight or ten ancient men, hardly one of whom was less than ninety years of age; Antonio, brother of the dead chief, and leader in his place of the ceremonials, a thin, bent figure whose toothless mouth and drawn parchment-like countenance bore an expression of dignified pathos eminently fitting to the occasion; Narciso, of a wonderful and powerfully muscled physique; Queresanto, whose indomitable spirits have endeared him to the tribe; Rafael Charley, Cinon Peno, Basilio, Ramone, each of strongly marked individuality, the

er souad,—the merest under-breath of tone, musical and droning as the song of bees on a quiet summer afternoon. Slowly this tone resolves itself into audible sound with a monotone of minor inflections, "hm-hm-hy-a-a" with a falling intonation at the end. Steadily the chanting increases in volume and climbs with each accession of sound to a higher pitch, a steady chest tone of baritone quality, resonant and piercing. This singing is all in the ancient Indian language, and vocal and elemental in sound as the voice of a forest animal or the audible presence of wind-bowed trees and falling waters. As the chant rises so the dancing develops in fierceness and energy, the swaying, stamping figures joining into the refrain with strange growing bursts of song, indescribably wierd in effect, like nothing so much as the pandemonium of forest cries and groans in a great storm, when trees and living creatures are alike driven to expression of their stress. The whole thing is distinctly a reversal to the aboriginal, and the wild gestures of the circling figures as they work themselves into a frenzy of bowing, swaying, stamping motion, the abandonment of the shrieking voices, passionate in rhythm, with alternating beat of two and three in the accent, and shaded dissonances of thirds and fifths our modern system of notation knows nothing of, is a glimpse straight down into that time of our beginnings, when the gap was small that separated us from the elemental, conscienceless nature mother.

Red Men Parade in Coals of Burning Fire

One crested figure now leaps from the circle and with a stick scatters living coals about the circle. Back and forth, marching about this master of the fire the bare-footed dancers tread, stamping through glowing embers, and now and again crouching to gather them in their bare hands and putting them to their lips as though eating them. The spectacle has become a veritable fire dance, and when at the pinnacle of emotional frenzy, without a signal, all ceases—the silence cuts into it as a knife severing a tautly drawn cable. The dancers walk quietly about, each uttering a tremulous indrawn breathing sound not unlike the neighing of a horse, and the war dance is finished.

After a brief period for participants and spectators alike to relax, during which time a bon-fire is built directly in the center of the circle, old Antonio appears with a rattle, an instrument formerly made of deer's toes enclosed in dried deer skin, but now consisting of a baking powder can with pebbles inside. Shaking this in solemn rhythm, he marches about the fire with a curious twisting step which throws the body far to one side and then the other. Gradually he is joined by the relatives and friends of the dead chief, Cinon, in a constantly augmenting procession, all following with the same twisting motion.

Suddenly, from one side of the circle comes a piercing wail. It is Trinidad, only daughter of Cinon, and chief mourner. Her mourning becomes an abandonment of grief, completely dominating the droning song of the chanters, which has been resumed. Other women join in the mourning and the tears course unrestrained down their faces. The marchers, fully forty in number, old and young, in shawls and calicoes or white gowns and red ribbons, overalls and feather head dresses or blue and crimson kerchiefs and best clothes, take up the low intoned mourner's chant. On a signal all ceases, and an announcement is made that the sacred eagle will be killed as the morning star rises, without pain, and by magic, and thus the Indian medicine men will show their superiority to the American medicine men.

Medicine Men Begin Task of Charming Bird

The four "hechiceros," or medicine men, appear within the circle, in full regalia of feather headdress and plumed skirts, their faces hideously painted. These four, Narciso Chappa, Queresanto Peno, Rafael Charley and Cinon Peno bear the eagle. Narciso carries it about in the inner circle, close to the smoking blaze of the fire, and the procession resumes its swaying march and mournful chanting. The bird stares about with gaping beak and jolling tongue, and occasionally as the medicine man passes the weeping Trinidad she throws over its head yards of calicoes, red, white or black. As the dance progresses, interminably circling and chanting, the four medicine men become active in their efforts to "charm" the bird. With many grotesque gestures they in turn stand before the helpless creature, which is held before them, and mutter or shriek incantations over it. Breathing heavily as though spent with running, they point their wizard wands at it, and grinning and shaking their heads, with glaring eyes, touch lightly the eagle's gaping beak. They blow tobacco smoke upon it, and with contorted countenances seemingly expend great energy in the

the enclosure, and the deserted fire at the dancing floor smoldered and grew grey in the brightening east.

The broad light of the morning sun flooded the brown earth of the rancharie, dispelling effectually all mystery. Its searching light reflected from the ramadas and surrounding brown hills with a warmth which made the shade of the leaf enclosures grateful. At 10 o'clock the Tata Huila, or whirling dance, was called. This is a dance of most joyous character. After the sombre tragedy of the Eagle dance, and the fierce barbarism of the War dance, the Tata Huila seems to typify the comedy of dances. There is but one dancer, and an attendant. Old Antonio beats the time with his rattle, and the dancer, a wiry athlete of about fifty years of age, leaps and whirls about the circle with an agility and sureness of direction that is little short of marvelous. He carries two short sticks in his hands, which he beats together at intervals, and the energy and dexterity of his movements is a source of continual astonishment. Leaping into the air he whirls about three or four times until his feather skirt stands out like a dervish dress. During this dance the members of the family of Cinon threw handfuls of coin into the ring, and yards of bright colored calicoes, gifts which their guests were free to step forth and gather in.

Eagle Buried With Impressive Ceremony

Following this dance the final rite of the fiesta took place, the burial of the eagle. This was perhaps the most dignified and impressive of all the ceremonies. It was of extreme simplicity. One of the old men dug a tiny grave in the center of the circle, directly under the place where the fire had burned the previous evening. Then the bird, plucked of its longest feathers, which will be made into dancing skirts, and wrapped in red cloth, was brought to Antonio. The old men knelt in a circle about the grave, with bowed heads, and solemnly lifting and lowering all that was earthly of their messenger, to the north and the south, the east and the west, while the women chanted, the body was placed in the ground and covered with earth. Then with reverent voice a low toned service in the Indian dialect was muttered by the kneeling men, with lifted hands, as though speeding the sacred messenger on his final flight, and the last Fiesta of the Eagle Dance was ended.

DAISY EDITH KESSLER.

ENCOUNTERS BAD WEATHER AT HORN

Bark Lucipara Arrives From
Antwerp With Big Cargo
After Stormy Voyage

After a voyage of 127 days, the Scottish bark Lucipara, W. Henk master, from Antwerp, May 16 anchored off the heads at 10 o'clock Friday night, and was towed to her anchorage in the stream by the tug Bahada at 11:30 o'clock yesterday morning. The bark encountered rough weather in rounding the horn, during which heavy seas smashed some of her deck fittings, but did no damage to her stout steel hull. One of the crew was also slightly injured by these seas.

The vessel reports seeing no ice during the voyage.

When off the horn, the Lucipara passed a bark with her mainmast gone at the deck, and the mizzen topmast missing. The crippled craft did not exchange signals with the Lucipara, and was evidently bound to some northern port for repairs.

The cargo of the Lucipara consists of 108,023 barrels of cement, 50 barrels of ginger ale, 250 barrels of mustard, 110 drums of bleaching powder, 50 casks of alum and 5 of arsenic consigned to the Spreckels Brothers Commercial company. She also has 5000 barrels of cement for Tacoma, whither she goes from here as soon as her cargo is unloaded.

It will be a week before the work of discharging her cargo (which will require 8 or 10 days to complete) is commenced, as the stevedores will be busy for several days with steamers now in port, and due to arrive. The Lucipara was built at Greenock, and is of about 1800 tons register.

First Mate James Buchanan of the Lucipara a typical seafarer for 25 years, once visited San Diego under more tragic circumstances, having landed here in December, 1894 from the ship Scottish Hills with 19 others of the crew of the Lord Lyndhurst, Captain Rels, which foundered during a gale off Cape Horn in October of that year. The vessel was a total loss, but fortunately no lives were lost.

In the saloon of the Lucipara, which is as snug and cozy as any a drawing room ashore, a canary bird sings in its cage swinging among plants and flowers as cheerily as if in a garden. A pet parrot, the mascot of the ship, which has not yet learned to swear, shares honors among the crew of 28 men with Leo, a handsome dog picked up at Port Los Angeles last year.

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CHIEF'S DEATH MARKED BY LAST EAGLE DANCE

Mesa Grande Indians Hold Impressive Ceremony

DESCENDANT OF ENGLAND GOVERNS TRIBE

Adolph Beresford, Half-Breed
Is Elected to Position
of Judge

MOUNTED COWBOYS JOIN
CITY PEOPLE AT DANCE

Red Men Tramp on Live Cook
Chanting Wierd Memor-
ial to Leader

"Nosome! Hoomow-no-some!"

"It is finished, the tribe is finished."

These were the words of old Cinon Duro, the last chief of the Mesa Grande tribe of Indians, spoken just before he died one year ago. Those witnessing the famous Eagle dance, which was performed for the last time in the history of the tribe on Monday night, well understand the import and pathos of the venerable chief's final words.

This wierd dance is perhaps one of the most interesting remnants of the customs of an ancient people, a people whose last flicker of existence lies within the breasts of some eight or ten old men and as many women; a handful of centenarians whose lives are in the past, and who embody the traditions marking the tribe as an individual entity. There are, in fact, about one hundred and fifty members of the Mesa Grande reservation, but the younger people are about as alien to the real life of the tribe which was, as are the white ranchers and cattlemen with whom they associate. It has become almost a matter of pride with them that they cannot speak the Indian dialect, their native tongue, and have no knowledge of the traditions and legends of their people. They speak the Spanish of the Mexican, and imitate the dress, the manners and the habits of the whites, as closely as possible, so that it is not too much to say that the days of an ancient people are numbered, and its life breath is held in the enfeebled bodies of a handful of centenarians.

Last Chief Dies and Title Becomes Extinct

The loss which the tribe suffered in the death of their last hereditary chief, old Cinon Duro, or to use his Indian name, Mata Whur, "hard rock," will be readily understood, as he was, apart from his dignity as bearer of the hereditary title, the custodian of the sacred legends which were handed down from chief to chief, and leader in the ceremonials and rites of the primeval religion. There being none to succeed him, at his death the title lapsed, and with him was also buried the wealth of the history of his people, apart from fragmentary records which had been gathered by a few enthusiastic ethnologists. Old Cinon was over a hundred years old, and had practically outlived his own descendants, as he was a great, great grandfather, and in 1860 had four sons. In this bit of family history is shown too plainly the result of the white man's influence, a condition even more vividly brought forth at the spectacle of the dances, when the gap between the group of wiry, athletic old dancers, each one over ninety years of age, and the lounging young fellows among the spectators, hardly any being above forty, is a silent and eloquent tribute to the effects of the process of civilization.

The government of the tribe is now wholly political and consists of a "captain" and a judge, each office being filled once a year by election. The two offices are sometimes merged in one, as is the case this year, Adolf Beresford, a half-breed of unusual intelligence, holding the office. As his name indicates, he is descended from the English family of Beresfords, of whom Admiral Beresford is at present a conspicuous representative.

The tribe is composed of four clans, the Duro (hard), La Chappa (short), La Chusa (the owl), and Pena (cliff). These clans control the social as-

Indian mind, is well expressed in its quaint wording, with its swinging rhythm and endless repetitions.

"At first"—in the beginning, all the world was covered with water, and the sky was very close to the earth. These two, the sky father, "Sing you how," and the earth mother were the two great gods of all things. And the earth mother said to the sky father, "Why do you take the waters from my bosom?" And the sky father said to the earth mother, "I have it within my thoughts to create man, and I must make him by the rhythmic beat of the waters against the rocks." And from the union of the earth mother and sky father, two sons were born; the eldest, "Pu-chi-pa," was the creator of all things on earth, and the second, "Yo-co-ma-tis," was his helper. And the two brothers sat upon a tule patch, and the first brother said to the second: "Little brother, what am I going to do?" and the second said, "I do not know." And the first said, "I am going to send the waters into the great deep." And he plucked a pipe from the tules, and smoking, wafted the smoke three times in the air, saying each time, "Ha-wa, ha-wa, ha-wa!" and the waters went into the great deep. Then he said again: "Little brother, what are you going to do?" and the second said, "I do not know." And the first said, "You are going to send the sky to its place above." So he lifted the tobacco pipe three times in the air again, saying, "Ha-wa, ha-wa, ha-wa!" with great organ tones of incantation, and the sky went to its place above.

So the legend goes on, "Pu-chi-pa" the "creator," making "the paths from east to west of all the stars," and the great "path from north to south, the back-bone of the sky," our milky way, which is to be "the pathway of departing spirits." Then he announces that he is going to make man; but first he will make trees, for men will need wood to warm themselves, and grasses and seeds, for they will need food, and fountains of water, and lastly animals, which were also people. He is now ready to make man, and he takes clay from the fountain and forms a man, and sets him up to dry. There is then not enough clay left to make another, so he makes a woman. He then breathes tobacco smoke upon them, saying, "Sup-la," and they become living creatures. After this the "Story of Creation" relates the life of man in that far primitive time, when the frog and the rabbit, the house-fly and the coyote mingle in their development in fable and myth, and the great Moon god comes down and lives among them, instructing them in fiestas, in basketries and potteries.

Eagle is Killed After Death of Each Chief

The story of the eagle is of a different character, more in the nature of a historical legend of the tribe. The tale runs that in the far past the tribe traveled many long moons, coming always from the south, far over the mountains and the deserts. In that long migration the guardian spirit of the people in the form of an eagle watched over them, and guided them to the Mesa Grande country, the land of plenty and promise. So the eagle has always been regarded as the sacred bird, and has borne a prominent part in fiestas and ceremonials. When a chief or great man dies, a young eagle is captured and kept in captivity for several months. Then on the anniversary of the chief's death a great fiesta is held, lasting three days. For this preparation is made long in advance. On the night of the third day, the day on which the chief died, the Eagle dance is held, the dancing continuing during the entire night, and as the grey dawn begins to tinge the darkness of the starlit sky, amid the mourning and chanting of the people, the eagle is killed by "charm," dying a mysterious, painless death, "without violence." This sacred eagle is the medium through which the relatives and friends send final messages to the departed chieftan, and when the freed spirit of the bird finally wings its burdened flight down the "pathway of the spirits," the wailing is turned to loud rejoicings. This dance has occurred at rare intervals in the history of the people, the last one having been held over twenty years ago, and the fatal words, "no-some," literally interpreted, "the last-forever," was written to its annals, as to that of the chieftanship, last Monday night.

Last Fiesta is Most Elaborate Ever Held

This fiesta of the past week was perhaps one of the most elaborate that has been held in recent times, and a concourse of at least five hundred people gathered to witness it. The direct guests of the Duro clan, of which the dead chief was a member, represented nearly all the Southern California tribes, including the Pala, San Ysidro, Inaja Rincon Santa Ysabel, Mission and Agua Caliente tribes, gathered from the seashore to the desert edge, from the mountains in the south, and the fertile valleys to the north. The white people were also welcome, and formed a liberal percentage of the

ried on thus openly adds not a little to the picturesqueness of the scene. Saturday, Sunday and Monday dancing and feasting had continued, each afternoon the Tata Huila, or whirling dance, being given, and through the long nights the fierce war dance being held, and on the third evening, Monday night, as the fading rosy glow of the twilight settled into the clear star-gemmed dusk, those not already at the ranche, gathered from all directions to witness the wonderful Eagle dance.

Autos Appear Strange During Fantastic Dance

Groups of mounted cowboys galloped down the steep, winding roads with jingling spurs and loud laughter, all manners of vehicles made the descent more cautiously, to the level stretch of ground where lay the low black blur of the ranche, surrounded on all sides by towering oak studded hills. Automobiles chugged and chirred, and brought up outside the enclosure, in curious juxtaposition to the flimsy, primitive structures. Descending, through the cool sweetness of the night, with the fresh scent of Spanish willow and vegetation of the bottomland rising in grateful fragrance, under the serene expanse of the sky, palely lit by the young moon, and the brooding silence of the dim towering hills, one was oppressed with the contrast, of the hopelessness of the tiny struggle for existence of the people clustered below about the dull glow of their man-made bonfire; a people whose boast it had been that "when the hills were young they had danced upon them." Nature-mates they had been, indeed, but at this critical moment, how did that very Nature overwhelm and crush them!

Entering the enclosure, however, the life of the people loomed large. The row of ramadas were each lit by swinging lanterns or candles, and were the scene of much interior activity. Squaws and babies mingled within, clustering about the smoldering supper fires, and lounging outside groups of dark-skinned, good natured men smoked and talked in the soft Mexican patois. Curious sightseers peered and commented, whispered and giggled, and at one end of the square, about a huge blazing log fire, a group of some five or six old men sat, smoking in contemplative silence.

Then, as the darkness thickened, one of the old men stirred the fire until the sparks flew high into the blackness above, and others threw on more logs. This huge mass of flaring embers furnished the sole illumination for the ceremonies, but its lurid glow sufficed. It was built upon the edge of a leveled circle of earth beaten hard by the tramp of many bare feet, and at one side of this space an old Indian now stood, a small, tensely held figure, with an ever smiling face,—the master of ceremonies, "Queresanto." He raised his voice in a long calling cry, thrice repeated,—the summoning of the people.

Brown Indians Mix With Pale-Face Youths

Scattering groups emerged from all directions into the circle of light, their long black shadows wavering uncertainly behind them. Without any appearance of haste, from here and there an old woman would detach herself, and join a group of sisters seated upon the ground near the fire,—the singers, the chanting chorus which furnished the music for the dancing. In the curiously mingled assemblage white and dark faces blended. Young Indians with cerise and emerald hued silk kerchiefs about their necks, and flapping sombreros covering their mats of black hair, stood elbow to elbow with khaki clad youths whose pale faces showed the months of their indoor employment in the cities. Society girls, dainty and impeccable in white shirtwaist suits, tip-toed eagerly beside dark skinned damsels, whose bright ribbon bows and neatly braided hair marked a soul as truly ambitious for the refinements of life. Seated upon the ground next to Isabella, leader of the cantadoras, was an earnest woman, an artist, whose study of Indian music had made her of note in the musical world, and near by was the adjusted phonograph of an ethnologist, sent down for the purpose of securing records of these almost extinct Indian songs. Newspaper men, painters, collectors and students, ranchers and cowboys in leather "chaps," added to the motley, and babies and dogs ranged the outer circle.

And now the dancers filed into the circle, some eight or ten ancient men, hardly one of whom was less than ninety years of age; Antonio, brother of the dead chief, and leader in his place of the ceremonials, a thin, bent figure whose toothless mouth and drawn parchment-like countenance bore an expression of dignified pathos eminently fitting to the occasion; Narciso, of a wonderful and powerfully muscled physique; Queresanto, whose indomitable spirits have endeared him to the tribe; Rafael Charley, Cinon Pena, Basilio, Ramone, each of strongly marked individuality, the epitome of the old order which was

er sound,—the merest under-breath of tone, musical and droning as the song of bees on a quiet summer afternoon. Slowly this tone resolves itself into audible sound with a monotone of minor inflections, "hm-hm-hy-a-a" with a falling intonation at the end. Steadily the chanting increases in volume and climbs with each accession of sound to a higher pitch, a steady chest tone of baritone quality, resonant and piercing. This singing is all in the ancient Indian language, and vocal and elemental in sound as the voice of a forest animal or the audible presence of wind-bowed trees and falling waters. As the chant rises so the dancing develops in fierceness and energy, the swaying, stamping figures joining into the refrain with strange growling bursts of song, indescribably wierd in effect, like nothing so much as the pandemonium of forest cries and groans in a great storm, when trees and living creatures are alike driven to expression of their stress. The whole thing is distinctly a reversal to the aboriginal, and the wild gestures of the circling figures as they work themselves into a frenzy of bowing, swaying, stamping motion, the abandonment of the shrieking voices, passionate in rhythm, with alternating beat of two and three in the accent, and shaded dissonances of thirds and fifths our modern system of notation knows nothing of, is a glimpse straight down into that time of our beginnings, when the gap was small that separated us from the elemental, conscienceless nature mother.

Red Men Parade in Coals of Burning Fire

One crested figure now leaps from the circle and with a stick scatters living coals about the circle. Back and forth, marching about this master of the fire the bare-footed dancers tread, stamping through glowing embers, and now and again crouching to gather them in their bare hands and putting them to their lips as though eating them. The spectacle has become a veritable fire dance, and when at the pinnacle of emotional frenzy, without a signal, all ceases—the silence cuts into it as a knife severing a tautly drawn cable. The dancers walk quietly about, each uttering a tremulous indrawn breathing sound not unlike the neighing of a horse, and the war dance is finished.

After a brief period for participants and spectators alike to relax, during which time a bon-fire is built directly in the center of the circle, old Antonio appears with a rattle, an instrument formerly made of deer's toes enclosed in dried deer skin, but now consisting of a baking powder can with pebbles inside. Shaking this in solemn rhythm, he marches about the fire with a curious twisting step which throws the body far to one side and then the other. Gradually he is joined by the relatives and friends of the dead chief, Cinon, in a constantly augmenting procession, all following with the same twisting motion.

Suddenly, from one side of the circle comes a piercing wail. It is Trinidad, only daughter of Cinon, and chief mourner. Her mourning becomes an abandonment of grief, completely dominating the droning song of the chanters, which has been resumed. Other women join in the mourning and the tears course unrestrained down their faces. The marchers, fully forty in number, old and young, in shawls and calicoes or white gowns and red ribbons, overalls and feather head dresses or blue and crimson kerchiefs and best clothes, take up the low intoned mourner's chant. On a signal all ceases, and an announcement is made that the sacred eagle will be killed as the morning star rises, without pain, and by magic, and thus the Indian medicine men will show their superiority to the American medicine men.

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Old Cinon Trusted
Story of the Creation

The sacred "Story of Creation," a tradition which had been handed down from chief to chief "from the beginning," was old Cinon's greatest trust, and the true poetic feeling so often unexpectedly revealed in the

Indian mind, is well expressed in its quaint wording, with its swinging rhythm and endless repetitions.

"At first"—in the beginning, all the world was covered with water, and the sky was very close to the earth. These two, the sky father, "Sing you how," and the earth mother were the two great gods of all things. And the earth mother said to the sky father, "Why do you take the waters from my bosom?" And the sky father said to the earth mother, "I have it within my thoughts to create man, and I must make him by the rhythmic beat of the waters against the rocks." And from the union of the earth mother and sky father, two sons were born; the eldest, "Pu-chi-pa," was the creator of all things on earth, and the second, "Yo-co-ma-tis," was his helper. And the two brothers sat upon a tule patch, and the first brother said to the second: "Little brother, what am I going to do?" and the second said, "I do not know." And the first said, "I am going to send the waters into the great deep." And he plucked a pipe from the tules, and smoking, wafted the smoke three times in the air, saying each time, "Ha-wa, ha-wa, ha-wa!" and the waters went into the great deep. Then he said again: "Little brother, what are you going to do?" and the second said, "I do not know." And the first said, "You are going to send the sky to its place above." So he lifted the tobacco pipe three times in the air again, saying, "Ha-wa, ha-wa, ha-wa!" with great organ tones of incantation, and the sky went to its place above.

So the legend goes on, "Pu-chi-pa" the "creator," making "the paths from east to west of all the stars," and the great "path from north to south, the back-bone of the sky," our milky way, which is to be "the pathway of departing spirits." Then he announces that he is going to make man; but first he will make trees, for men will need wood to warm themselves, and grasses and seeds, for they will need food, and fountains of water, and lastly animals, which were also people. He is now ready to make man, and he takes clay from the fountain and forms a man, and sets him up to dry. There is then not enough clay left to make another, so he makes a woman. He then breathes tobacco smoke upon them, saying, "Sup-la," and they become living creatures. After this the "Story of Creation" relates the life of man in that far primitive time, when the frog and the rabbit, the house-fly and the coyote mingle in their development in fable and myth, and the great Moon god comes down and lives among them, instructing them in fiestas, in basketries and potteries.

Eagle is Killed After
Death of Each Chief

The story of the eagle is of a different character, more in the nature of a historical legend of the tribe. The tale runs that in the far past the tribe traveled many long moons, coming always from the south, far over the mountains and the deserts. In that long migration the guardian spirit of the people in the form of an eagle watched over them, and guided them to the Mesa Grande country, the land of plenty and promise. So the eagle has always been regarded as the sacred bird, and has borne a prominent part in fiestas and ceremonials. When a chief or great man dies, a young eagle is captured and kept in captivity for several months. Then on the anniversary of the chief's death a great festa is held, lasting three days. For this preparation is made long in advance. On the night of the third day, the day on which the chief died, the Eagle dance is held, the dancing continuing during the entire night, and as the grey dawn begins to tinge the darkness of the starlit sky, amid the mourning and chanting of "charm," dying a mysterious, painless death, "without violence." This sacred eagle is the medium through which the relatives and friends send final messages to the departed chieftain, and when the freed spirit of the bird finally wings its burdened flight down the "pathway of the spirits," the wailing is turned to loud rejoicings. This dance has occurred at rare intervals in the history of the people, the last one having been held over twenty years ago, and the fatal words, "no-some," literally interpreted, "the last-forever," was written to its annals, as to that of the chieftanship, last Monday night.

Last Fiesta is Most
Elaborate Ever Held

This fiesta of the past week was perhaps one of the most elaborate that has been held in recent times, and a concourse of at least five hundred people gathered to witness it. The direct guests of the Duro clan, of which the dead chief was a member, represented nearly all the Southern California tribes, including the Pala, San Ysidro, Inaja Rincon Santa Ysabel, Mission and Agua Caliente tribes, gathered from the seashore to the desert edge, from the mountains in the south, and the fertile valleys to the north. The white people were also welcome, and formed a liberal percentage of the spectators. The occasion was a rare opportunity for ethnologists and those interested in the life of these remnants of a prehistoric people, and not only was San Diego largely represented, but many had made the journey from San Francisco, Berkeley, Los Angeles and Pasadena, and each was keenly alive to the possibilities of the situation from his own particular point of view.

The fiestas are held at the Rancharie or "Took-a-Muck," a large enclosure of brush built ramadas, wherein the tribe moves bodily, living in the tiny brush huts encircling the sun-baked square, during the celebration, and their domestic life, car-

ried on thus openly adds not a little to the picturesqueness of the scene. Saturday, Sunday and Monday dancing and feasting had continued, each afternoon the Tata Huila, or whirling dance, being given, and through the long nights the fierce war dance being held, and on the third evening, Monday night, as the fading rosy glow of the twilight settled into the clear star-gemmed dusk, those not already at the rancharie, gathered from all directions to witness the wonderful Eagle dance.

Autos Appear Strange
During Fantastic Dance

Groups of mounted cowboys galloped down the steep, winding roads with jingling spurs and loud laughter, all manners of vehicles made the descent more cautiously, to the level stretch of ground where lay the low black blur of the rancharie, surrounded on all sides by towering oak studded hills. Automobiles chugged and chirred, and brought up outside the enclosure, in curious juxtaposition to the flimsy, primitive structures. Descending, through the cool sweetness of the night, with the fresh scent of Spanish willow and vegetation of the bottomland rising in grateful fragrance, under the serene expanse of the sky, palely lit by the young moon, and the brooding silence of the dim towering hills, one was oppressed with the contrast, of the hopelessness of the tiny struggle for existence of the people clustered below about the dull glow of their man-made bonfire; a people whose boast it had been that "when the hills were young they had danced upon them." Nature-mates they had been, indeed, but at this critical moment, how did that very Nature overwhelm and crush them!

Entering the enclosure, however, the life of the people loomed large. The row of ramadas were each lit by swinging lanterns or candles, and were the scene of much interior activity. Squaws and babies mingled within, clustering about the smoldering supper fires, and lounging outside groups of dark-skinned, good natured men smoked and talked in the soft Mexican patois. Curious sightseers peered and commented, whispered and giggled, and at one end of the square, about a huge blazing log fire, a group of some five or six old men sat, smoking in contemplative silence.

Then, as the darkness thickened, one of the old men stirred the fire until the sparks flew high into the blackness above, and others threw on more logs. This huge mass of flaring embers furnished the sole illumination for the ceremonies, but its lurid glow sufficed. It was built upon the edge of a leveled circle of earth beaten hard by the tramp of many bare feet, and at one side of this space an old Indian now stood, a small, tensely held figure, with an ever smiling face,—the master of ceremonies, "Queresanto." He raised his voice in a long calling cry, thrice repeated,—the summoning of the people.

Brown Indians Mix
With Pale-Face Youths

Scattering groups emerged from all directions into the circle of light, their long black shadows wavering uncertainly behind them. Without any appearance of haste, from here and there an old woman would detach herself, and join a group of sisters seated upon the ground near the fire,—the singers, the chanting chorus which furnished the music for the dancing. In the curiously mingled assemblage white and dark faces blended. Young Indians with cerise and emerald hued silk kerchiefs about their necks, and flapping sombreros covering their mats of black hair, stood elbow to elbow with khaki clad youths whose pale faces showed the months of their indoor employment in the cities. Society girls, dainty and impeccable in white shirtdress suits, tip-toed eagerly beside dark skinned damsels, whose bright ribbon bows and neatly braided hair, marked a soul as truly ambitious for the refinements of life. Seated upon the ground next to Isabella, leader of the cantadoras, was an earnest woman, an artist, whose study of Indian music had made her of note in the musical world, and near by was the adjusted phonograph of an ethnologist, sent down for the purpose of securing records of these almost extinct Indian songs. Newspaper men, painters, collectors and students, ranchers and cowboys in leather "chaps," added to the motley, and babies and dogs ranged the outer circle.

And now the dancers filed into the circle, some eight or ten ancient men, hardly one of whom was less than ninety years of age; Antonio, brother of the dead chief, and leader in his place of the ceremonials, a thin, bent figure whose toothless mouth and drawn parchment-like countenance bore an expression of dignified pathos eminently fitting to the occasion; Narciso, of a wonderful and powerfully muscled physique; Queresanto, whose indomitable spirits have endeared him to the tribe; Rafael Charley, Cinon Peno, Basilio, Ramone, each of strongly marked individuality, the epitome of the old order which was passing. Each was attired in the regalia of the war dance, with markings of white, about his waist the "pluma," or feathered skirt, and bound to his head with a red bandana, a large pompon, or head dress of eagle feathers. Each was barefoot, and on a signal they began a slow shuffling step upon the beaten earth, punctuating the dull thud of their foot falls with a low grunting "mh—m-m-hm!" which was the very essence of barbaric cadence, and sufficiently gruesome with its accompaniment of fantastic, fire-lighted figures, to make the knowledge of civilization all about, very comfortable. Then the ear became aware of another sound,—the merest under-breath-

of tone, musical and droning as the song of bees on a quiet summer afternoon. Slowly this tone resolves itself into audible sound with a monotone of minor inflections, "hm-hm-hy-a-a" with a falling intonation at the end. Steadily the chanting increases in volume and climbs with each accession of sound to a higher pitch, a steady chest tone of baritone quality, resonant and piercing. This singing is all in the ancient Indian language, and vocal and elemental in sound as the voice of a forest animal or the audible presence of wind-bowed trees and falling waters. As the chant rises so the dancing develops in fierceness and energy, the swaying, stamping figures joining into the refrain with strange growling bursts of song, indescribably wierd in effect, like nothing so much as the pandemonium of forest cries and groans in a great storm, when trees and living creatures are alike driven to expression of their stress. The whole thing is distinctly a reversal to the aboriginal, and the wild gestures of the circling figures as they work themselves into a frenzy of bowing, swaying, stamping motion, the abandonment of the shrieking voices, passionate in rhythm, with alternating beat of two and three in the accent, and shaded dissonances of thirds and fifths our modern system of notation knows nothing of, is a glimpse straight down into that time of our beginnings, when the gap was small that separated us from the elemental, conscienceless nature mother.

Red Men Parade in
Coals of Burning Fire

One crested figure now leaps from the circle and with a stick scatters living coals about the circle. Back and forth, marching about this master of the fire the bare-footed dancers tread, stamping through glowing embers, and now and again crouching to gather them in their bare hands and putting them to their lips as though eating them. The spectacle has become a veritable fire dance, and when at the pinnacle of emotional frenzy, without a signal, all ceases—the silence cuts into it as a knife severing a tautly drawn cable. The dancers walk quietly about, each uttering a tremulous indrawn breathing sound not unlike the neighing of a horse, and the war dance is finished.

After a brief period for participants and spectators alike to relax, during which time a bon-fire is built directly in the center of the circle, old Antonio appears with a rattle, an instrument formerly made of deer's toes enclosed in dried deer skin, but now consisting of a baking powder can with pebbles inside. Shaking this in solemn rhythm, he marches about the fire with a curious twisting step which throws the body far to one side and then the other. Gradually he is joined by the relatives and friends of the dead chief, Cinon, in a constantly augmenting procession, all following with the same twisting motion.

Suddenly, from one side of the circle comes a piercing wail. It is Trinidad, only daughter of Cinon, and chief mourner. Her mourning becomes an abandonment of grief, completely dominating the droning song of the chanters, which has been resumed. Other women join in the mourning, and the tears course unrestrained down their faces. The marchers, fully forty in number, old and young, in shawls and calicoes or white gowns and red ribbons, overalls and feather head dresses or blue and crimson kerchiefs and best clothes, take up the low intoned mourner's chant. On a signal all ceases, and an announcement is made that the sacred eagle will be killed as the morning star rises, without pain, and by magic, and thus the Indian medicine men will show their superiority to the American medicine men.

Medicine Men Begin
Task of Charming Bird

The four "hechiceros," or medicine men, appear within the circle, in full regalia of feather headdress and plumed skirts, their faces hideously painted. These four, Narciso Chappa, Queresanto Peno, Rafael Charley and Cinon Peno bear the eagle. Narciso carries it about in the inner circle, close to the smoking blaze of the fire, and the procession resumes its swaying march and mournful chanting. The bird stares about with gaping beak and lolling tongue, and occasionally as the medicine man passes the weeping Trinidad she throws over its head yards of calicoes, red, white or black. As the dance progresses, interminably circling and chanting, the four medicine men become active in their efforts to "charm" the bird. With many grotesque gestures they in turn stand before the helpless creature, which is held before them, and mutter or shriek incantations over it. Breathing heavily as though spent with running, they point their wizard wands at it, and grinning and shaking their heads, with glaring eyes, touch lightly the eagle's gaping beak. They blow tobacco smoke upon it, and with contorted countenances seemingly expend great energy in the "magic," and finally, when at least the white spectators have seen quite enough, the victim suddenly succumbs, throwing back its fine head in a last quivering gasp, and with a final struggle to hold it erect, sinks slowly down upon its breast. The eagle is dead. The tension is over. Its spirit is freed, and its body is carried in triumph by first one and then another member of the tribe as the dancing continues.

Contrary to custom, the burial of the eagle was postponed until the following morning, and the white spectators soon dispersed in the early dawning. The Indians spent the remaining hours at peon, and monte, forming picturesque groups about

dancer, and an attendant. Old Antonio beats the time with his rattle, and the dancer, a wiry athlete of about fifty years of age, leaps and whirls about the circle with an agility and sureness of direction that is little short of marvelous. He carries two short sticks in his hands, which he beats together at intervals, and the energy and dexterity of his movements is a source of continual astonishment. Leaping into the air he whirls about three or four times until his feather skirt stands out like a dervish dress. During this dance the members of the family of Cinon threw handfuls of coin into the ring, and yards of bright colored calicoes, gifts which their guests were free to step forth and gather in.

Eagle Buried With
Impressive Ceremony

Following this dance the final rite of the fiesta took place, the burial of the eagle. This was perhaps the most dignified and impressive of all the ceremonies. It was of extreme simplicity. One of the old men dug a tiny grave in the center of the circle, directly under the place where the fire had burned the previous evening. Then the bird, plucked of its longest feathers, which will be made into dancing skirts, and wrapped in red cloth, was brought to Antonio. The old men knelt in a circle about the grave, with bowed heads, and solemnly lifting and lowering all that was earthly of their messenger, to the north and the south, the east and the west, while the women chanted, the body was placed in the ground and covered with earth. Then with reverent voice a low toned service in the Indian dialect was muttered by the kneeling men, with lifted hands, as though speeding the sacred messenger on his final flight, and the last Fiesta of the Eagle Dance was ended.

DAISY EDITH KESSLER.

ENCOUNTERS BAD WEATHER AT HORN

Bark Lucipara Arrives From
Antwerp With Big Cargo
After Stormy Voyage

After a voyage of 127 days, the Scottish bark Lucipara, W. Henk master, from Antwerp, May 16 anchored off the heads at 10 o'clock Friday night, and was towed to her anchorage in the stream by the tug Bahada at 11:30 o'clock yesterday morning. The bark encountered rough weather in rounding the horn, during which heavy seas smashed some of her deck fittings, but did no damage to her stout steel hull. One of the crew was also slightly injured by these seas.

The vessel reports seeing no ice during the voyage.

When off the horn, the Lucipara passed a bark with her mainmast gone at the deck, and the mizzen topmast missing. The crippled craft did not exchange signals with the Lucipara, and was evidently bound to some northern port for repairs.

The cargo of the Lucipara consists of 108,023 barrels of cement, 50 barrels of ginger ale, 250 barrels of mustard, 110 drums of bleaching powder, 50 casks of alum and 5 of arsenic consigned to the Spreckels Brothers Commercial company. She also has 5000 barrels of cement for Tacoma, whither she goes from here as soon as her cargo is unloaded.

It will be a week before the work of discharging her cargo (which will require 8 or 10 days to complete) is commenced, as the stevedores will be busy for several days with steamers now in port, and due to arrive. The Lucipara was built at Greenock, and is of about 1800 tons register.

First Mate James Buchanan of the Lucipara a typical seafarer for 25 years, once visited San Diego under more tragic circumstances, having landed here in December, 1894 from the ship Scottish Hills with 19 others of the crew of the Lord Lyndhurst, Captain Rels, which foundered during a gale off Cape Horn in October of that year. The vessel was a total loss, but fortunately no lives were lost.

In the saloon of the Lucipara, which is as snug and cozy as any a drawing room ashore, a canary bird sings in its cage swinging among plants and flowers as cheerily as if in a garden. A pet parrot, the mascot of the ship, which has not yet learned to swear, shares honors among the crew of 28 men with Leo, a handsome dog picked up at Port Los Angeles last year.

AN AWKWARD DODGE

Milton D. Purdy, of the United States department of justice, said in Washington of a rumor brought to him for confirmation by a reporter:

"This rumor springs from ignorance of the law. I am surprised that you should have credited it. The originator of that rumor is as plainly ignorant of the law as a certain schoolboy was of French. The boy's father said to him one night at dinner:

"Well, how are you getting on with your French, my son?"

"Very well, thank you, sir," the lad replied.

"The father beamed with pleasure. 'Ask politely in French for some peas,' he said.

"There was an awkward pause, but the boy finally said, 'But, father, I don't want any peas.'"

Oct. 6, 1907.

THE LAST EAGLE DANCE of the MESA GRANDE INDIANS



ONE
OF THE
OLD
LEADERS



By D. E. Kessler

It was my fortune this week to witness a rehearsal of the famous eagle dance, which will be given next Monday evening by the Mesa Grande Indians of southern California for probably the last time in their history. This, the most important of the Indian fiestas, is a rare occurrence, the last having been held 20 years ago.

The one to be held this year, for which elaborate preparations are being made by the remnant of a once powerful tribe, is in honor of the death of their last hereditary chief, Cinon Duro, or, to give his Indian name, "Mata Whur" (Hard Rock). This venerable chief, the last representative of a line which extends back "to the beginning," was killed a year ago by a fall from a horse. His burial was attended by many rites and ceremonials peculiar to the tribe and was followed by a week of celebration of the "fiesta of the dead." The people left their homes and gathered in the brush inclosure of the rancharia, the public meeting place, to take part in the tata hulla, or feather dances, which are performed at sundown, and the solemn "death dance," which begins at the hour of darkness and continues its weird incantations until well upon the dawn.

Additional pathos is added to the approaching ceremonials by the fact that they undoubtedly mark the "passing of a people," a fact fully recognized by the remaining handful of old men and women of the tribe, as it was also a year ago by the aged chieftain, whose last words upon his deathbed were, "Homo no sum—homo no sum" ("It is finished, the tribe is finished"). With his passing, indeed, passed the most sacred of the traditions of the people, the "story of creation," which had been handed down from time immemorial from chief to chief, to die with this last representative.

Cinon's brother, Antonio, who will lead the dancing and chant the "Song of the Eagle," holds the office of cantador, and to him and his predecessors have been intrusted this strange legend, a legend which will be chanted in the ancient language of the people, a language so old that not even the old men know the meaning of all its words, while to the younger men it is but a meaningless jargon. This language, which is derived from the old Yuman stock, is without doubt a thousand years old, and for the Indians it is, indeed, "from the beginning of the world."

This, the final act of respect and mourning to be paid to any chief, is rich in significance, and its dignity and beauty will be better understood with a knowledge of its meaning. The eagle is to be the meaning through which messages, a last communication from the living to the dead, will be sent, and on the last night of the dancing, as the gray dawn begins to tinge the darkness of the starlit sky, amid mourning and chanting of the people, the eagle will die a mysterious, painless death, "without violence," and his message freighted spirit will join that of the departed chieftain. The largest feathers will then be plucked from the body of the bird, to be made into head plumes and dancing skirts, and the body will be placed in a pit and covered with ashes and earth. Then with loud rejoicings the gathered multitude of Indians will speed the departing sacred bird upon his heavenly mission, and to the annals of the weird and wonderful eagle dances will also be

written, "Homo no sum," it is finished. A great concourse will be present during this time of fiesta, as the Mesa Grande tribe has invited all the tribes of southern California south of the Santa Margarita, and among them will be the La Jollas, Agua Calientes, Palas, Sequoias, Santa Isabels and Missions. The occasion will be a rare opportunity for ethnologists and students of the life of these interesting remnants of a prehistoric people, and the gathering of white men will not be far behind the dark skinned visitors in number.

The Silent Stars

As we approached the brush built ramada, called the rancharia or "took-a-muck," through the star gemmed darkness of a moonless night, the low building lay a black blur upon the landscape, a reddish glow marking the spot within where the huge campfire furnished the sole illumination for the ceremonies. The oak studded hills rose on all sides, towering in solemn grand-

eur, impassively, even oppressively indifferent to this tiny tragedy of struggle, the dying of a people who had been their nature mates back into the obscurity of time. The calm void of the sky, serene and clear, the cool sweetness of the air, even the faint voice of a far wandering coyote, expressed only a vast unconsciousness, an immutable serenity far removed from any hint of sympathy.

We entered the rancharia and passed from the gloom of its farther extremity, past the tiny huts of the ramada, lit by a feeble candle flame, into the circle of dancing light cast by the log piled fire. A circle of spectators had already gathered about the raised dais of beaten ground whereon the bare footed dancers performed the weird steps of their incantations. Many of the younger generation of the tribe were among the circle of onlookers, young men in the garb of the cowboys and girls in starched shirt waists and cloth skirts, with ribbons in their neatly dressed hair. Several cowboys with leather "chaps" and jingling spurs idly laughed and talked with these younger Indians, who were much more like them in appearance and men-

tal attitude than the eight or so solemn old men, the elders of the tribe, who were preparing for the ceremony. In the motley group, mingling with the cigarette smoking loungers, was a Mexican renegade, his sharp, black eyes and wiry frame marking him among the soft eyed, good natured faces and slouching figures; and one even yet more alien, although tied, by bond of blood, a half breed with finely chiseled, sensitive features and slender limbs, offspring of a younger son from an ancient English family of title and a Mesa Grande squaw—an English lord for a grandfather, and for mother and grandmother an Indian squaw whose highest ambition was enough tobacco, a tule hut to squat under when the rains came and a red bandana for her hair once in the year.

An Ancient Dance

As we watched these fire lit faces and speculated upon the strangeness of the scene and the portent of the gathering, we became aware of a suggestion of sound, differing from the subdued hum of talk in the outer circle, the chatter of children playing at the far end of the ramada, or the scuffling of dogs and crunching of tethered horses outside the wall of brush huts; the veriest underbreath of tone, musical and droning as the song of bees on a quiet summer afternoon. A group of some 10 old women are crouched in a semicircle at

the edge of the dais. They are, like the old men, of the ancient regime. Their shapeless figures are wrapped in blankets and about their gray locks are tightly bound bandanas. Their wrinkled faces are intent upon the scene before them; and, alternately smoking and humming, they look the spirit of the incantation they are invoking. The dancers, seven or eight in number, take up the strain, stamping softly, and nodding their beplumed heads as they mark the time with low grunts. Each is stripped to the waist, decorated on back and breast with pictures of his "totem" or patron animal in rude markings of white, bare legged, with a skirt of eagle feathers, and bound to his head with a red bandana is a large pompon or head dress of eagle feathers.

The chanting voices of the women become more audible, a steady chest tone of barytone quality, swelling with a slow but constantly augmenting resonance. The rhythm now is strongly marked, with a heart piercing minor cadence, barbaric, mournful, in a pathetic matching fatality bearing the burden of the song to its inevitable destiny.

The words, vocal and elemental in sound, as the voice of a forest animal or the audible presence of wind bowed trees and falling waters, repeat and vary as the motif of the song aways higher and sinks again in strange thirds and fifths, the voices accurately striking the shaded quarter tones that

our modern system of notation knows nothing of. Higher and higher in the scale rise the heavy chest tones—the Indian knows no other—louder and more piercing comes the swaying rhythm, with alternating beat of two and three in the accent; and in response the circling figures work into a frenzy of stamping, bowing, uplifting of heads and hands, and fierce explosive guttural. At this pinnacle of wrought up emotion, without a signal, without a warning, all ceases—the silence cuts it as a knife severs a taut cable. The dancers walk slowly about, each uttering a tremulous indrawn breathing sound not unlike the low neighing of a horse; the head man seated by the fire throws back his head with an uplifting exclamation, twice repeated, as though calling upon the approval of his gods; the women relapse into a contemplative, cigarette smoking silence. A short period ensues, and the low breathing droning is resumed, and with some slight variations another canto of the story of the eagle is related.

Inexpressively impressive is this echo from a primeval time, saved from grotesqueness by its intense earnestness, the striving for expression of the depths of a primitive nature, a nature whose very simplicity makes its mystery; the groping soul reaching toward the infinite, feeling as in the darkness the call of that greater mystery, the author of its being.



THE EAGLE DANCE

THE MISSION CHAPEL



EACH WINS BATTLE

Wash. Post. Feb. 9, 1911.

**Mexican Rebels Lose One Fight,
But Triumph in Another.**

15 KILLED NEAR CAMPO

**Insurgent Force of Sixty Trapped in
Canyon and Scattered.**

Federals Make Spirited Assault on Mulata, While American Troops Watch From Opposite Bank of River—Fail to Dislodge Insurrectos—Attack on Juarez Again Deferred Until Arrival of Gen. Blanco—Rebel General a Prisoner.

San Diego, Cal., Feb. 8.—Fifteen rebels killed and 6 horses and 25,000 rounds of ammunition captured was the result of a battle between 60 rebels and 75 Mexican troops, under command of Capt. Gonzales, which was fought in Picachio canyon, east of Campo, late yesterday afternoon.

The battle, according to advices received by telephone, lasted 45 minutes. The federal troops had the advantage of position in the canyon, and poured a deadly fire into the rebel ranks. Within a short time fifteen rebels were killed and a number wounded. The rebels then fled eastward.

As soon as the result of the fight was learned by Gov. Vega of Lower California, he started in pursuit of the insurrectos.

Mulata, Mexico, Feb. 8.—Mexican soldiers made a desperate attack on Mulata this morning. The federals were repulsed by insurrectos. Troop H of the Third cavalry viewed the fight from American banks.

Attack Again Deferred.

El Paso, Tex., Feb. 8.—By way of variation it is predicted that Juarez will not be attacked tonight. Whether it is called upon to defend itself at all, seemingly depends upon whether Navarro, at the head of 1,000 federals from Chihuahua, or Jose de la Lez Blanco with 350 insurrectos from Casas Grandes, arrives first.

A rumor reached here tonight that Navarro had met with a reverse, but it was only a rumor. Wires being down, it could not be investigated.

If Navarro reaches Juarez first, it would be folly to attack.

Indian, 130, Dies Near San Diego

RIVERSIDE, Dec. 7.—Yellow Sky, said by United States Indian officials to have been about 130 years old, is reported to have died Sunday night on the Lakeside reservation in San Diego County. According to the best records available, he had lived in the same locality more than 100 years. Yellow Sky did not like to wear the ordinary suits of modern days. Instead, summer and winter, he garbed himself in a capacious overcoat.

San Francisco Call, Dec. 7, 1920.

Allen's Clipping Press Bureau

LOS ANGELES.
SAN FRANCISCO.
PORTLAND, ORE.
CLIPPING FROM

SAN DIEGO, CAL. UNION

NOVEMBER 21, 1922

'Flapper' Not New Invention, Proved by Madame Catalina

Aged Laguna Mountain Indian Woman Always Has 'Bobbed' Her Hair.

By THE MOUNTAIN GYPSY
FLAPPERS with bobbed hair are as old at least as Catalina, whose picture shows that this enticing style of knob ornamentation was worn long before skirts to the knees and a swagger gait became fashionable.

The rest of Catalina's name is a mystery. All that is known of her is that she is a very aged Cuyapipe squaw of Laguna mountain, who once wove baskets so hard and tight that she could cook her venison in them, and carried her primitive husband's heavy burdens without humping her back.

Her hair is decidedly bobbed. She herself explained that it was the custom to cut it short in the days before the white man took the deer away from the Indians. Long hair would tangle itself too readily in the brush. And skirts! They tangle, too, no matter how short. Why, then, wear them?

Catalina, however, now wears a long skirt, that the march of civilization brought her, no doubt, a long time ago, judging by its appearance. It was a faded red, embellished with a pattern of large flowers and looked as though it had been bought when frontiersmen paid for their "licker and tobacco" in coon skins.

Catalina of the Cuyapipe tribe. She admitted with a smile that she is the original "flapper."



SAN DIEGO, CAL. UNION

JANUARY 29, 1923

CITY MUST PUT UP \$361,428 FOR RESERVOIR SITE

Secretary Fall Advises This
Sum Necessary to Remove
Indians From El Capitan.

A. B. Fall, secretary of the interior, threw a very interesting light on the question of water development in San Diego yesterday when he addressed a letter to the city attorney declaring that it will be necessary for this municipality to put up \$361,428 to remove the Indians from the lands of the proposed El Capitan reservoir site on the San Diego river.

Immediately after receiving this message, the council went into session with the city attorney, but reached no definite conclusion.

Not long ago the city carried the question of removing these Indians from the reservoir lands into the superior court. The court at that time held that \$75,000 was about right, under condemnation proceedings, and that the secretary of the interior should fix the amount necessary for procuring new lands, moving the Indians to these lands and procuring water rights for the Indians.

DECIDES AMOUNT

The amount decided upon by Secretary Fall for this is \$286,428, which makes the total cost of dealing with the Indians \$361,428.

The Indians are known as the Capitan Grande band of Indians. For many years they have been living on the ground that will be flooded if the city decides upon building a dam at the El Capitan damsite.

When the councilmen heard the news from Washington yesterday there was little comment. The city attorney, however, declared that even at the price set by Secretary Fall the El Capitan site is the cheapest that San Diego can now procure on the San Diego river.

PLAN SURVEY

The hydraulic engineer has made a report on all the resources of the San Diego river and recommended the construction of a damsite on the Mission gorge. The council and mayor, however, have voted to employ Engineer Davis of the United States reclamation service to make a survey of the river.

The council yesterday received a letter from the chamber of commerce asking that Davis be employed to make a report on the entire water resources of the county. It was voted, however, that he be engaged to make a report on the river alone and that the council could talk with him regarding other water development after he arrives.

SAN DIEGO, CAL. UNION

FEBRUARY 5, 1923

PIONEER WOMAN INDIAN TEACHER DIES IN THIS CITY

Late Miss Ora Salmons Had
Served Native Schools of
S. D. County 35 Years.

After having devoted the greater part of her life to teaching in the Indian reservation schools of California, Miss Ora Salmons, 70 years old, died yesterday morning after a short illness at the home of her mother, Mrs. Mary A. Salmons, 1520 Grove street.

Miss Salmons was born in Atlanta, Ga., and came to California about 35 years ago when she engaged in teaching at one of the Indian schools in the northern part of the state. For more than 25 years she was in charge of the Indian school at the Pala reservation, remaining there until last October when she was retired under civil service regulations.

On that occasion she was given a notable reception by residents of that community and had the pleasure of receiving congratulations from three generations of Indians whom she had taught during her period of service on the reservation.

Since her retirement Miss Salmons has made her home with her mother in San Diego. She is survived by her mother, who is 91 years old; two brothers, Frank A. Salmons of this city and Louis Salmons of Oceanside, and a sister, Mrs. Jarvis of San Diego.

Private funeral services will be held from the residence tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock.

SAN DIEGO, CAL. SUN

JANUARY 29, 1923

TO COST \$361,428 TO MOVE INDIANS

If the city moves the Indians off El Capitan reservation to make way for a reservoir there, it will cost \$361,428.

At a recent court hearing it was held that \$75,000 was enough for the lands that may be condemned. Secretary of the Interior Fall now informs the city council that new lands for the Indians, water rights and cost of moving them will be \$286,428. The city attorney expresses the belief that, at that price, the El Capitan site is the best available.

The World at Large

(A WEEKLY RECORD OF INDIVIDUAL OPINION)

By JAMES B. BLOOR

"A CRY FROM MACEDONIA!"

"Let there be silence for a moment in the synagogue of the Congregation of the Faithful this blessed Sabbath morning," wrote John Steven McGroarty for his page in the Sunday Magazine of the Los Angeles Times. "Let there be silence that the ears of the Faithful may hear and the hearts of the Faithful feel. There has come a cry from Macedonia, saying: 'Come Over and Help!'" Mr. McGroarty then proceeds to interpret the cry in his inimitable, heart-reaching way. The greater part of the interpretation is reproduced here. To no better use could this column be devoted. It is a classic of the kind that will live long after its writer has passed on to the reward that so deservedly is his:

"On the Volcan Mountain that looms in shining glory over the little valley of Santa Isabel in San Diego county, there are several families of Indians. They are all who are left of the great hosts that once claimed that region as their own. God put them there when the world was young. They embraced the Christian faith when the brown-robed padres came to California. They built a Mission in the valley of Santa Isabel, and they were very happy and prosperous there through many a long and sunny year.

"Then came a black and evil day when their Mission was confiscated by the Mexican government, and their lands taken from them. Of the vast domain that once was theirs all that is left to them now is the barren mountain and its narrow canyons.

"Our Government encouraged these Indians to raise cattle, which they have done. But now come the American owners of the valley of Santa Isabel to tell the Indians that the spread of grazing ground on which the cattle feed, and without which the cattle will starve and die, belongs to the white man's ranch. And that unless our Government purchases this grazing ground, the Indians must take the cattle off. Which means death to the cattle. And which makes an end of the Indians, too, for that matter.

"It makes the heart sick to think of it. To think of the endless wrong our Government has perpetuated on the Indian peoples everywhere within the nation's borders.

"Is it never to end? Will we never be satisfied until we leave the Indian without a rod of ground on which to stand? Must it be that

we shall never stop our persecution of the poor and the helpless red man?

"We shall have plenty of time to explain it to God on the last Great Day. But, how can we explain it to God? Will the excuses that we now make to ourselves satisfy God on the last Great Day?

"And, leaving God out of it, altogether, if you wish, what kind of people are we that we stand content in the shadow of our own brutal shame?

"Well, here is now a specific instance put before us that we may at least make an effort to right ourselves.

"And this is what we want every member of the Congregation of the Faithful to do this very day—to do it before lying down to sleep tonight. We want each and every one who sits under the eaves of our far-flung Synagogue to write to his Congressman, and to every Congressman you know or that you know about, to go straight to the Indian Bureau in Washington, and to the great White Father, himself, if necessary, and to see that steps are taken at once to save the Indians of the Volcan from this disaster which threatens their very existence.

"Never mind details. Just say that the Indians of the Volcan reservation in Southern California are being deprived of grazing land for their cattle. And tell the Congressman to get busy. Congressmen are your hired men. You employ them to work for you. Out of your pockets you pay them their wages. You have a right to order them about. And be sure you know whether or not they carry out your orders. Demand that the Congressman write and report to you. You will get a letter saying, dear sir or dear madam, I have received yours of such and such a date and will give the matter my attention, etc., etc. But, don't let it go at that. Demand that he tell you just what he has done. And keep after him. He is your hired man. Make him do what you tell him.

"Make your Congressman force the cobwebbed, moss-covered, viciously-lazy Indian Bureau and the great Government of the United States to come to the rescue of the poor outraged and wronged Indians of the Volcan.

"God will bless you if you do this great act of charity. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I

am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," said Paul to the Corinthians. Which means that unless we help folks who need help we are mere, unnecessary noises.

"As the sands of the sea are those who sit in the Synagogue. In the four corners of the earth dwell the members of our Congregation of the Faithful. They are of all creeds and of no creed, of every nation and every race. Rich man, poor man, beggar man and all, high men and low men. Democrats, Republicans, Socialists, Prohibitionists and of every party.

"And so, if each and every one that sits in the Synagogue will take a hand to save the Indians of the Volcan, it will be done. And there shall be great joy in the high heavens around the throne where the Lord God of the Ages sits in His golden chair."

110-Year-Old Indian Dies.

SAN DIEGO, Calif., May 24.—Juan de la Cruz Pipo, said to be 110, is dead at the Connejo Indian reservation, according to word received here. One of his two sons said Juan never ate flesh of domestic animals or vegetables such as grown by white men and always arose at 4:30 a.m. and took a bath in a cold stream.

Wash. Star - May 24, 1924

MAY 27, 1924

The Reader's Viewpoint

CITES ACT OF CONGRESS ON EL CAPITAN LANDS

Editor San Diego Union: I venture to think that the public will be interested in sections 3 and 5 of the act of congress authorizing condemnation by the city of lands in the Capitan Grande Indian reservation. An inspection of the map shows that the construction of the dam at El Capitan will involve the flooding of all the habitable and tillable lands in this reservation. The sections are as follows:

"Sec. 3. * * * Provided further, that the secretary of the interior shall require from the city of San Diego in addition to the award of condemnation such further sum which, in his opinion, when added to said award, will be sufficient in the aggregate to provide for the purchase of additional lands for the Capitan Grande band of Indians, the erection of suitable homes for the Indians on the lands so purchased, the erection of such schools, churches and administrative buildings, the sinking of such wells and the construction of such roads and ditches, and providing water and water rights and for such other expenses as may be deemed necessary by the secretary of the interior properly to establish these Indians permanently on the lands purchased for them * * *

"Sec. 5. That said reservoir, when constructed, shall be maintained and controlled by the city of San Diego for the use and benefit of said city and the inhabitants thereof and of such other municipalities within the county of San Diego, state of California, as may be now or hereafter furnished with water by said city of San Diego, and for the use and benefit of riparian owners along the San Diego river below the lands herein described, and for the benefit of persons, corporations or municipalities situated along or adjacent to the pipe lines of said city of San Diego for the conservation and storage of water for domestic, irrigation or municipal uses. * * *

A. HAINES.

Son of Old Indian Chief Is Constable, Sheriff and Leader at Pala Reservation

364
Captain Domingo Moro, 58,
Still Heads Indian Band
Ejected from Home in 1903

By J. H. HEATH

Secretary San Diego Back Country Club

PALA, June 21.—Of the Indians on the Pala reservation who are making successful agriculturalists on the fertile lands provided for them by the government at the time of their ejection from their beloved homes at Warner Hot Springs, 21 years ago, Capt. Domingo Moro, at the age of 58, is one of the most interesting as well as one of the most popular.

Capt. Moro is a son of the late Adolph Moro, chief of the Coapa tribe of Mission Indians, at the time of their banishment from Warners. He had held the official positions of police officer, constable and deputy marshal, and was considered an important person in the community. Moreover he was a good officer of the law. Thirty years ago he helped to capture, among others, the notorious criminal, Francisco Wabish, near Warner. He holds the commission as chief of police at Pala, and also constable and deputy sheriff. Whenever there is serious trouble on the neighboring reservations Capt. Moro is summoned. "But," he says, "the Indians are very well behaved and they cause us very little trouble."

OLD CHIEF REMAINS

Chief Adolph Moro, father of Domingo, was not obliged to leave Warner with the rest of his people for the reason that he had secured, by homesteading, 160 acres of land about a mile up the valley from the springs, which was not included in the Warner rancho, putting him beyond the reach of the white men in the crusade of ejection.

Chief Moro elected to remain on the ranch, while Domingo made the transfer to Pala. And it is said that his influence on the Indians had much to do with their final decision to submit to ejection without bloodshed. He takes an active interest in agriculture.

Finally, however, Chief Moro, becoming old and feeble, moved with the remainder of his family to Pala in order to be near Domingo.

The Warner ranch holdings of the Moros were sold to R. P. Franck, San Diego manufacturer, for \$10,000. Franck has made it one of the show places of the county, having invested thousands of dollars in the erection of new build-

DOMINGO MORO

And he's the chief of police of Pala. What is more, he is one of the most successful agriculturalists of the Pala Indian reservation. He is the son of Adolph Moro, who was chief of the Indians when they were ejected from Warner Springs, 21 years ago.



ings and in the development of the farming acreage.

Besides his wife Domingo Moro's family consists of two daughters, one married and the other a pupil at the Sherman Indian school at Riverside.

Is He the Oldest Man in the World?

Kamnei

SF. Chronicle - July 27, 1924.

PAYON HILSCHMEUP, once a proud chieftain of the fighting clan of the Hilschmeups, of the tribe of Cuyapipe (Wee-a-pipe), is the oldest man in the world! At all events, he looks the part and those who have talked with the ancient chieftain corroborate his assertion.

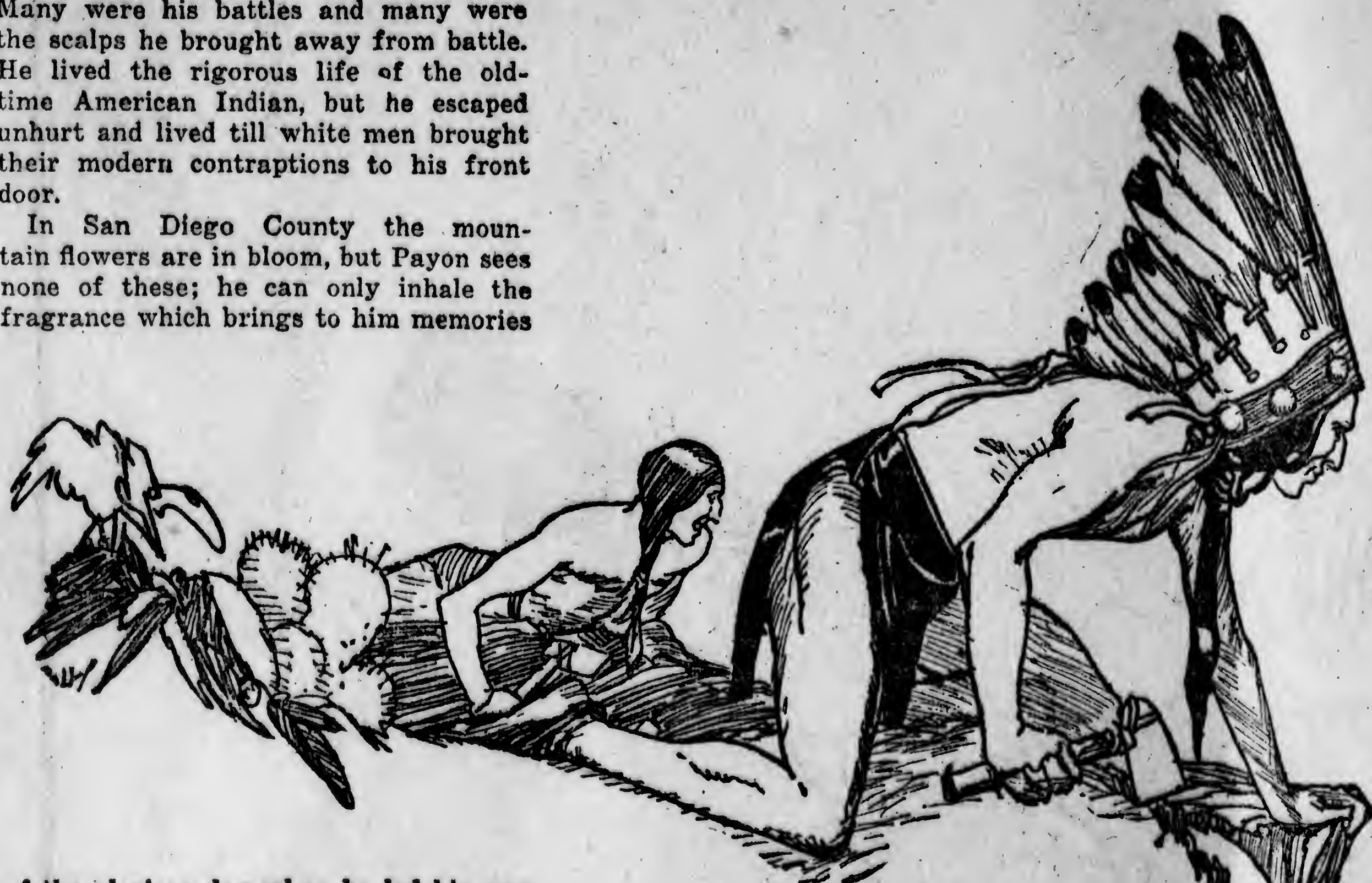
This last remnant of the most southwestern tribe, lives today in a tiny tule-woven hut, hidden from curious white eyes, with his wife, Apechuck; his granddaughter, Gertrude, and his son, Jose, was born when his savages roamed the mountain ranges from Descanso to Campo and far eastward into the desert—and he ruled with an iron hand.

His hereditary enemy was that other desert tribe, the Cocopahs, who held sway below Yuma on the Colorado River. Many were his battles and many were the scalps he brought away from battle. He lived the rigorous life of the old-time American Indian, but he escaped unhurt and lived till white men brought their modern contraptions to his front door.

In San Diego County the mountain flowers are in bloom, but Payon sees none of these; he can only inhale the fragrance which brings to him memories

Aged Indian Warrior, Found in California Mountain Retreat, Said to Be 140 Years Old—Born in 1784, Shortly After American War for Independence—The

White Man's Tobacco Now His Greatest Comfort as He Drowzes in the Warm Sunshine



of the glorious day when he led his own band of warriors dashing along the crest of the numerous ranges crossing the present American-Mexican border; for his "territory" included many miles on both sides.

There can be little doubt that Payon's wife and relatives speak the truth when they tell, in their native guttural language, of the old chief's age. They have few friends among the white race. Their method of life and civilization of the white man are too different. They tolerate the few whites who find them where they live, in Cuyapipe Valley, at the base of Laguna Mountain, the home Payon has chosen for his declining days; but, occasionally, some "pale face" becomes their friend.

EDWARD H. DAVIS, a pioneer of the old school, with his home in the San Diego, Calif., back country, knows the old chief. He has taken food and clothing to Payon and has arranged shelter for him on several occasions. Hilschmeup's sightless eyes light up with pleasure when Davis comes from his ranch into the uncharted country to visit them.

"Payon and his old wife live in a small tule hut not much larger than a doll house, about 100 feet from his son Jose's house," reminisced Davis after a recent visit to the aged warrior. "Jose, his son, is a giant strapping man and is employed on the reservation. Outside is a semicircular brush inclosure which

One hundred and forty years of life is the claim made for Payon, once the proud chief of the Cuyapipe Indians.



curiosity. She stands aside in silence while an occasional coin is dropped into her hand.

The spot on which the old station stands is historic. The trail traversed the then Colorado desert, now the great Imperial Valley; crossed the famous Warner's ranch and stopped again at San Diego. It was in use during the gold days and the days of the building of the Mexican continental railway. Now cattlemen ride on the road frequently and an occasional automobilist chooses it as an alternate route between the Pacific Ocean and El Centro, in Imperial Valley.

The building is constructed of adobe (sun-baked mud), bricks and the roof supported by pine and cedar logs which have been there as long as any natives can remember. They were, presumably, brought down the trail from the



Sunshine

of the glorious day when he led his own band of warriors dashing along the crest of the numerous ranges crossing the present American-Mexican border; for his "territory" included many miles on both sides.

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"Payon and his old wife live in a small tule hut not much larger than a doll house, about 100 feet from his son Jose's house," reminisced Davis after a recent visit to the aged warrior. "Jose, his son, is a giant strapping man and is employed on the reservation. Outside is a semicircular brush inclosure which serves as a wind-break, kitchen and sun parlor and all the activities of the simple household center here.

"A small fire in the middle, kept alive by shoving the sticks up as the ends burn, serves to do the primitive cooking. Squatting in front of the fire a very old man (Payon), totally blind, face deeply wrinkled and shrunken, mouth gaping, showing gums devoid of teeth; scattering coarse white hairs on his chin and a mat of snow-white hair on his head. He was very deaf, but his memory seemed good in spite of his age and infirmities. He was the mere husk of a once proud chief.

"Seated near him was his buxom wife, who was cracking and husking acorns, preparatory to pulverizing them in a nearby Cal-moo or stone mortar. Apechuck's head was crowned by the snows of over ninety winters, but she was still strong and able to perform her simple household duties. Sweeping, dusting, housecleaning, dishwashing were not included among her accomplishments.

"She still goes some miles to groves of live oaks, where she contests with the ground squirrels for a few quarts of acorns and carries them on her back. She can still lift and crush the acorn meal with the heavy stone mano or pestle. She still gathers great backloads of fagots for the fire and carries ollas filled with water; follows the rocky and brushy trails barefooted as she has done since she was a child.

"I presented clothing and tobacco to this aged couple and they sorely needed them. The old chief cackled and chuckled with childish delight when he felt the new shoes, as his bare feet frequently step on growing barbed cactus when he is led over the trail, and even his tough hide is not proof against cholla spines.

"Both Payon and the old lady are greatly pleased with modern clothing and they are comparatively comfortable in cold weather. They live now in Cuyapipe, far up the slope of Laguna Moun-



Payon and his wife, Apechuck, spend most of their time dozing in the sun and breathing the death-defying air of California's mountains. Apechuck is believed to be about ninety-five-years old

tain, which is their old home. There a great rock, resembling a leaning castle, 300 feet high, farther up the mountain side, dominates the valley from which it takes its name (in English) 'Wee-a-pipe,' meaning 'leaning rock'."

The old Cuyapipe is known—if his own family may be believed—to be 140 years old. These people do not reckon time by calendar years, but by seasons and by reference to events. Payon was born before the more adventurous came West, long before California became a State.

While the last of the Hilschmeups counts the rapidly passing days there under the towering forest of trees, alone with his thoughts save for Apechuck, Gertrude and Jose, visitors on horseback occasionally stumble onto his home; then depart with little knowledge of the older, primitive life the four represent.

IT WAS about ten years ago that Payon "was discovered" by wandering riders, when a party of mountain people living in that vicinity found him near the Laguna ranger station. He had been there, far from cities, for many years; no one knows how many.

He was taken to the Indian Reservation over the trail that is still the chief line of communication between his hut and the outside world and there he tried to see with his fading eyes the white men who have crowded him from his lands; accepted with forbearance the new names for his ancient gods and acquired tastes the whites have not given him money to gratify.

Later he grew weary of the reservation and moved to his present hut, where one may find him blinking at the same sun that smiled on him more than a century ago. The trail begins at the "tin store" and halts abruptly at the end of its rocky course near the rough bench beside which Payon sits the day through.

The course of the trail winds its way at first under pines that give way to stubby oaks at the lower level, with here and there a cactus growing in the shallow sands that absorb the water from the brook, running from the thickets of roses and the tangles of clematis to form cascades about the roots of the willow trees. In front of his highly uncomfortable home, which contains a scant handful of necessities, are fields of yellow daisies which blend gracefully with the cardinal flowers and the Indian paint brush growing on the side.

But Payon has not been too happy amid these surroundings. He would prefer even now to roam the rocky regions at his pleasure. He became too feeble years ago, though, and was forced to seek seclusion, where he might be alone with his family—and memories of his fighting tribe; of brave red men who ranged to hunt down deer and wild beasts and, on occasion, white man.

When white settlers first knew Payon, they paid little attention to him. He occupied his tule hut, hidden from prying eyes and storms, but gradually was shoved further away to the hot sands down the mountain.



curiosity. She stands aside in silence while an occasional coin is dropped into her hand.

The spot on which the old station stands is historic. The trail traversed the then Colorado desert, now the great Imperial Valley; crossed the famous Warner's ranch and stopped again at San Diego. It was in use during the gold days and the days of the building of the Mexican continental railway. Now cattlemen ride on the road frequently and an occasional automobilist chooses it as an alternate route between the Pacific Ocean and El Centro, in Imperial Valley.

The building is constructed of adobe (sun-baked mud), bricks and the roof supported by pine and cedar logs which have been there as long as any natives can remember. They were, presumably, brought down the steep trail from the Lagunas. A forlorn cemetery, with a single headstone, stands back of the building, and the inscription "John Hart, age 31, died 1853," graces the stone.

Payon loves to go to this solitary outpost of those days and to sit there with the women in silent contemplation for many hours. He senses a peculiar relief in his association with old memories. His visits become more infrequent, however, and the day will soon come when he will make these short journeys no longer.

The span of Payon's life covers almost the entire life of the Republic, for

the surrender at Yorktown, which virtually ended the Revolutionary War, took place some time after his birth if the estimates of his age are correct. He grew to manhood and led his warriors on forays long before the white man penetrated the Western fastnesses.

NOW the withered chief is only a pathetic husk of the once heroic figure. Time has robbed him of sight and dulled all his other senses, and his chief delight is to sit in the sun smoking the white man's tobacco. Little trickles of smoke lift from the bowl of his pipe as he dreams of other days.

Upon the shoulders of Gertrude, a maiden of almost threescore and ten, falls the burden of supporting her grandparents, which she does by weaving baskets

As the last days of the old-time monarch of the Indians wear on, the two women who have known him longest and love him best, sit by. The first of these, Apechuck, attends his personal needs and wants and tills the soil. Gertrude makes ollas, or jars, of soft clay and mud, coiling the earth rope fashion, then patting it firmly and smoothly in place with a small wooden paddle. She sets them aside in the shade after molding and occasionally adds a modern touch by firing them in a little oven nearby. Gertrude also weaves baskets and from the sale of these and the ollas to the people in San Diego and Los Angeles

the three manage to eke out an existence.

Occasionally, Jose packs Payon and Apechuck in their rickety buckboard, which they keep down the trail nearer the modern highway, and carries them to the last material vestige of their own civilization. It is the old Vallecito stage station which was once an overnight stopping place on the yet older Butterfield Trail, running from St. Louis to San Francisco, by way of Yuma.

APECHUCK studies the faces of a strange people whom she may meet on these pilgrimages with a placid sort of

SEPT. 29, 1924

100 INDIAN VOTERS REGISTER IN COUNTY

About 100 San Diego county Indians will exercise the franchise granted them by the citizenship act, passed by congress in its recent sessions, at the Nov. 4 general election. County Clerk J. B. McLees states that the election machinery is in shape to handle the redskins in the regularly constituted precincts.

Some counties prescribe limitations on the Indians, such as proof of payment of poll taxes, property ownership and educational qualifications, but McLees states they can vote in San Diego county if they can write their names. In some states the Indians live on closed reservations, where precinct boundaries have no weight, but none find themselves in this predicament in California.

One thousand adult Indians live in San Diego county, according to an estimate by the county clerk. All of them have not awakened to the fact that they can vote Nov. 4, however. McLees anticipates it will take several years to get out much of an Indian vote.

Indians Soon to Be Able to Vote In This County

About 200 Indians on the Yuma Reservation in this county will be qualified to vote in the election next after the presidential poll on November 4, according to L. L. Odle, superintendent of the reservation near Yuma, following the granting of the franchise to Indians in the United States who comply with the national and state laws. Only 25 will be eligible to vote on November 4, owing to the failure of the rest to register in time.

It is considered by those well in touch with the situation that the Yuma Indians might be able, in some cases to hold the balance of power in the electoral affairs of the Imperial County, as such elections generally hinge on a few hundred votes on Imperial Valley matters.

The Indians in the past have not paid much attention to the affairs of the Imperial Valley, as they are cut off geographically by 50 miles of uninhabited desert country. They have felt heretofore that the county seat is in a district apart from them.

Cut Four-Mile Road Through Brush to Bury Indian Woman

Marie Alto one of the last of Nagitos tribe of Indians, who died recently. She was born and raised at Descanso and was well known throughout the county. She was buried in the Indian cemetery at Laguna.



The story of how a road, four miles long, was cut through the underbrush so that the casket containing the body of Marie Alto, one of the last of Nagito tribe of Indians, who died recently, could be taken to the Indian cemetery at Lagunas, was told yesterday at Descanso.

Following the ceremony at Alpine, where Indians from four reservations, Canajos, Dehesa, Campo and Capitan, paid their last respects, the body was taken by truck to a lodge owned by Hulburd Grove.

Here the coffin was placed on the floor. Two lighted candles were placed beside the coffin and

throughout the night, two of the dead woman's friends kept their silent vigil.

As the road had been cut through the underbrush the next day, the casket was placed in a wagon—a motor truck could not traverse the road—and was taken to the little Indian cemetery where Marie's mother and grandmother are buried.

The casket was placed in the grave. The earth was heaped on top and a wooden cross, without an inscription of any kind, was placed as a marker.

Marie was born and reared at Descanso and was well known throughout the county.

NOVEMBER 7, 1924

Kam-mei

Indians in Back Country in Need Of Warm Clothes

The coming of cool weather in the mountains has brought forth an annual appeal in behalf of the needy Indians of that section of the county. It is for cast-off clothing to help those Indians keep warm until the spring sun begins to shine again.

Ed Davis, who lives at Mesa Grande and who is known and beloved by all the Indians of San Diego county, some of whom have taken him as a chief, will distribute the clothing. Those who live in San Diego and wish to assist in this good work may leave clothing and blankets at the San Diego hotel. Sam Porter, skipper of the hotel, always sees to that end of the annual task.

DECEMBER 15, 1924

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT MAY REDUCE PRICE ON LANDS AT EL CAPITAN

Returning yesterday from Washington, City Attorney S. J. Higgins brought the news that the city may not have to pay \$362,000 for the Indian lands at El Capitan, the price fixed by A. B. Fall when he was secretary of the interior.

Higgins said he had conferred with Secretary Hubert Work, who promised that he would reduce the price if he found the figures fixed out of proportion to the value.

Higgins informed Secretary Work that the courts here fixed so \$72,000 as an adequate sum for moving the Indians to new lands, but that Fall, under the powers of his office, promptly boosted the amount to \$362,000. This, Higgins declared, is far too high. Secretary Work was very friendly and said he would gladly hear any arguments that the city may present in writing and give the request every consideration.

so that he could answer questions put to him by the New York buyers. The information furnished by Higgins at New York was thoroughly satisfactory. The city, however, does not intend to sell all the bonds at one time. Less than \$1,000,000 will be sold in 1925, thus saving the taxpayers the burden of interest. The bonds will be sold as they are needed, during the work of construction on the dam.

To Have Value Fixed

The next step, Higgins said last night, is to proceed with the condemnation in the Orange county court of the Cuyamaca company's part of the El Capitan dam site. The law arguments on the defendant's demurrer probably will be made next Friday, or a week from Friday. Then the value of the land will be fixed by a jury, unless the city should decide not to withdraw its application to have a value placed by the railroad commission. President Brundidge of the railroad commission said while here recently, however, that it might require a year for the commission to fix a valuation, and the city believes it could get quicker action by having a jury do it. After the price is fixed, and should either the city or the defendant appeal, the city can put up bond equaling the amount fixed, and go to work at El Capitan. If there is no appeal, the city can pay the amount and proceed with work.

The city council is preparing to rush all proceedings in the courts, with the announcement that if there is any offer for a compromise it must come from the other side.

In every way, Higgins said yesterday, his trip to Washington was a great success. The right-of-way over the national forest reserve that he obtained from the department of the interior places the city in possession of the north half of El Capitan dam site, on which an effort had been made by outsiders to establish a gold claim. The south half of the dam site is owned by the Cuyamaca company and is being condemned by the city. The right-of-way also gives the city about 80 acres of land in the reservoir, which will be flooded. The final easements for this right of way were granted.

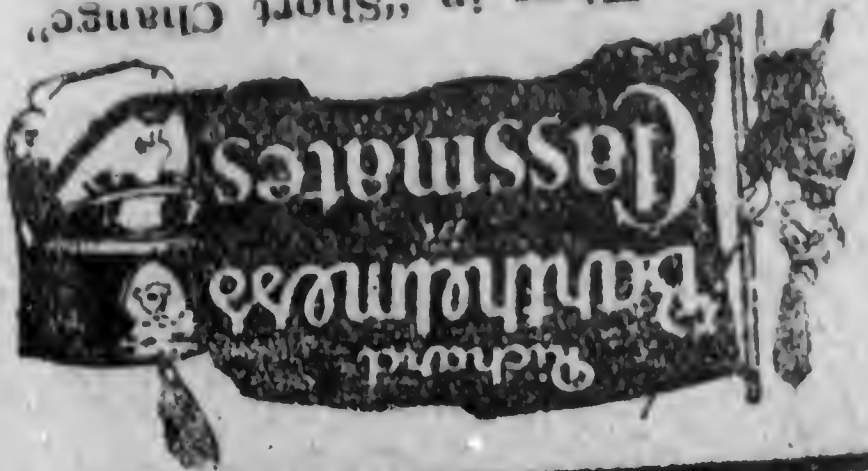
Approves Bond Issue

Moreover, Higgins brings back the welcome news that the \$4,500,000 El Capitan bond issue has been approved by John C. Thompson.

(Continued on Page Six)

NOW PLAYING
FLORENCE
ROBERTS
 Orpheum Favorite, in
 "The Woman Intervenes"
 With
 FREDERIK VOGEDING
 Late Leading Man for
 Doris Keane
 Stratford Comedy Tour

Valter Hiers in "Short Change"
 International News



BALBOA THEATRE

Our Gang (The Kids) in
 "THE BUCCANNERS"

"Manhattan"

—In—



MAY CUT PRICE OF LANDS AT EL CAPITAN

From Page 1.

son, the celebrated New York authority on bonds. He furnished the city attorney with a written preliminary report on these bonds. The bond market is particularly active at present and many New York buyers are inquiring about the El Capitan bonds. The New York expert consequently desired to have considerable first-hand information from City Attorney Higgins regarding the San Diego issue, so that he could answer questions put to him by the New York buyers. The information furnished by Higgins at New York was thoroughly satisfactory. The city, however, does not intend to sell all the bonds at one time. Less than \$1,000,000 will be sold in 1925, thus saving the taxpayers the burden of interest. The bonds will be sold as they are needed, during the work of construction on the dam.

To Have Value Fixed

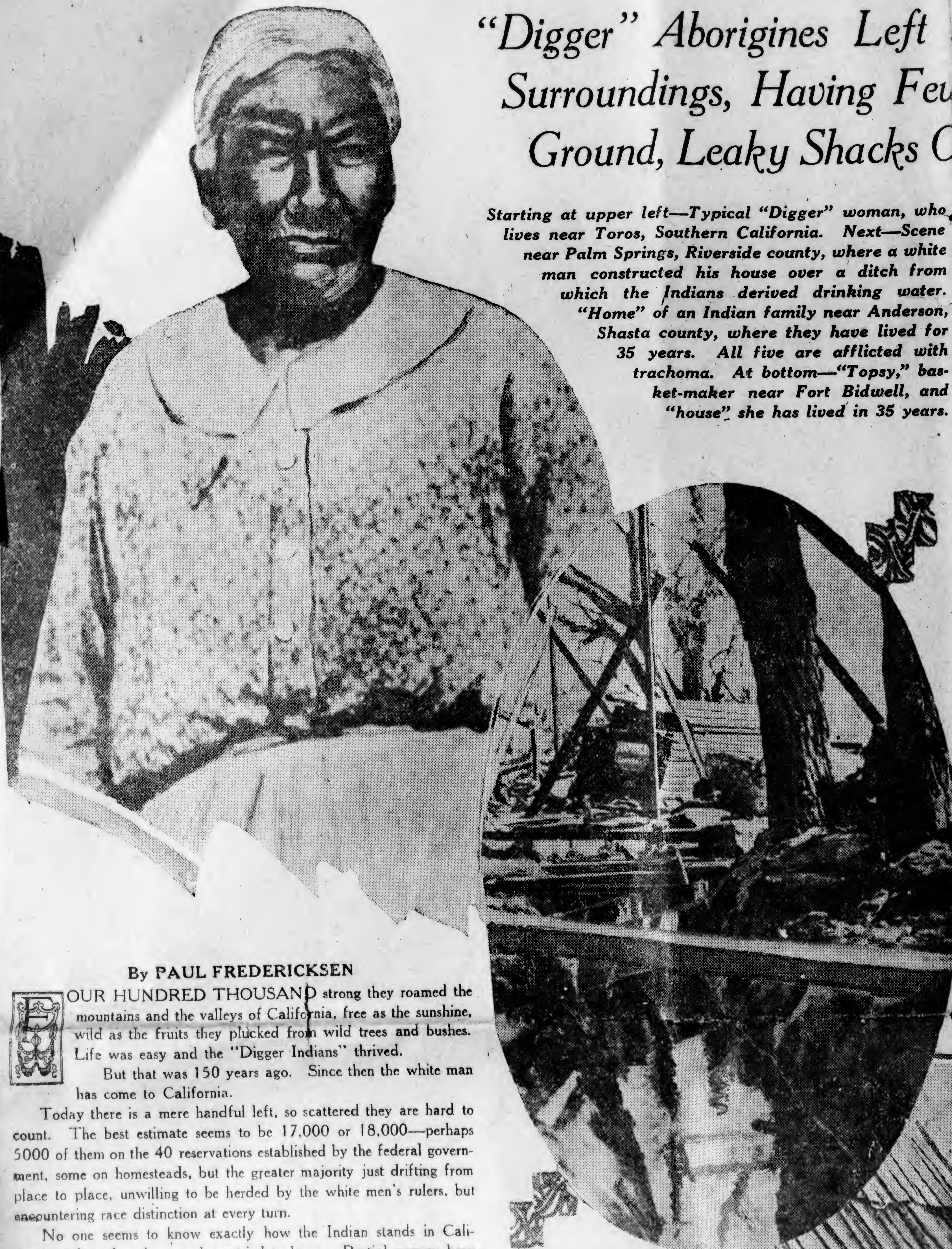
The next step, Higgins said last night, is to proceed with the condemnation in the Orange county court of the Cuyamaca company's part of the El Capitan dam site. The law arguments on the defendant's demurrer probably will be made next Friday, or a week from Friday. Then the value of the land will be fixed by a jury, unless the city should decide not to withdraw its application to have a value placed by the railroad commission. President Brundidge of the railroad commission said while here recently, however, that it might require a year for the commission to fix a valuation, and the city believes it could get quicker action by having a jury do it. After the price is fixed, and should either the city or the defendant appeal, the city can put up bond equaling the amount fixed, and go to work at El Capitan. If there is no appeal, the city can pay the amount and proceed with work.

The city council is preparing to rush all proceedings in the courts, with the announcement that if there is any offer for a compromise it must come from the other side.

Lo, the "Poor" California Indian!

"Digger" Aborigines Left to Shift for Themselves in Squalid, Disease-Breeding Surroundings, Having Few Rights White Race Seems Bound to Respect---Arid Ground, Leaky Shacks Only Heritage of Former Owners of Golden State Soil

Starting at upper left—Typical "Digger" woman, who lives near Toros, Southern California. Next—Scene near Palm Springs, Riverside county, where a white man constructed his house over a ditch from which the Indians derived drinking water. "Home" of an Indian family near Anderson, Shasta county, where they have lived for 35 years. All five are afflicted with trachoma. At bottom—"Topsy," basket-maker near Fort Bidwell, and "house" she has lived in 35 years.



By PAUL FREDERICKSEN

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND strong they roamed the mountains and the valleys of California, free as the sunshine, wild as the fruits they plucked from wild trees and bushes. Life was easy and the "Digger Indians" thrived.

But that was 150 years ago. Since then the white man has come to California.

Today there is a mere handful left, so scattered they are hard to count. The best estimate seems to be 17,000 or 18,000—perhaps 5000 of them on the 40 reservations established by the federal government, some on homesteads, but the greater majority just drifting from place to place, unwilling to be herded by the white men's rulers, but encountering race distinction at every turn.

No one seems to know exactly how the Indian stands in California today, though many have tried to learn. Partial surveys have been made, but they have never been wholly correlated. A move was made at the last legislature to spend \$25,000 for a thorough investigation and an additional \$100,000 for prevention of disease among Indians, but Governor Richardson vetoed the bills as unnecessary.

Recently the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco conducted an independent investigation of Indians' conditions. It found them

they were not treated unkindly. And it was not until the gold rush began that the white men persecuted them and hunted them down like animals.

The California Indian had

culture. If the Indians are to be provided with usable lands, it must be through purchase and subdivision of private holdings."

The committee recommends that Indians' water rights be safeguarded and that the Indians granted fee-simple patents be protected against real estate speculators who would rob them of their title.

In their report on Indian health, the club members found Dr. Gillihan's report illuminating. Gillihan found that the percentage of Indian children and old people is considerably above the average—that death by disease mows down the red men during school age and the prime of life.

Poverty of the farms means poverty of the home, and hundreds of Indians still live in tepees or in small shacks made of boards thrown together helter-skelter without adequate roofing, floors or heat.

The report continues:

"In certain sections tuberculosis is the leading disease, venereal diseases are highly prevalent, trachoma is universal among them, the communicable diseases find them easy prey, and there is everywhere a high infant mortality rate.

"The full-time and contract doctors supplied by the Indian Bureau seem to lack often the ability to obtain the confidence of the Indians and there seems a general lack of medical contacts. In the south there are two fairly equipped hospitals for Indians, one at Saboda and another at the school at Yuma. Each has a competent trained nurse in charge, but neither hospital appears to do any sort of field work that would encourage the Indians to make use of hospitals.

"In the north there are no special hospitals for the Indians, and no adequate care given the sick. True, the county hospitals are supposed to take these citizens of California, but only a few of the hospitals find vacant beds for sick Indians, and the treatment the Indians generally receive is not such as would encourage them to make use of the hospitals.

"It is obvious there exist in California numerous medical agencies, federal, state, county and municipal, that could be utilized for the care of the sick Indians were there some connecting link that would inspire confidence and guide them as well as command these various agencies."

The report recommended employment of four field nurses to serve as contacts between sick Indians and the hospitals. This suggestion was turned down at the state capital.

Dr. Gillihan's report on Southern California revealed, among other things, how the cupidity of white ranchers destroys the water rights of the Indians. In one case a white man went so far as to con-

struct a house, the corner of which bridged the ditch used to convey drinking water to his red brothers. Some ditches were used as garbage dumps by the white men.

Cachil Dehe, the reservation housing some 80 Indians at Colusa, is situated in a hollow. Rain seeps down the hillsides and floods the village. Roads to Colusa are impassable in wet weather. Green scum forms on the drinking troughs. Nine Indians have died there since last August. The last to die was Davis Pulsiver, aged four years. He followed his brother by 10 days. Three of the nine died because of poor sanitation. Six were just recorded as "tuberculosis."

In his relations toward his government and his hospitals the Indian understands in a vague sort of way that he is being discriminated against. But in his relation toward the schools he is made to feel the worst humiliation.

"The Indian is not a white man and cannot be converted into one," remarks Dr. Gillihan, discussing the efforts of the government to enroll him in the public schools.

Yet the Commonwealth Club learns that the conversion from red into white is exactly what the government is trying to effect. The nation allows an Indian a small daily sum while he is attending his own Indian school. When he is transferred to a public school this dole is paid to the county. Where the federal government plans to save is in the ultimate abandonment of Indian schools as such.

"The administration of the educational side of the problem requires that those charged officially with responsibility for his guardianship in some way come to understand Indian psychology," states the club's report, "Before any plans can be made which look toward constructive educational results the officer must consider the Indian as an Indian, and not treat him and legislate for him as though he were a diluted specimen of the American pioneer white man. Ways and means must be found for developing in him qualities which will make of him a citizen in whom the ownership and control of his own property may be safely vested.

"Two investigations pertaining to this subject have been made by the state supervisor of school attendance in the last three years—the first during 1922 and the second in February to April of this year. The first was concerned particularly with school attendance as distinguished from features of instruction, and was undertaken for the superintendent of public instruction because the Bureau of Indian Affairs was quite frankly seeking to enroll Indian children in public schools as rapidly as possible and had placed a special school supervisor in the West for this purpose. School patrons in the districts affected protested against the action and school trustees and superintendents were asking for assistance in determining their legal responsibility, authority, and in securing of financial aid.

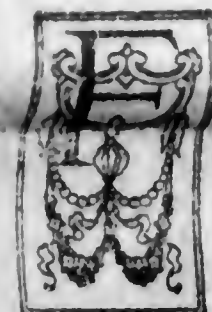
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The general day schools in reservations were designed to bring civilization to young Indians and through them to their elders. But the Commonwealth Club finds that the salaries paid teachers are not enough to attract good ones, supplies are handled "indifferently," and medical inspection is wholly inadequate.

The report concludes:

"The attitude toward the Indian child in the public school is an exact reflection of the attitude of the community toward the Indian."



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Recently the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco conducted an independent investigation of Indians' conditions. It found them appalling. It found plenty of persons willing to answer questions, but it found no official who felt he had the power to remedy affairs.

The Indian apparently has too many bosses. The State Supreme Court calls him a citizen. The United States Supreme Court calls him a ward. And the Department of the Interior, charged with protecting his welfare, never quite recognizes either obligation, according to the Commonwealth Club's findings.

Charles Elkus, chairman of the club's Indian section, reported at a conference with several of California's national legislators that many of the red men are starving and that disease is rampant among them.

"The California Indians never have had a chance," declared Elkus. "They are given only about \$29 a year each. The Indians of this state get less help from Washington than any other state in the Union. Some help is given by state and county, but this aid is not co-ordinated with the work of the federal government.

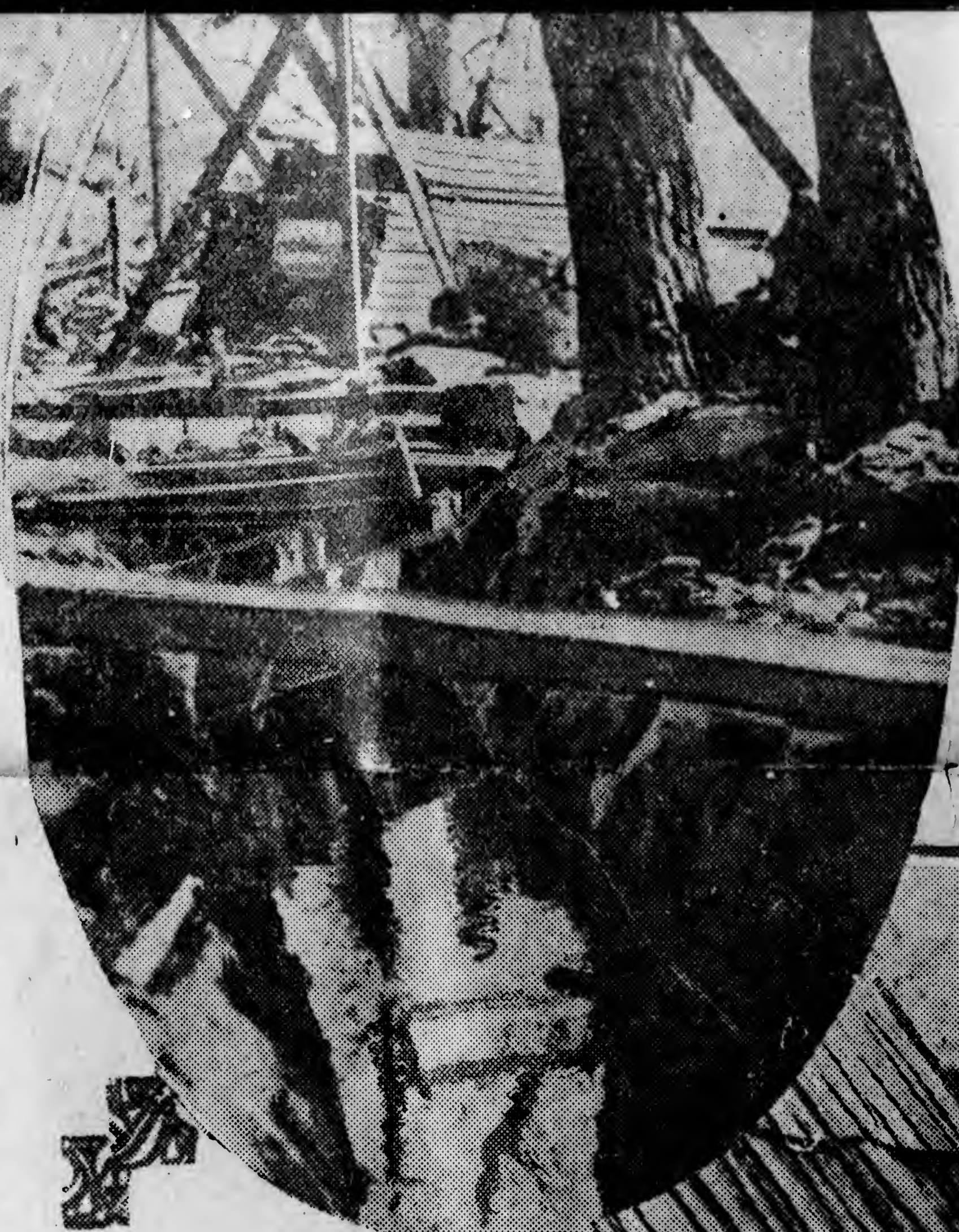
"California Indian children are so diseased that they are not allowed to attend public schools for fear they will contaminate other children. The Indians' land has been taken from them, and they have been put on worthless soil where it is impossible even to live, let alone be prosperous.

"They have insufficient medical attention, insufficient schools and insufficient legal aid, so that they are often deprived of their rights. Because they are the nation's wards they are treated more like cattle than like humans. If the federal government would make sufficient appropriation toward caring for the Indians the state could administer it economically without the great overhead cost which now exists."

Elkus' statements fairly summarize the extended findings of the investigators. The reports were based on personal inquiry and upon such statistics as were available. Of the latter two, surveys by Dr. Allen F. Gillihan, district health officer for the State Board of Health, were found most valuable. Dr. Gillihan made one survey in North-eastern California in 1921, and another in Southern California in March of this year. These two surveys, despite their incompleteness as bearing on the Indians of the entire state, frankly set forth the plight of the remaining redskins.

Chauncey S. Goodrich, sub-chairman dealing with the legal aspects, discovered that from the time the "Diggers" were baptized, sometimes by force, by the Franciscan friars in the early part of last century, until the present, their status has become increasingly hard.

Under the Catholic fathers they were compelled to work, but



they were not treated unkindly. And it was not until the gold rush began that the white men persecuted them and hunted them down like animals.

The California Indian had never felt the need of banding into strong tribal organizations. Food was too easy to get to fight for. Except in rare instances, the Indians had lived peacefully alone or in small groups. It was this lack of tribe that now made the "Digger" defenseless.

Great tribes farther East had been able to wrest from the invading white man treaties that guaranteed their security and national protection. The scattered California Indians were unable to bargain collectively in this fashion. They had no weapon with which to demand protection. They suffered complete humiliation.

Then the United States Supreme Court came to their rescue as best it might. Following precedent set in relations with Eastern tribes, the court ruled Indians to be national wards and reservations were set aside for them. But these reservations failed to hold the wandering type of Indian in this state. Besides, most of the ground in the reservations was barren.

The result has been that most Indians have left the reservations and go, therefore, outside the paternal protection of the federal government. Once outside they have all the statute rights of citizens except the most important—literal equality.

The report on land holdings bears out Goodrich's findings. It shows that while the total area of reservations is 517,118 acres, the estimated amount of irrigable lands is only 7 per cent of this and that the acreage actually under irrigation is less than 2 per cent of the total. More than four-fifths of the reservation acreage has never been allotted, so unpopular is the system among Indians.

Says the report:

"Most of the land held in reservation for, or purchased for, or allotted from the public domain to, the California Indians is worthless for agriculture; much of it is worthless for any purpose save as watershed land. For the lands which would be cultivable there is an insufficient water supply. The average Indian would be better off with a smaller area of land were it usable. There are no remaining public lands in California that have any appreciable value for agri-

another at the school at Yuma. Each has a competent trained nurse in charge, but neither hospital appears to do any sort of field work that would encourage the Indians to make use of hospitals.

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The report concludes:

"The attitude toward the Indian child in the public school is an exact reflection of the attitude of the community toward the Indian. The range is great, going from a cruel exploitation to friendliness and honesty.

"The Indian Bureau is concentrating its efforts and funds upon the boarding schools, without providing the after-school follow-up that would make them effective. The day schools, which could be made the most effective units in the system, are being discontinued as fast as the children can be enrolled in the public schools. That enrollment has been greatly accelerated by the granting of citizenship to the Indians and by the payment of tuition to the school districts, but does not insure a pauper Indian his education."

CHIEF JOSE, SAN DIEGO INDIAN, IS DEAD AFTER PASSING CENTURY MARK

Almost lost in antiquity, is the history of Chief Jose, San Diego Indian who died yesterday at the county hospital. Some say that he was 97 years old when he entered the county poor farm about eight years ago. That would make his age nearly 104 years. The obituary states he was 100 years old, but this is a conservative estimate, declared the director at Norell and Conwell's funeral parlors, where the aged chief's body awaits burial. G. D. Porter, secretary of Edgemoor, the county poor farm, says the chief was 104 years old. Any of these speculations would vest the Indian with the awe, curiosity and veneration attending a man who had lived through the days that

among modern institutions. His equipment for the struggle to live in such a maelstrom of quickening events probably was meager. Only the education, perhaps, of a mission Indian. By this time, the later quarter of last century, his early friends and companions all were dead, and he was left to work his way, alone with recollections of the days when he was a man of matters in his tribe and when events moved with the slow pace of the old-fashioned ox cart.

Eight years ago he became a county charge, taking the remaining niche left him at the county poor farm.

Today there are eight men in this state who can trace their date of birth back to the decade that witnessed the birth of California as a state. When they were born Chief Jose, had he been present, could have looked at them with the knowledge of a strapping young Indian buck 24 years old.

marked the events contemporaneous with the early history of this state and nation.

It is said that Chief Jose was born at Old Town and witnessed the possession and the customs of the early Spanish settlers here. The story includes the tales of many fracasas, common to pioneer days, that the chief had a hand in.

Jose was a young man of 29 years when California was admitted to the Union in 1850. With the coming of the ordinary man's middle age he saw the first building erected on the site now occupied by San Diego.

As more years passed the progress of civilization in the new territory.

(Continued on Page Six)

Indian Who Saw San Diego Rise From Spanish Pueblo To Present Glory, Is Dead

Chief Jose, a Mission Indian who was a vigorous young man when California was admitted to the United States 75 years ago, who probably stood on the shores of San Diego bay when Richard Henry Dana visited this port on the bark "Pilgrim" during his famous "Two Years Before the Mast," died at the county farm Tuesday at an age variously estimated at from 97 to 104 years.

For the last eight years Chief Jose had lived at Edgemoor, the county farm, and it was understood that he was about 97 years old when he first was admitted. Norell and Conwell, funeral directors in charge of the body, declared that 100 years was a conservative estimate of the old Indian's age.

Within the memory of the chief, born at Old Town during the height of the Spanish domination of the state, was the gold rush of 1849 that brought the world to California by land and by sea. He was not yet 30 when California was admitted to the United States. He

watched the incidents related in the story "Ramona," and may even have participated in some of them. He was a passive observer of the development of San Diego from a barren hillside to a beautiful city, and he saw the horse take the place of the ox-cart and the automobile replace the horse. Concrete highways replaced the dirt roads, which had been widened from the winding Indian trails and foot-paths.

All of the romance of early California, of America's sovereignty, of the battles of the civil and Mexican wars, passed before the eyes of Chief Jose. The memories of his youth and position in his tribe were clouded with the ever-present need to make a living in an environment new and strange. The task became too great for his advancing years, as it might have been too great even in the days of his most vigorous youth, and the old man became a ward of the county. He died within a few miles of the little pueblo in which he was born.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., TRIBUNE—48
SEPTEMBER 9, 1925

CHIEF

CENTENARIAN, DIES HERE

From Page 1.

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SAN DIEGO, CAL., UNION 50
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Three Indian Girls Present Scenes of Primitive Life at Art Center Auditorium in Balboa Park

Interesting Demonstration Is Conducted Under Direction of Mrs. Leslie Lee.

Three Indian maidens stepped out of the past Friday evening and presented to a group interested in the original inhabitants of this county a series of scenes of primitive life. They cooked deer meat in a clay olla over a fire. They gathered and prepared the various seeds and wild grains that made up their primitive bill of fare. With basket, mortero and pestle, and metate they made meal and prepared cakes to bake in the ashes of the fire.

The scenes were given under the direction of Mrs. Leslie Lee, and were the result of her long research among the Indians of this county, and six months of careful training and coaching of the Indian girls who took part. Because of the limited space in the art center auditorium in Balboa park, where the exhibition was given, admission Friday evening was by invitation only. The exhibit was repeated yesterday morning for the public.

The little stage of the art center had been transformed for the occasion into an open space in the mountains. A painting by Mr. Lee, a great live oak on the edge of the desert, formed the back of the picture. The wild grasses, shrubbery and other plants of the mountains of the county were arranged about the stage as if they were actually growing there. In the foreground were the cook fire, morteros, pestles, metates, ollas and baskets used in the reproduction of primitive life. The atmosphere of the auditorium was permeated with the pungent odor of sage, which made the scene the more realistic.

As a reader told something of the life of the Mission Indians before the advent of the white man, explained their customs and their mode of every-day living, their common tasks and their recreations, the three Indian girls entered clad in the straw dresses of their early tribal days and enacted the episodes described. The girls, Felis and Ella Agiaro, and Carlota Hetlemeua, are members of the San Dieguito or San Dieguito tribe of the Mission Indians, and are typical of the early inhabitants of this county.

First they demonstrated the cooking of the deer meat in an earthen olla, entering with various ollas and utensils carried as their mothers and grandmothers once bore their burdens. In their second scene they showed how the useful baskets were made with reeds and straw, with the sharpened rib of a coyote for an awl. The third scene was even more domestic, showing the ancient rite of protecting a baby against digestive disorders.

The child was brought in and a

Three Indian girls of the San Diegueno tribe appeared at the Art Center in Balboa park Friday evening under the direction of Mrs. Leslie Lee, and showed how their primitive people lived and worked before white men landed on the shores of San Diego bay. The girls, shown here are, left to right, Felis Agiaro, Carlota Hetlemeua and Ella Agiaro. They are in the primitive grass costume and are engaged in the tasks that occupied their mothers and grandmothers not more than 40 years ago.



little mat of willow bark was heated over the embers. It was then placed over the baby's stomach to enable him to eat the good things nature provided without suffering any pain. The child was then bound to a cradle to make him grow straight and tall.

The various processes necessary to the preparation of the "chia" drink constituted the fourth scene. With sticks, the girls beat the chia seeds from the bushes into their baskets. Then they parched them

over the fire, ground them, added water, and a little salt which they had gathered from the margin of the ancient sink of the Salton sea, and then drank the refreshing preparation. They gathered cactus pears in the fifth scene, brushing off the spines with bunches of twigs and grass. Then they shook them in a net of fibres until the skins were smooth and the fruit fit to eat in safety.

Another seed preparation was demonstrated in the sixth scene.

when the girls gathered the "kish," which is known to the white man as "dock." They dried the seeds, rubbed them in their hands to loosen the husks, winnowed them in their shallow baskets, ground them on the metate, leached them with water to remove the bitterness, then made the cakes from the meal and baked them in the ashes.

The seventh and final scene was the preparation of acorn meal, mush which was always eaten with deer meat. The girls gathered acorns, cracked them with rubbing stones, ground them to meal in their morteros, winnowed the meal and leached it, then made the mush in an earthen olla which was over the fire and beside the olla in which the deer meat was cooking.

It was a remarkable exhibition of the stone age life of a primitive people carried over into the age of electricity. The customs and crafts demonstrated by the three Indian girls are still observed and practiced in the most remote and secluded parts of the county by those Indians who prefer their primitive life to the questionable joys and customs of the white man. But the customs are dying out; the language which the three girls spoke in low tones around the fire is being forgotten or is falling into disuse. The glimpse of that life vouchsafed to those who were privileged to be the guests of Mrs. Lee may be the last glimpse that any will have unless some effort is made to perpetuate the customs and the manners of the San Dieguenos.

"For a long time," said Mrs. Lee, "we have been making much of the

Original Defective



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over the fire, ground them, added water, and a little salt which they had gathered from the margin of the ancient sink of the Salton sea, and then drank the refreshing preparation. They gathered cactus pears in the fifth scene, brushing off the spines with bunches of twigs and grass. Then they shook them in a net of fibres until the skins were smooth and the fruit fit to eat in safety.

Another seed preparation was demonstrated in the sixth scene.

when the girls gathered the "kish," which is known to the white man as "dock." They dried the seeds, rubbed them in their hands to loosen the husks, winnowed them in their shallow baskets, ground them on the metate, leached them with water to remove the bitterness, then made the cakes from the meal and baked them in the ashes.

The seventh and final scene was the preparation of acorn meal mush which was always eaten with deer meat. The girls gathered acorns, cracked them with rubbing stones, ground them to meal in their morteros, winnowed the meal and leached it, then made the mush in an earthen olla which was over the fire and beside the olla in which the deer meat was cooking.

It was a remarkable exhibition of the stone age life of a primitive people carried over into the age of electricity. The customs and crafts demonstrated by the three Indian girls are still observed and practiced in the most remote and secluded parts of the county by those Indians who prefer their primitive life to the questionable joys and customs of the white man. But the customs are dying out; the language which the three girls spoke in low tones around the fire is being forgotten or is falling into disuse. The glimpse of that life vouchsafed to those who were privileged to be the guests of Mrs. Lee may be the last glimpse that any will have unless some effort is made to perpetuate the customs and the manners of the San Dieguenos.

"For a long time," said Mrs. Lee, "we have been making much of the picturesque Indians of Arizona of the east and middle west. Santa Fe and northern Michigan have been proud of the handicraft of their Indians and the artistry of their work. Here in San Diego county we have one of the most interesting groups of Indians in the whole country, and we have made no effort to study them or to preserve their traditions and their lore.

"It is true that they are more primitive than the more picturesque tribes, and for that reason less spectacular. But they are the more interesting, for they give us an insight into a day and an age that has passed. Culture can always be developed or acquired. But primitive life and primitive customs once lost are lost forever.

"It is my contention—and I know many will take issue with me—that the Mission Indians, of whom these girls are representative, are potentially as brainy and as capable of development as any other tribes. But it must be remembered that they have never been required to live more than the primitive life. Nature has been abundant. The climate has required no other shelter than leaves and thatch, so they have built no such elaborate houses as the Hopis. They have not needed clothing, so they have not woven rugs or blankets of barbaric splendor. They did not have to cultivate crops, for the wild seeds and acorns furnished an abundance of food. They were migratory, living in the mountains in the warm summer, and wandering down into the desert to live warm and comfortably in the winter. They had an easy existence and were not forced to live in any way other than they had always lived."

In the course of her research Mrs. Lee found, she said, that as recently as 40 years ago the Indians in the remote valleys and peaks of the county lived exactly as they did before the advent of the white men in California. The men wore no clothes and the women only grass skirts, and game and seeds were the sole diet. But civilization has penetrated to the remotest fastnesses, and with the death of the old Indians the traditions, the language and the customs are dying out. The Indians are becoming rather bewildered and are inadequate imitations of the whites.



JANUARY 29, 1926

EXPECT DECISION IN INDIAN CASE

Suit of a number of Indians against the San Diego County Water company in which monetary damages are asked for flooding an old Indian burial ground, will be decided today. The hearing, started last week, was resumed yesterday before special Judge Albert J. Lee and all evidence had been submitted when court adjourned for the day. Arguments will be presented this morning and the court is expected to announce his ruling early this afternoon.

Attorneys Leory Wright and Henry Stephens are appearing for the water company, with Attorneys Herman Freese, George L. Flagg and Fred Thompson appearing for the tribesmen.

JANUARY 29, 1926

INDIANS SEEK DAMAGES FOR DESERTION

A decision is expected to be reached this afternoon in the suit of Indian tribesmen against the San Diego Water company for flooding their ancient graveyard by creation of Lake Henshaw.

Arguments were being made before Judge Pro. Tem. A. L. Lee, who heard evidence in the suit yesterday and on a previous date. About 50 Indians, men, women and children, were on hand to see the case concluded, filling space in the county supervisors' room, where the case was being concluded.

Evidence in the case developed some rather dramatic recitals of the desecration of the old Indian burying ground, where, it was alleged, remains of ancestors of the present living Indians had been placed long before white man came to California. For the alleged desecration, the Indians are asking \$2000 damages. Attorneys Herman Freese, George L. Flagg and Fred Thompson represent the Indians, and Attorneys L. A. Wright and Henry Stephens the water company.

JANUARY 30, 1926

DECISION DELAYED IN INDIAN SUITS

A decision in the suit of Indian tribesmen for damages against the San Diego County Water company because the company's Lake Henshaw flooded their ancient Indian burying ground will not be had until late next month. Albert J. Lee, judge pro tem, who heard the evidence and arguments in the trial, took the case under advisement yesterday afternoon and notified attorneys in the case that they would have until Feb. 26 to file briefs and cite additional authorities for their contentions.

JANUARY 30, 1926

DEFERS DECISION IN INDIAN CASE

764
Tribesman Suing for Dam-
age for Alleged Desecra-
tion of Burial Ground.

Indian tribesmen, suing the San Diego Water company for money damages for alleged desecration of an ancient Indian graveyard, must await until Feb. 26 to learn the outcome of the suit. Special Judge Albert J. Lee heard the arguments of counsel yesterday and took the case under advisement, notifying counsel that they would have until Feb. 26 to file briefs and cite additional authorities.

When Henshaw dam was built and a large area of the Warner Hot Springse country about to be flooded, the water company dedicated a plot of ground as a burial place and removed the bodies of the long-dead Indians from the old graveyard, soon to be covered by the impounded waters, to the new resting place. This, the Indians declared to be desecration, and they have sued for compensatory damages.

THE INDIANS OF SAN DIEGO COUNTY

BY DANIEL CLEVELAND

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The preceding chapter of this story has been devoted mainly to an inquiry into, and an explanation of the charges made by Helen Hunt Jackson, in her book "Ramona," that the American government, court and people have been guilty of gross injustice, neglect and cruelty in their dealings with the Indians of this section of California. The facts told in that story actually occurred, and substantially as they are recited. Something of Mrs. Jackson's fierce indignation and censure is deserved; but the story as told is not the whole truth, and, like all half truths, is prejudiced, unfair, misleading and unjust. The poet, (Tennyson) says:

"For a lie that is half the truth
Is ever the blackest of lies."

Mrs. Jackson was the soul of honor, and was never consciously unfair or unjust. She believed whatever she told to be true and, as she told it. She desired only the welfare of the Indians and the honor of the American government to which she was ever loyal.

Mrs. Jackson has told in "Ramona" what has been done to the Indians of southern California to their injury. It is my purpose in this chapter to tell something of what the American government and people have done for these Indians to their great benefit. Justice to all concerned demands that both sides of the story shall be stated before judgment is pronounced.

As Mrs. Jackson and others have charged against us, our government has been very dilatory in its action, has greatly and unnecessarily delayed remedial and helpful legislation for the protection and benefit of its Indian wards, has failed to protect them and has permitted great and shameful outrages to be perpetrated upon them and to go unpunished. Yet, as a final summary, it must be conceded, when all things are considered, that the United States government has done far more for the benefit of our Indian wards than any other nation has done, or even attempted to do.

INDIANS AS CITIZENS

The reader can best understand the real merits of this matter and the extent of the work done by the United States government for the Indians of this country, from the statements made, and statistics given by Edgar B. Merritt, assistant Indian commissioner, in an address given by him at Baltimore, Nov. 1, 1922. Mr. Merritt said:

"The Indian bureau was established March 11, 1824; the office of commissioner of Indian affairs was created in 1832, and in 1849 the department of the interior was established by act of congress, and the bureau of Indian affairs transferred to that department from the war department, where it has since remained.

"Two-thirds of the Indians of the United States are now citizens. The doors to citizenship are open to any Indian who cares to comply with existing law.

"The Indian population of California is 16,000.

"About 200,000 Indians have already received allotments (of land), totaling approximately 40,000,000 acres of land valued at half a billion dollars. There remain to be allotted approximately 125,000 Indians with unallotted lands of about 35,000,000 acres valued at \$75,000,000. Allotments are usually made under the general allotment act of Feb. 8, 1887, as amended.

"The Indians of the United States in recent years have made remarkable progress in agriculture and stock raising. They own livestock valued at approximately \$35,000,000, consisting of 265,000 horses, 300,000 cattle, and 1,400,000 sheep. About 43,000 Indians are farming nearly 900,000 acres of land, as compared with 20,000 Indians cultivating 550,000 acres of land 10 years ago.

"The Indian bureau is conducting one of the most efficient school systems among the Indians to be found anywhere in the United States or the civilized world.

"There are in the Indian service 18 non-reservation boarding schools; 8 tribal boarding schools, 55 reservation boarding schools, and 170 day schools.

professed Christianity.

"Two of the leading senators (in congress) are of Indian blood. Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma is a member of the Cherokee tribe. Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas is an enrolled member of the Umatilla tribe. Representative Charles D. Carter from Oklahoma is a member of the Chickasaw tribe; Chandler from Oklahoma belongs to the Cherokee tribe; Congressman W. H. Hastings belongs to the Cherokee tribe. The Indians are well represented in congress by members of their own race.

"I know of no dependent people in the history of the world who have made more rapid progress during the last 50 years than the American Indian, and I know of no government during that time that has been more generous, or more faithful to its trust, than our government toward the American Indian."

The reader will be more specially interested in learning about the present condition of the Indians of San Diego county, and what is being done by the federal government for their benefit. The information can be best given by an authorized agent of our government who is in official connection with the work of caring for the Indians of this section of the state.

C. L. Ellis, district superintendent in charge of the Mission Indian agency at Riverside, has written me quite fully in answer to my request for information. I quote the following from his letter.

RESERVATIONS IN SAN DIEGO CO.

"There are 16 reservations in San Diego county, known as Campo, Capitán Grande, (El Capitán,) Culpalpe, Inaja, (including Cosmit,) Laguna, La Jolla, (known also as Potrero,) Lo Posta, Los Coyotes, Manzanita, Mesa Grande, Pala, Pauma, Rincon, San Pasqual, Santa Ysabel (known as Santa Ysabel, Santa Ysabel 2, or Mesa Grande, and Santa Ysabel No. 3, or Volcan) or Sycuan. The Indian population was, on June 30, 1926, 1544, according to the official rolls. There are a number of Indians in San Diego county who are not enrolled. This is due to the fact that they left the reservations years ago, intermarried with whites or other non-enrolled Indians, and have since resided in white communities. Their identities as Indians have been lost, and they are now considered, and rightly so, on the same plane as their white neighbors.

"After the Mexican secularization act, (of about 1830), the Indians scattered from the old missions, a great many going back to the, then, remote and almost inaccessible parts of the country. They lived unmolested for a number of years, but the gold rush days caused a great influx of whites, and, after statehood, a still larger number came. With them came the demand for land. The Indians had been living for years almost without contact with the whites, and had no knowledge of courts, land laws, etc. When owners of land under Mexican grants were notified to come into the courts and obtain legal title under the new government the Indians remained in the hills, not knowing the necessity for obtaining title. Consequently, land occupied by them was proclaimed as public domain, and later homesteaded by whites. In an effort to remedy conditions, inspectors were sent by the government to report upon the matter, and Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson was one of these. Her books, "A Century of Dishonor" and "Ramona," (the latter fiction, although with some basis of fact) did considerable to alter conditions, and on Jan. 12, 1891, (26 statutes, P. 712) congress passed an act providing for the appointment of a commission to investigate conditions in California, and make report. President Harrison appointed the commission, which is known as the Smiley commission, consisting of Albert K. Smiley, of Redlands, and Joseph Moore and Charles C. Painter. This commission recommended that lands occupied by Indians on the public domain be patented to each band, or reserved for the use of the band by executive

Indians, at other reservations, stock and fruit trees were sold. The nature of the supplies depended upon the location of the reservation. Some of the reservations have sufficient rainfall, and grow crops without irrigation, others are best adapted to stock raising, while others are irrigable.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATION

"In San Diego county there are five government day schools, at Pala, Rincon, Mesa Grande, (Santa Ysabel No. 2), Volcan, (Santa Ysabel No. 3) and Campo. The attendance ranges from 12 to 15 at each school. There are grade schools, carrying the pupils to the fourth grade at least, sometimes to the fifth and sixth. When the children complete the term they are then transferred, if the parents wish, to Sherman institute, a boarding school in Riverside, which carries them through the 11th grade. Next year, this school will carry pupils through the 12th grade, or a complete high school course. The expenses of these schools have been as follows—to June 30, 1923, \$17,773.40; to June 30, 1926, \$16,732.46. Indian children are also permitted to attend public schools, if they wish.

"The government also subsists indigent Indians, and provides for medical service. At San Jacinto there is an Indian hospital, to which all Mission Indians have access and a considerable number of Indians from San Diego county have been hospitalized there. Most of the Indians of this jurisdiction (Riverside), live in San Diego county.

"Critics to the contrary, the government has been and is now doing actual constructive work among the Indians. No dependent peoples have shown such progress during the past generation as the American Indians.

"The record of the American government in Indian affairs, specially during the past two decades, has been a good one. Statistics do not have the appeal of well written fiction, consequently more people are familiar with 'Ramona' than with government reports which deal with the Indian situation. Our records today show a dependent people on the road to independence, with opportunities equal to the whites, if they will but accept them; they show a people who are increasing numerically; they show a lowering of disease and infant mortality. Best of all, they show an increasing large number of Indians attending our schools and universities. They also show a large number of Indians, men and women, who are working side by side with whites, and successfully competing with them for a livelihood.

"Pages could be written about the progress of the Indian under government control."

FOUGHT IN WAR

Many Indians entered the American army, and rendered gallant service during the last great war.

To Helen Hunt Jackson, more than to any other one person, is due the credit for the vastly improved condition of the American Indian. She well deserves a monument, and enduring fame, as the "Friend of the American Indian."

Helen Hunt Jackson was less fortunate than William Lloyd Garrison, John G. Whittier and Wendell Phillips, the pioneer abolitionists. They lived to see the fruition of their life work in the emancipation of the American negro from the bondage of slavery. She died many years before the reforms in the administration of Indian affairs, for which she had so long and so strenuously worked had been consummated. But before she closed her eyes on this world she saw the dawning promise of "the better day" for her Indians.

Four days before her death in San Francisco in September, 1885, Mrs. Jackson wrote to Grover Cleveland, then president of the United States:

"Dear Sir:

"From my death bed I send you a message of heartfelt thanks for what you have already done for the Indians. I ask you to read my 'Century of Dishonor.' I am dying happier for the belief that it is your hand that is destined to strike the first steady blow towards lifting this burden of infamy from our country, and righting the wrongs of the Indian race.

"With respect and gratitude

ed March 11, 1824; the office of commissioner of Indian affairs was created in 1832, and in 1849 the department of the interior was established by act of congress, and the bureau of Indian affairs transferred to that department from the war department, where it has since remained.

"Two-thirds of the Indians of the United States are now citizens. The doors to citizenship are open to any Indian who cares to comply with existing law.

"The Indian population of California is 16,000.

"About 200,000 Indians have already received allotments (of land), totaling approximately 40,000,000 acres of land valued at half a billion dollars. There remain to be allotted approximately 125,000 Indians with unallotted lands of about 35,000,000 acres valued at \$75,000,000. Allotments are usually made under the general allotment act of Feb. 8, 1887, as amended.

"The Indians of the United States in recent years have made remarkable progress in agriculture and stock raising. They own livestock valued at approximately \$35,000,000, consisting of 265,000 horses, 300,000 cattle, and 1,400,000 sheep. About 43,000 Indians are farming nearly 900,000 acres of land, as compared with 20,000 Indians cultivating 550,000 acres of land 10 years ago.

"The Indian bureau is conducting one of the most efficient school systems among the Indians to be found anywhere in the United States or the civilized world.

"There are in the Indian service 18 non-reservation boarding schools; 8 tribal boarding schools, 55 reservation boarding schools, and 170 day schools. In addition to these schools we have contracts for the education of Indian pupils in 18 mission boarding schools. Indians are also receiving education in 38 non-contract mission boarding schools and 25 mission day schools.

EDUCATION PRACTICAL

"In our Indian boarding schools there is furnished food, clothing, transportation, medical attendance, and dental service, together with vocational training. The Indian boys are taught and furnished practical experience in trades, agriculture, and stock raising, and the Indian girls are given education along practical lines including domestic science, and are given the opportunity by doing the things they will be required to do in their own homes. The government is doing a wonderful work in educating the 65,000 Indian children now in school, and at remarkably low cost.

"There are 200 Indian reservations, with 193 different tribes, under 130 jurisdictions—schools and agencies. The Indian country covers an area as large as all of the New England states and the state of New York combined. The Indians of this country speak 58 different languages.

"There are at this time 400 Protestant and 200 Catholic missionaries in the Indian field. About 48,000 Indians have affiliated with Protestant churches, and 53,000 with Catholic churches. There are a large number of adult Indians who have not yet

born.

"After the Mexican secularization act, (of about 1830), the Indians scattered from the old missions, a great many going back to the, then, remote and almost inaccessible parts of the country. They lived unmolested for a number of years, but the gold rush days caused a great influx of whites, and, after statehood, a still larger number came. With them came the demand for land. The Indians had been living for years almost without contact with the whites, and had no knowledge of courts, land laws, etc. When owners of land under Mexican grants were notified to come into the courts and obtain legal title under the new government the Indians remained in the hills, not knowing the necessity for obtaining title. Consequently, land occupied by them was proclaimed as public domain, and later homesteaded by whites. In an effort to remedy conditions, inspectors were sent by the government to report upon the matter, and Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson was one of these. Her books, "A Century of Dishonor" and "Ramona," (the latter fiction, although with some basis of fact) did considerable to alter conditions, and on Jan. 12, 1891, (26 statutes, P. 712) congress passed an act providing for the appointment of a commission to investigate conditions in California, and make report. President Harrison appointed the commission, which is known as the Smiley commission, consisting of Albert K. Smiley, of Redlands, and Joseph Moore and Charles C. Painter. This commission recommended that lands occupied by Indians on the public domain be patented to each band, or reserved for the use of the band by executive order; that lands occupied by Indians, but owned by whites be purchased, if possible, or exchanged. This report was approved by President Harrison on Dec. 29, 1891.

"Under this act, Jan. 12, 1891, patents were issued to the bands for lands occupied by them on the public domain, and since that time the reservations have been added to by lands purchased or reserved, until at the present time there are 111,726 acres of land in the 16 reservations. An act recently passed provided for the purchase of more than 500 acres, for the Santa Ysabel reservation.

U. S. AIDS FARMERS

"After patenting the lands to the Indians, the government provided for schools, appointed farmers and other employes to assist in making the Indian self-supporting, furnished tools, implements, seeds, stock, etc., and arranged for irrigation facilities. Up to June 30, 1924, the government expended \$216,996.09 in the construction of irrigation projects in San Diego county alone, in addition to expending large sums for the purchase of lands, schools, farming implements, seeds, etc.

"As an incentive to individual effort the government provided for allotments of lands, that is, by dividing the reservations among the Indians in individual tracts, giving what is known as a 'trust patent.' This trust patent provides that the land shall be held in the name of the Indian, but exempt from all taxes, for a period of 25 years, or until the Indian has proven competency, and makes application for what is known as a fee patent, which gives title in fee simple to the Indian owner—all government restrictions are removed. The allotments have proven a benefit, as can be observed at Pala and Morengo. The Indians, feeling that the land was theirs individually, and not owned by the tribe in common, erected their homes, tilled their fields, and progressed rapidly. Many can now take their places with whites on an equal footing.

"In 1916, as a further incentive to Indians, the government provided for what is known as the reimbursable plan. Under this plan congress appropriated considerable sums of money, running into the millions, which permitted an Indian to receive property, supplies, stock, etc., up to \$600 per head (more with special permission). The purchases were made by the reservation superintendents at the request of the Indians. When received, the Indians signed agreements to reimburse the government for the various amounts within two, three, four or five years. This reimbursable plan carried no interest payments, only the actual amount extended was to be reimbursed by any Indian. While this plan applied to all the Indians in the United States, the San Diego Indians received their proportion of the amount, and further, they took advantage of the opportunity. At Pala considerable seed and implements were sold to the

ing side by side with whites, and successfully competing with them for a livelihood.

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"With respect and gratitude,

"HELEN JACKSON"

SAN DIEGO, CAL., UNION

DECEMBER 8, 1926

INDIAN SERVICE PROTECTS CITY IN CAPITAN AREA

Word was received from Congressman Phil D. Swing by Mayor Bacon yesterday indicating that the interests of the city in the El Capitan reservoir Indian lands are being protected by the Indian service. The lands which the city must eventually own to flood for the El Capitan reservoir are held in trust by the Indian service to be divided among the individual members of the Capitan Grande Indian division. The trust period is about to expire, but the Indian service is seeking to have the trust period extended another 10 years.

A telegram from Swing yesterday indicated that the Indian service has requested congress to extend the trust for 10 years, and the congressman asked for information regarding the city's attitude on the project.

There is no question, said Mayor Bacon, that the city is in favor of the extension. If the deeds to the land are issued to the Indians and the land is allotted before the city is ready to buy and build, it means that the city will have to deal with several hundred individual Indian land owners. As long as the trust continues the United States government is the only party with which the city will have to deal. The city has already obtained permission to purchase the lands needed, and the price for the lands has already been fixed. If congress agrees to extend the trust 10 years, San Diego, it is pointed out, should be ready before the end of that period to purchase the land and build El Capitan dam, and one transaction with one deed will cover the whole deal.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., UNION

DECEMBER 21, 1926

HOUSE ACTS TO PRESERVE CITY'S EL CAPITAN RIGHT

In a telegram from Washington to Mayor Bacon, Congressman Phil D. Swing yesterday announced that San Diego's rights to the Indian lands in the El Capitan reservoir basin are to be preserved.

"Glad to advise you," wires Swing, "that the house today passed my bill extending the time for issuing patents to the Capitan Grande Indians. This will facilitate the city acquiring Capitan reservoir site."

The Indian lands were originally given to San Diego by a congressional act, with the provision that the In-

dians be given other lands before the lands are flooded. However, the dam has not been built and the Indian department, but for Swing's action, would have been compelled to issue patents to the Indians. This would mean that the council would have had to deal with several hundred individual Indians for the lands when they are needed. However, the extension of time means that the city will deal directly with the Indian department. The extension is said to be for 10 years.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., SUN

APRIL 9, 1927

Indian Program Given At San Diego Club

With a background of Indian rugs, relics and huge baskets of many varieties of wild flowers, as a setting, an entertaining and instructive program was presented at the San Diego Woman's club Wednesday by Mrs. J. D. Shipp, chairman of Indian welfare for the Southern District, California Federation of Women's clubs. A prize essay on "Customs and Traditions of Southwest Indians," written by a Mission Indian girl in the Sherman Institute, Riverside, was read by Miss Martina Costo, a little Indian girl who is attending the San Diego Senior High school. Dressed in an Indian costume, she breathed the spirit of her race. She is a member of Cahuilla tribe of the Mission Indians.

An address, "The Indian As I have Known Him," was given by Charles E. Shell, former superintendent of Indian Schools. William Tompkins, author and lecturer on the Universal Indian Sign language, spoke on "Signs and Symbols of the Red Man."

Miss Thelma Adams, in Indian costume, sang "Indian Lullaby" (Lucy Miller), and "Wah-tay-see" (Clifford Cole). She was accompanied by Miss Ferne Adams. Miss Adams will sing the lead in the next production of "Flute of the Hills," which will be held June 11 at the ranch of the producer, Mrs. Lucy Miller of Guatay.

Mrs. A. D. Heiatt and Mrs. Alice Greason, in quaint Indian costume, acted as hostesses. Decorations were in charge of Mrs. Docie Wilson and Mrs. H. Van Dieken.

This was the last of a series of racial programs sponsored by the Economic and Civic department of the club on the general theme of "Universal Brotherhood." This department has just completed two years' work under the leadership of Mrs. Charles J. Leopold. She will be succeeded by Mrs. George Abel.

THE DIEGUEÑO INDIANS OF TODAY

Los Angeles Touring Topics - April 1927

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Gathering acorns for the feast. An old Campo woman ready for a journey up the mountain with her net on her head, and an olla to carry the nuts.



Old Yellow Sky, chief of the Campos. Even at an advanced age he still displays great vigor, occasionally aiding his sons who no longer range the hills for deer, but till the soil and raise corn.



Monica Ardillo, once a beauty among the Indians of San Diego County, has been withered by time and hard work, hovering about her domicile while the young generation provide the necessities of life.



With the passing of time has gone, likewise, much of the wild life of the San Diego Mountains, but this aged Campo has not forgotten his archery.



An Inaja woman, separating wheat grains from the chaff—a primitive but highly successful operation. The Inajas, unlike most of the Diegueño tribes which take their name from a geographical point, derive their title from the Indian word, "Inaja," which means "my water."



A Campo Indian curing pulque for food on the desert in Coyote Valley, San Diego County.

THE DIEGUEÑO family of Indians, living chiefly in San Diego County, and so named because of their erstwhile allegiance to the San Diego Mission, have been one of the few groups of California Indians that have met our civilization and survived. That they have not entirely perished may be explained by the fact that they have been slow to adopt modern modes and manners, living much the same now as they did a century and a half ago.

At one time, the Diegueños numbered between 3,000 and 4,000. Now



Volcan, a Piapa child, at play on the Campo Indian Reservation. The extraordinary comeliness of the young Diegueños is readily apparent from this portrait.

they have been reduced to 700 or 800. Among the tribes, which are of Yuman stock and belong to the Hokan linguistic group, are the Campos, the Mesa Grandes and the Lagunas, who take their tribal names from the names of their home communities.

Despite the fact that they resented the invasion of the Spaniards and never were completely submissive to the authority of the missionary fathers, they have come to be in later years a peaceful and interesting people.



Not much more than a toddler, this youth already is learning to handle a bow and arrow. His name is Angelo Quilp, he is third of his line, and he lives on the Campo reservation.



White men's tobacco delights this aged Campo, who puffs continually at a home-made cigarette, while he basks in the balmy sunshine of the San Diego mountains.



Maria Antonio, a Mesa Grande, is the most expert basket maker of her tribe. Here she is starting one, later to be sold in San Diego or Los Angeles.



An Inaja woman grinding acorns for the family larder. The hollowed stone is called a metate.



Maria Larsario Alto, olla maker of the Laguna mountains, displaying some of her wares, which are widely sold to curio seekers and collectors of Indian craftsmanship.

JULY 18, 1927

TWO DEAD IN BATTLE WITH 364 MAD INDIANS

Riot at Campo Starts Gun-Play Resulting in Slaying Of Two Natives and Wounding of White Agent and Others

While with weird wails Campo Indians mourn their dead, government officials today started an investigation of a factional fight on the Campo reservation Saturday night which was quelled by deputy sheriffs only after two Indians had been shot and killed and two other men seriously wounded.

The dead are Marco Hillmiup and Frank Cuero, alleged ring-leaders in the rebellion.

The seriously wounded are George Robertson of Pala, government head of the reservation, who is in Mercy hospital, and John Leo, chief of the government Indian police of the reservation, who is in the county hospital. Both may live, hospital authorities said today.

A dozen other Indians were scarred by bullet or knife wounds.

UNREST DESCRIBED

A vivid description of the unrest on the reservation after the fight was given by Coroner Schuyler C. Kelly who ordered the bodies of the Indians brought to Johnson-Saum funeral parlors here. Kelly arrived at Campo about midnight Saturday.

"I anticipated difficulty in obtaining the bodies," Kelly said. "My feeling was increased by the half-suppressed moaning of the Indians who sullenly resented the presence of any white man.

"However, the mob, leaderless, only milled threateningly, showing no real defiance."

BODIES BROUGHT HERE

When he explained through interpreters that the "white man's law" required that the bodies be brought to San Diego, the Indians stood aside while the corpses were loaded into an automobile, Kelly said.

An inquest into the deaths will be held this week, probably Wednesday, Kelly said.

In addition to investigation at the inquest, further inquiry into the affair will be made by D. E. Murphy, government Indian agent, who arrived here yesterday from Riverside.

Murphy questioned Robertson this morning. He did not announce what action the government expected to take.

STARTS WITH ARREST

The fight broke out when Deputy Sheriff Ralph Kennedy attempted to arrest an Indian caught selling "canned heat" to other Indians. Those involved

(TURN TO NEXT PAGE, PLEASE)

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Murray and Kennedy and H. E.

Immediately Kennedy, Robertson and Chief Leo were rushed by a group of maddened braves, headed by Hillmiup. Kennedy was severely manhandled, and his prisoner, still handcuffed, was rescued and spirited away. Jimmie Boregas, one of the loyal Indian policemen, fired into the mob and his shots were returned, without, however, anyone being injured. Powell and Murray rushed up and attempted to calm the Indians, who, Powell said, spread out in a fan-shaped group, with the whites and the Indian police at the apex.

PRISONER RESCUED

were Robertson, Deputy Sheriffs King Powell, Kennedy and Charles E. Murray, Chief Leo and his loyal Indian police on one side, and on the other, a group of Indians belonging to an organization called the "Federation," and headed on the reservation by the Indian Hillmiup.

Scores of shots were fired from automatic pistols and rifles on each side.

The deputy sheriffs were present at the request of Robertson, and it was at Robertson's request, they say, that Kennedy attempted to arrest the liquor seller.

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Cries in the Indian tongue, later translated, the officials said, to mean "Kill 'em! Shoot 'em!" went up from the mob.

CHIEF IS SHOT

Observing Hillmiup behind Robertson and Powell, Chief Leo moved to defend the whites. Hillmiup, according to Powell, immediately drew his gun and fired four shots into the chief's body, dropping him instantly.

As if the shots were a signal, the Indians rushed the little group. The firing became general.

Leo, although badly wounded, returned Hillmiup's fire. Another Indian jumped Kennedy, attempting to turn him about so his friends could get a shot at him. Powell reached over Kennedy's shoulder and fired twice at Kennedy's attacker. The latter fell.

INDIAN DROPS

"I'm sure I 'got' him," Powell said today. "I don't understand why his body was not found."

Powell says he then turned his fire on Hillmiup and the latter dropped, although Powell was uncertain whether it was from his bullet or Leo's. Robertson was pointing his automatic at Hillmiup but declares he did not fire, and an examination of his gun at the sheriff's office today failed to show that it had been discharged.

Kennedy, Powell said, fired two shots. Murray did not fire a single shot.

REBELS SCATTER

The fall of their leader, Powell said, seemed to frighten or discourage the rebels, and they began to scatter. Leaving the other two deputies on the field, Powell rushed to Campo to summon help.

Powell declared there was no indiscriminate shooting by the sheriff's men. "We drew our guns only after we were fired upon," he said, "and were careful to fire only upon those actually attacking us."

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Murray and Kennedy and H. E. McDaniel of Campo, hear out Powell's statement.

Powell charges that the real cause of the outbreak was not the arrest, but a long smouldering enmity between the Indians belonging to the "Federation" and the regularly constituted Indian authorities. Powell attributes

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Powell charges that the real cause of the outbreak was not the arrest, but a long smouldering enmity between the Indians belonging to the "Federation" and the regularly constituted Indian authorities. Powell attributes much of this enmity to alleged overbearing tactics of the Indian policeman, Jimmie Boregas.

FEDERATION BLAMED

The "Federation," Powell charges, is headed by a white man of Riverside, Tibbetts by name. According to Powell, about 9000 Indians in the southern part of the state belong to this organization. Each pays Tibbetts \$1 a month, he said. The purpose of the organization is unknown to the loyal Indians, Powell said, but it is known that it elects its own officers, and refuses to recognize the authority of the regular Indian authorities.

A demand for a federal probe of the rebellion and of the Federation will be made to government authorities, the sheriff's officers said.

CAMPO INDIANS REBEL; TWO DIE

SHOTS FLY AS DEPUTIES QUELL RIOT

Government Chief of Reservation at Point of Death;
Many Wounded in Pitched
Battle With Insurrectos.

Two Indians are dead, one white Indian agent probably fatally wounded, and a number of Indians variously estimated at from six to 12 are suffering from gunshot wounds as a result of a factional Indian dispute at the Campo reservation fiesta, Saturday night. After having smouldered sullenly for several months, the resentment of one Indian faction flamed into killing fury that spent its force in a massed attack on three San Diego county deputy sheriffs, the Indian agent for the southern California reservations, and two or three Indian police, all of whom were assigned to keep order during the Campo fiesta.

FIGHTING FURIOUS

That more men and even women and children were not wounded or killed in the furious fighting that lasted for several minutes is little short of a miracle, for an armed force of some 20 Indians were shooting desperately to "get" the white men, and the white men were just as desperately defending themselves.

The known dead are Marco Hillmiup, "Federation" policeman on the Campo reservation, and Frank Cuero. Another Indian known to have been shot at point blank range has not been found, and it is believed that his friends have hidden his body. Indian Agent George J. Robertson of Pala lay last night at the point of death in Mercy hospital with four bullet wounds in vital parts of his body. Two of the more seriously wounded Indians, one, John Leo, chief of the Indian police, and the other a "Federation" insurrecto, are in the county hospital, while a number of others with wounds of varying severity have reported to Jacumba and other physicians for treatment. It is believed that several slightly wounded Indians have hidden themselves and have not reported to have their wounds dressed.

The war ended yesterday morning when a force of additional deputies from San Diego went out to Campo and took charge, the Indians agreeing to call off the rest of the Fiesta

(Continued on Page 2)

what he was trying to do and how to defend us, and Hillmiup fired four shots at him, dropping him instantly. The Indians rushed us and the firing became general. Leo returned Hillmiup's fire, and a man jumped Kennedy, trying to turn him around so that they could shoot him. A man charged out of the darkness at me just as I drew my gun, which I carry inside my vest, and he fired at me point blank. I don't know how he missed me.

the Indians we saw shooting. We did not fire into the crowd blind. It is a miracle that no woman or children were injured."

Both Murray and Kennedy bear out Powell's statement, as does H. E. McDaniel, manager of the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing company plant at Campo, who was present and saw the whole thing.

"It was just like a movie in the dark," said Murray. "There were guns popping on all sides of us and the bullets were whistling around from all directions. We could see almost nothing of our attackers except the spurts of fire from their guns."

"My God, they've killed me," was the remark Robertson made as he crumpled into Powell's arms when Hillmiup fled backward after shooting Leo and fired at Robertson as he backed away. Leo, Robertson and Powell all fired at the Indian leader and he fell.

BLAMES DEPUTIES

A man giving the name of W. E. Gould, deputy labor commissioner at El Centro, called The Union by telephone from near Campo yesterday and indignantly charged that the deputies had fired indiscriminately into the crowd without any provocation, asserting that Hillmiup was the only Indian who was armed and that as "captain of the reservation police he had a right to be armed." He admitted that he had not seen the battle, but claimed to have talked with witnesses. Mrs. P. M. Moore, proprietor of the Oak Knoll grocery near Campo, also called to say that she had left the fiesta just a short time before the shooting and that she had seen no drunkenness, supporting the statement that only one Indian was armed.

"All I can say is that they were not there and did not know what they were talking about," said Powell, when shown their statements. "There were not less than 20 Indians who were armed, and they started the shooting both times. We did not draw our guns until the firing had started and we were actually in danger of our lives. We fired only at armed attackers and not into the crowd."

"As for Hillmiup having a right to have a gun, he was not an official government officer and he had no right to carry a gun. He was responsible for the whole shooting, he and the 'Federation,' which is probably responsible for the eye witness reports that these people telephoned you. We are peace officers and do not shoot unless we have to. This is

the first time I have drawn my gun since I joined the sheriff's force here. I carry it not inside my coat, but inside my vest. The Indians knew us from former fiestas and we had our badges on. They were out to kill us and would have done so if they could have."

"The man shot me without provocation," said Indian Agent Robertson in a statement made in contemplation of his death. "I was looking on while officers were trying to subdue the Indians, and one Indian walked out of the crowd and shot me."

EXPLAINS 'FEDERATION'

In explaining the "Federation angle" of the battle, Powell said that the organization is headed or led by this white man, Tibbett, of Riverside. He declared that Tibbett has been heard to address the members of the Federation and to urge them to recognize no authority or laws but their own, and to refuse to permit government officers to come onto the reservation.

"I believe there are about 9000 members paying a dollar a month, and these constitute about three-fourths of the Indian population of the county," said Powell. "They have their own police officers, who are of course without any real authority of any kind. These police they say they recognize, but not the regular government Indian police, who of course do not recognize the Federation police."

"This Indian policeman, Jimmy Boregas, had a run-in with some Federation men some time ago and arrested them. They were all released by Judge Ryan, but they were furious at Boregas and swore they would get him. I told Chief Leo that he had better warn Boregas against being too bold and bad and overbearing or he would have trouble, and I also suggested that Boregas be kept away from fiestas."

"I told Sheriff Byers a week ago that this blowup would come soon, and warned him to be on the lookout for trouble. As it is a federal matter and under federal control, we were not anxious to mix up in it. We knew Tibbett had been stirring up the Federation members and that Boregas was likely to start something he couldn't finish. But when Robertson asked to have us detailed at Campo to guard against liquor and arms, Sheriff Byers assigned us and put us under Robertson's command. We were under his direction in everything we did. I hope the government will investigate the Federation, for it is certainly a dangerous organization."

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out making further trouble.

INDIANS REBEL

The real cause of the battle, accord-
ing to Deputy Sheriff King J. Powell,
who has had a special opportunity to
watch the Indian situation for the
past few months, is found in the re-
sentment of the members of the so-
called Indian "Federation" against
the properly constituted government
authority as personified in the Indian
police. This resentment has been
fanned by inflammatory utterances al-
leged to have been made by the leader
of the Federation, a white man named
Tibbett, living at Riverside. The
actual overt acts which caused the
present flareup, according to Powell,
are the unjustified bragadocio of one
of the Indian policemen, and the
justifiable arrest by a deputy sheriff
of an Indian caught selling canned
heat as a beverage. The overbearing
attitude of the Indian has been build-
ing up resentment for some time, and
the arrest at Campo was just the ex-
cuse for a violent demonstration.

Powell, with two other men from
the sheriff's office Deputies Ralph W.
Kennedy and Charles E. Murray, at
the request of Indian Agent Robert-
son, went to Campo to assist in keep-
ing liquor and fire arms away from
the Indians at the fiesta. All three of
the men had been doing similar duty
at other fiestas at Pala, Santa Ysabel
and La Jolla reservations, and had
become very friendly with the Indians,
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without arousing any ill feeling
among the Indians. Powell, Chief
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ARREST START RIOT

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"Break away there, men; that's no
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The circle broke away into a fan-
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Standing directly behind Powell was
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"He was watching both me and
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"I warned the man on Kennedy's back to get away or I would shoot him, and as he continued to try to get Kennedy exposed for a shot, I reached over Kennedy's shoulder and fired twice, the Indian dropping. He was warned, and if I had not shot Kennedy would have been killed. I fired point blank at the man who charged me and he dropped. He is the one whose body has not been found.

"Hillmiup was shooting at Robertson, and Robertson was pointing his gun at Hillmiup, but says he did not shoot. I think that he really did, but was justified as the Indian attacked him first. I backed off trying to get where I could not be attacked from behind, and tried to ease Robertson to the ground when he was hit. I took one shot at Hillmiup, the last one in my gun. He dropped, though whether from my shot, one from Robertson or from Leo, I don't know. When Hillmiup dropped it seemed to frighten the Indians and they began to scatter in every direction. I was about the only one able to shoot, for I was a little free of the jam and had my back protected so I did not have to look out for myself so much. Kennedy fired two shots, one in trying to hold his gun while the Indians were trying to wrest it from his hand, and one at a man who was shooting at another man. Murray did not fire a shot.

DEFENDS ACTION

"When it had quieted a bit I went for help, leaving Kennedy and Murray to watch the situation. We took Robertson out to the Warren hotel. When reinforcements came we argued the Indians into dispersing and we took out the two bodies after some argument.

"I want to make it clear, and I have plenty of witnesses to support my statement, that there was no indiscriminate shooting, at least as far as the county officers were concerned. None of us drew a gun until the shooting had begun, and neither Kennedy nor I fired at anyone except men who were shooting at us or at the Indian police. We were the target, all the bullets were hitting around us. We had no target except

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Los Angeles Times
July 19, 1927

INDIANS ON WAR PATH

Old-Time Feud Breaks Out at Fiesta Resulting in Death of Two; Two Others Badly Injured

364
SAN DIEGO, July 18.—An armed clash which broke loose at the Campo Indian fiesta as a climax of several years opposition of a so-called Indian Federation headed by "Chief" Tibbets, of Riverside, to control by the regularly constituted United States Indian Service of the Department of the Interior, leaves two known dead and two critically injured in hospital today. The dead are Marco Hillmiup, captain of the "Federation" police, and Frank Cuero, partisan of the dead captain.

✦ The critically injured are George J. Robertson, government Indian agent of this area, with residence at Pala, under Indian Agent C. C. Ellis of Riverside, in charge of Southern California reservations, and Juan Leo, chief of the regular Indian police.

Robertson is in the Mercy Hospital with two bullet wounds in his abdomen, a bullet gash on the right side of his neck and another in his left shoulder. Leo is in the County Hospital with four bullet wounds, three in his chest, and one in a hand.

One more of the Indian "federation" men is reported probably fatally wounded, and it is believed several were injured more or less seriously, but facts and names were unavailable this morning.

The armed clash, in which it is said a score or more guns were barking, began about 10 o'clock Saturday night on the Campo Indian reservation. The long bitterness of the "irregulars" against the "regulars" of Indian affairs, fanned into flame over a package of canned heat, which one of the "irregulars" carried into the fiesta, and was reducing to firewater for his compatriots.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., UNION

JULY 19, 1927

AGENT TO INVESTIGATE CAMPO INDIAN BATTLE

364
Federal Official Arrives to Conduct Inquiry Into Gun Fight That Cost Two Lives; Wounded Officer Expected to Live, Indian Chief Is Reported as Improving.

Thorough investigation of the Campo Indian battle, which took place at the Campo Indian reservation late Saturday night, and resolved itself into a gun fight between deputy sheriffs and Federated Indian police, will be made by C. L. Ellis, government Indian agent for southern California, who arrived here yesterday from Riverside, in co-operation with a deputy attorney general from Los Angeles.

That the shooting, which took a toll of two Indians' lives, injured two others severely, and wounded a half dozen, is a closed incident as far as the sheriff's office is concerned, was indicated yesterday by James C. Byers, county sheriff, who explained his men were on hand merely to prevent liquor being brought into the reservation, and that any investigation that is to follow will have to be made by the proper federal authorities.

The parts played by the San Diego deputies were under the direction of George J. Robertson, government Indian agent of this area living at the Pala reservation. Robertson, who is in the Mercy hospital seriously wounded from gun shot wounds incurred in the battle, is a subordinate to C. L. Ellis.

Reports from Mercy hospital last night indicated that Robertson was "holding his own" and unless unforeseen complications set in his chances for recovery are good. According to Dr. Mott Hunton Arnold, who is taking care of the wounded agent, Robertson is suffering from two wounds,

one in the abdomen and one in the back of his neck. Although Robertson was able to take a little food yesterday, and his condition was reported slightly improved since he was brought in, he is still too weak to undergo the strain of having the lead slugs removed from his body.

Juan Leo, chief of the regular Indian police, who was brought in with Robertson early Sunday morning and taken to the county hospital, was removed to the Mercy yesterday, where his condition was reported as critical.

According to Coroner S. C. Kelly, who was summoned to the reservation immediately after the shooting, and ordered the bodies of the two Indians sent to the Johnson-Saum undertaking parlors, no date has been set for the inquest that will investigate their deaths, although arrangements are being made to hold one in a few days.

Agent Ellis, who will investigate the affair, went to the reservation early yesterday afternoon to begin his inquiries.

JULY 19, 1927

INDIAN AGENT ENROUTE HERE TO PROBE RECENT ARMED CLASH AT CAMPO

United States Indian Agent H. E. Wadsworth, accompanied by a department of justice agent, is enroute here to make official investigation of the armed clash at the Indian fiesta on the Campo reservation last Saturday

night, according to an Associated Press dispatch from Los Angeles today.

Two Indians of the Federation of Mission Indians, a self-government organization, were killed in the gun battle.

(Continued on Next Page)

tle, and Indian Agent George J. Robertson, of Pala, and a chief of regular Indian police, critically wounded. The outbreak is declared to have developed from enmity of the federation to the regularly constituted Indian service. "Chief" Tibbets, white, of Riverside, head of the Federation of Mission Indians, was indicted during the World war for alleged opposition to government control of Indians.

The federation has a police force of its own designation, and Captain Marco Hilliniup, one of those slain at Campo, is alleged to have exhorted the Indians at Campo Friday night to throw out any government officers who appeared at the fiesta.

Hilliniup, according to reports of the fight, shot both Robertson and Chief Juan Leo of the regular Indian police. It is believed that bullets fired by Deputy Sheriff King J. Powell killed Hilliniup and also Frank Cuero, the second federation man killed. Powell, with Deputy Sheriffs Ralph Kennedy and C. E. Murray, had been assigned to duty with Agent Robertson at the latter's request to Sheriff Byers. A report made by other deputy sheriffs sent as reinforcements after the initial battle, commends Powell for his prompt action after Robertson and Leo had been shot down, and states that his action probably prevented further bloodshed.

Robertson and Leo still were battling for their lives in Mercy hospital today, the former having passed "not so good" a night and Leo a "fair night," according to hospital report. The Indian agent is said to have been shot through the liver as his most dangerous wound.

The two dead are at the Johnson-Saum morgue, where Coroner S. C. Kelly plans to hold an inquest tomorrow, but such inquest may depend upon the wishes of Agent Wadsworth in the progress of his investigation.

DEPUTIES EXCEEDED AUTHORITY IN CAMPO INDIAN FIGHT, JURY AT CORONER'S INQUEST FINDS

Had No Right to Enter Reservation and Used Poor Judgment in Gun Battle That Took Two Lives, Verdict Says
Eye-Witness Tells His Story.

County deputy sheriffs exceeded their authority when they entered the Indians' reservation at Campo last Saturday night, and used poor judgment in the gun battle that ensued shortly after their arrival between "federated" Indian police and themselves, a coroner's jury, investigating the deaths of two Indians killed in the battle, found yesterday at an inquest held at the Johnson-Saum undertaking rooms.

The verdict, which was returned after only 20 minutes' deliberation by the jury of 12 men, read, in part:

"We, the jury, found that Marcus Hilliniup died from hemorrhage resulting from a bullet wound in the lung. We further found that said wound was inflicted by a bullet shot from a gun in the hands of either George J. Robertson, Indian agent, or Ralph Kennedy or King J. Powell, deputy sheriffs, with homicidal intent. We further found that said deputies exceeded their authority when they entered the Indians' reservation and used poor judgment, when all testimony submitted was to the effect that everyone participating in the festivities on the reservation was peaceful and quiet and no signs of intoxication of any sort had been shown." The jury returned the same verdict in the case of Frank Quiro, although they found he died from a bullet wound in the abdomen.

Although testimony introduced at

the inquest at the morning session yesterday tended to indicate that the Indians opened the shooting affray stories told by witnesses in the afternoon hearing were that the deputies were the first to open fire.

That no liquor was on the reservation and that no one had been drinking, was the positive testimony of nearly every witness during the day.

Lawrence Perkins, chief witness at the afternoon session, and eye witness to the shooting, told the jury that the fight started outside the fiesta grounds when Indian police were endeavoring to bring an Indian, whom they had arrested, before their captain. The man didn't want to go and appealed to Indians nearby. The captive was taken into the center of the plaza. A crowd collected, and when the white officers arrived they didn't seem to understand the situation, Perkins said.

A deputy, later identified by the witness as Ralph Kennedy, came ahead of the other men, Perkins said, and told the crowd to get back, saying, "If you don't get back I'll shoot you." A fight ensued and two Indians jumped on Kennedy's back. The crowd failed to break and Robertson, who was following Kennedy, is said to have shot into its midst. Robertson then rushed up to Kennedy and fired at the Indian holding Kennedy. The Indian dropped, and Robertson started shooting it out with Marcus, who was killed.

Other evidence presented was that the deputies entered the reservation with their guns drawn.

DEPUTIES TESTIFY

The main witnesses at the morning session were Dick Woods, 756 Nineteenth street, and King Powell, both deputy sheriffs. They both stated that they opened fire only after Kennedy had been attacked. Powell told the jury he didn't fire upon the Indians until after they had shot, although he admitted he had fired at two men who had fallen.

Other witnesses who were introduced were Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Daniels of Campo; W. M. Humphreys, storekeeper near the reservation; Charles E. Murphy, deputy; Ambrose Ting, Tecate; Jim Meza, visitor at the reservation, and numerous Indians who testified through an interpreter.

Coroner S. C. Kelly, who conducted the inquest, was assisted by Emmett Doherty, assistant United States attorney, of Los Angeles, who arrived here yesterday especially for the inquest. Whether any action will be taken by the government was not learned last night, although it was known that any step the government may make will be made through the federal attorney's office in Los Angeles.

JULY 20, 1927

"LO, THE POOR INDIAN"

Chalk up another long, black mark against the Indian bureau's record of incompetence, inefficiency and graft in the row at the Campo Indian reservation Saturday night which resulted in the death of three Indians and the wounding of one white man. Let it be hoped that the investigation will be not merely a whitewash as usual, but a thorough searching into the manner in which the shooting occurred.

According to the reports, the Indians were conducting themselves in a peaceful manner, enjoying their native games, when white men started the trouble. This would be a first-class opportunity for a criminologist to demonstrate his ability by identifying the bullets that are still in the wounded Indian agent's body, with a view to ascertaining from whose pistol they were fired—whether from an Indian's or from a white man's.

It will be exceedingly difficult, verdict or no verdict, to convince anyone from the Imperial Valley who was present at the fiesta, that the fatal affray was not the result of too much officiousness.

JULY 22, 1927

ONE VERSION OF INDIAN OUTBREAK AT CAMPO FIESTA

364
Various conflicting stories have been given out about the causes for and results of the fight between the Indians and county and federal officers at Campo during the Indian fiesta held July 15 and the five days thereafter.

The federal officers, as represented by Mr. James Benegas, were not altogether satisfied with some of the statements given out, and knowing the local papers were fair to them, came to make a statement as to the true aspects of the affair.

According to Mr. Richard Benegas, a nephew of Officer Jim Benegas, the whole trouble happened as follows:

Friday evening, July 15, when the fiesta was officially opened by Captain Marcus Jilmeup, the local representative of the Mission Indian Federation, which has its headquarters in Riverside, the statement was made from the dance floor that the Federation would do its own policing, and order would be kept by the Federation policeman.

To thoroughly understand such a statement it is necessary to know a little about the big Federation of Mission Indians. It is presumably an organization for the enforcement of law and order and the protection of the Indians. It has many thousands of Indian members and has under its control a band of Indians who are called "police" and marked with badges given by the Federation of a somewhat similar character to the ordinary police badge. This powerful body of Indians has several times come into conflict with the regular officers of the law, both county and federal. The Indian federal police seem to be particularly obnoxious to this order.

The fiestas given throughout the county on the various reservations are usually under the management of the Federation and the amusements and arrangements are provided by that association.

Things moved peacefully at Campo until the evening of the 16th when Indian Federal Officers Jim Benegas and Mariano Blacktooth, accompanied by Deputy Sheriffs Kanady and George Robertson, came to the fiesta. While there they found two Indians who were under the influence of liquor and were mixing "canned heat" to drink. The officers arrested the lawbreakers and were taking them to the official car, together with the evidence, for transportation to San Diego. The officers now came into contact with the Federation police, who asked their business there and for a display of their credentials. When the federal officers showed their badges and papers the Federation repudiated them and announced that they would tolerate no interference of federal police or other government officials. Words followed which soon came to blows and the firing of guns. In this melee John Leo, deputy federal special officer, was badly wounded. Jim Benegas was dragged to the dance floor and beaten up more or less severely by the excited crowd. Captain Marcus Jilmeup, head of the fiesta, then called

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At this sympathizers on both sides went into action and the result was the firing of guns by both sides. After the smoke of battle had somewhat cleared it was found that Captain Marcus Jilmeup and Frank Quero were dead. A gun was in the latter's hand when found. Among the seriously wounded were John Leo and George Robertson and also Joe Quero, one of the Federation Indians.

The coroner was called by telephone and an extra detail of police provided. At 4 o'clock in the morning Coroner Kelly returned to San Diego carrying the dead, while the wounded hid away here and there as they thought best in fear of Uncle Sam's wrath. All day and for days following the Indians of the Federation talked and counceled with each other as to what they would witness when called to testify. Sometimes one thing was decided on and sometimes another seemed best. The head of the councillors was Charles Jilmeup from Sequam reservation and presumably a relative of Marcus Jilmeup, the dead leader.

The whole affair seems to have grown out of the antagonism between the Federation Indians and those who do not belong to that powerful body

and who are on the side of recognized law and order as represented by the federal government.

JULY 26, 1927

Gets Thirty Versions Of Reservation Fight

364
The true story of the Campo Indians' death fiesta Saturday night, the 16th, probably never will be told, according to D. E. Murphy, assistant agent at the Government Indian Agency here, who has returned from an investigation of the battle between Mission Indian Federation police and official Government Indian police and deputy sheriffs.

Perhaps in a year or two some Indian will tell what may prove to be the true story, but now Murphy has more than thirty different versions of the fiesta battle. Not one story told him fitted with another, he said.

Two Campo Indians were killed, and estimates of injured were from two to five or six. Two Indians reported to be wounded were seen working the next morning, said

Murphy. Some told him the Mission Federation police started the fight, and some told him the Government Indian police fired the first shots. Some said there was liquor at the fiesta, some said there was none.

The fiesta was going full blast on the second night of its scheduled three days, said Murphy. Out of the pitch darkness of the temporary camp, illuminated only by a few flickering lights, came a volley of shots, and the battle was on. When it was over, and some say it was half an hour, some say it was only a few minutes, two Indians were lying dead in the dust. The reservation is close to the Mexican line, about seventy miles east of San Diego. Agent C. L. Ellis will return this week from his investigation there.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., UNION

OCTOBER 13, 1927

INDIANS BLAMED FOR CAMPO RIOT; SIX ARE JAILED

364

Federal Grand Jury Indicts
10 for Conspiracy; Deputy
On Trail of Four.

Indians of the Campo reservation "conspired to overthrow the established government of the United States" when they staged a riot at a fiesta on July 16, the federal grand jury in session at Los Angeles has ruled. Indictments against 10 members of the Campo tribe were returned and six of the 10 are in the San Diego county jail. J. Keno Wilson, deputy United States marshal, arrested one of the Indians Monday; brought five more of them to jail Tuesday and at a late hour last night was reported in the mountains of Hipass on the trail of the remaining four.

Two Indians were killed; George J. Robertson of Pala, Indian agent, chief in authority on the reservation, was seriously wounded and a number of Indians hurt in a battle in which San Diego county deputy sheriffs, Indian police and members of the "federation" police, the unofficial organization of the tribe, exchanged many shots. Deputy sheriffs were present to prevent the sale of liquor on the reservation but say that the battle was not precipitated by their acts.

The outbreak was blamed at the time on the resentment of the Indian "federation" against the "properly constituted government authority as personified in the Indian police." The federal grand jury, apparently has taken that view of the situation, indicting the 10 federation members on charges of conspiracy against the government. Department of justice agents have spent some months investigating the trouble. The indictments returned some days ago, were kept secret until arrest of the accused Indians had been effected.

Those placed in jail are Jim Meza, Garcia Quilawha, Louis Quero, Domingo Conihich, Esuquiro Toby and Juan Priesto. They will be placed on trial on the coming session of federal court here next month.

AUGUST 16, 1928

AUTHORITY ON INDIANS WILL LECTURE HERE

EDWARD H. DAVIS TO TALK AT
THE WOMAN'S CLUBHOUSE
AUGUST 24TH

Edward H. Davis, of Powam Lodge, Mesa Grande, [Indian name, "Qui Pi-Mil-chis, the white chief of the Too-ka-muck Indians, Mesa Grande, has been among Pima, Apache, Papago, Yuma, Mojave, Pueblo and Californians, besides Opata, Seri, Yaqui, Maya, Cora and Huchol Indians in Mexico. He has been field-collector for many years for the Museum of the American Indian, Heye foundation in New York City, and thus his opportunities for knowing the Indians in their real thoughts and beliefs, their customs, etc., has been exceptional. Using a keen and observing mind in the task, Mr. Davis has collected about our own California Indians data of exceeding interest, and La Jollans will have the privilege, on the evening of the 24th, of hearing this authority speak at the La Jolla Woman's Clubhouse, illustrating his talk with a series of pictures. La Jollans know Mr. Davis well, and frequently visit his home in the hills, and many local people have lodges at Mesa Grande. All wish to greet Mr. Davis when he speaks here.

Ancestral Hooch

Anthropology

A young Diegueno Indian who found the white man's bootleg hard to get has recently tried concocting the old-time whiskey of his ancestors—with results that have scared off any other young Indians who might be seized with the same inspiration.

Facts of the unusual incident were learned by Arthur Woodward, anthropologist of the Los Angeles Museum. This youth of the Volcan Reservation, near Santa Ysabel, had heard stories of how his ancestors used the Jamestown or jimpson weed in ceremonials before the white men came into the West. The Indians dried the roots and crushed them in a special ceremonial mortar and made a powerful narcotic drink, Mr. Woodward states. Young men who drank it fell into a stupor for one to four days and in their dreams they learned which animals or birds were to be their personal totems to help them through life. Weaker boys sometimes died from overdoses. Early Spanish missionaries undertook to stamp out such customs but this "toalache ceremony" survived to some extent up to half a century ago.

"The young Diegueno noticed that jimpson weed was plentiful," says Mr. Woodward. "The old folks said that it made a man drunk and happy. So, this ambitious youth gathered some roots, pounded them, and made a small keg of jimpson weed brew. He drank heavily of the stuff, and for several days was like a man possessed of devils. His companions did not learn what made him act so 'crazy' for several days."

The young Indian is "cured." So are the other Indians who saw him.

U. C. CURATOR FINDS ORIGIN OF TRIBE OF CALIFORNIA INDIANS

Conclusive evidence that a scattered group of 25 Indians calling themselves Kamia, and living in various parts of the Imperial Valley, are undoubtedly the remnants of a more extensive tribe which controlled that section of California before the coming of the white man, has just been obtained by E. W. Gifford, curator of the University of California Museum of Anthropology.

It was formerly thought that the Kamia might be wanderers from the Diegueno tribe on the coast, or the Yuma tribe along the Colorado river. As a result of a field trip recently made by Curator Gifford, during which he studied the culture of the Kamia for a month, it is definitely settled that the Kamia have formed an independent group for many years.

Came From South

Gifford states, however, that the tribe originally came from the mountainous district of San Diego county; for the language is a dialect of the Diegueno and much of the culture is similar to that of the Diegueno. Through long periods of isolation and contact with the Yuma on the other side of them, their culture has developed along lines that is identical with neither.

The interesting point in their

history, Gifford points out, is that they had utilized the floor of Imperial Valley for agricultural purposes long before the white population developed it by irrigation. By utilizing the overflow lands of the Colorado, along the banks of sloughs that extend far into the valley, they were able to eke out a precarious existence. In dry years they moved eastward toward the Colorado and did their planting closer to its banks.

Build Houses of Weeds

The dwelling houses of these tribesmen are built of cottonwood posts and arrow-weed, covered over with sand until each house resembles a small hill. An early Spanish explorer, seeing this type of dwelling for the first time wrote that the Indians lived in burrows dug in sand hills.

Gifford made a study of the amount of Diegueno culture kept by the Kamia, and of the amount of Yuma culture taken over by them. He also, for the first time, gathered definite information as to their former tribal territory. Information, previous to his trip, had been very scanty on these points.

Today Is Day of Days for Redskins

A few of the San Diego county Indians who will be guests of the County Federation of Women's clubs in Balboa park today. Top left picture in the accompanying layout—Mission Indians operated upon in 1925 by Dr. Barton, government specialist, at Soboba Indian hospital, San Jacinto, for trachoma and cataracts. Top right—Squaw from the Campo reservation making acorn mush. Below—Three Indian dancers of Too-Ka-Muck tribe, Mesa Grande, with their white chief, Ed Davis, second from the left.



TO HONOR INDIANS OF COUNTY TODAY AT BALBOA PARK

Ed Davis and W. Coleman
Lead Invasion; Women's
Clubs to Sponsor Program

Led by Ed Davis of Mesa Grande, an honorary chief of the redmen, and William Coleman, Indian interpreter of Campo, Indians of the county began arriving yesterday for the first Indian day in the history of the county and probably in the history of the country.

By dark only a few had arrived bringing word that the main body would begin the journey from the reservation at daybreak in order to have most of the Indian day in San Diego.

Preceding the Indians was Padre Ricardo, former Indian teacher here, who now lives in Sacramento. He will be found on the official program as Father J. R. Purtill but the Indians know him as Padre Ricardo.

MRS. MILLER'S PLAN

Indian day, to be celebrated today, was conceived by Mrs. Lucy Miller of the Indian welfare department, County Federation of Women's Clubs, and sponsored by the federation. The celebration at Balboa park will be under the auspices of the clubwomen and will have, they emphasized, no official tincture.

The Indian band from the Sherman institute and the band from the naval training station are on the program for the musical numbers, while a number of speakers well known to the Indians will discuss problems confronting the redmen and the steps being taken to ameliorate their lot.

Lunch will be served in the pepper grove, where extensive arrangements to accommodate the Indians have been made. During the day an exhibit of Indian handiwork will be on display at the Indian arts section of the San Diego museum.

The program will begin at 10 o'clock this morning at the organ and continue through the day. Mrs. Ada W. Hildreth will be mistress of ceremonies; Mrs. Esther Robinson, assistant; Hal Hotchkiss, master of cere-



ON HERE TODAY

(Barnhouse), Juan Chaves, class of 1930; Heber Dann, class of 1930, Riverside J. C.

The eternal question of who is right or wrong between the superior and inferior sex. She, as always, has the last word.

Waltz, "The Wedding of the Winds" (Hall), clarinet cadenza by Damon Pachito.

Plantation songs, "The Sunny South" (arr. by Lampe).

Address, F. M. Conser, superintendent of Sherman institute.

Organ solo, "Finale, from the Fourth Symphony" (Widor), Gladys Hollingsworth.

"Homing" (Del Riego), massed chorus of federation.

Group of songs, Mrs. H. W. Sammis, "At the Close of Another Day" (O'Hara).

Organ solo, "Processional March" from "Montezuma" (Stewart).

Descriptive characteristic, "A Bull in a China Shop" (Holmes).

Idyl, "Gluhwurmchen" (Lincke).

Suite in four parts, "Atlantis" (Safarek) (The fabled lost continent).

March, "Rolling Thunder" (Fillmore).

National anthem.

(Continued on Page 10)

March, "Civic Pride" (Panella).

Overture, "Morning, Noon, Night" (von Suppe).

Cornet duet, "Argumentation"

to the caliph in his colorful "Bagdad Suite," which will be played in its entirety as the concluding number. Charles Hart's orchestra will be heard, with an assisting vocal soloist.

4-4:15 p.m.—Enna Jettick melodies. KHQ, KOMO, KGW, KPO, KFI. Songs by a mixed quartet to the accompaniment of a special instrumental ensemble.

4-5 p.m.—Musical Musketeers. KGO, KECA.

4:15-5:15 p.m.—Collier's radio hour. KHQ, KOMO, KGW, KPO, KFI. Guest speakers, dramatized stories and musical interludes will be heard.

5:15-5:45 p.m.—Atwater Kent hour. KHQ, KOMO, KGW, KPO, KFI. Lewis James, tenor, soloist. Josef Pasternack conducts the orchestral selections.

5:45-6:15 p.m.—In the Time of Roses. KPO, KGW. New means of expression will be given to well known songs by a women's singing octet; orchestral offerings by a unit, headed by Bill Daly, and a tenor soloist.

6:15-6:45 p.m.—Studebaker Champions. KGO, KHQ, KOMO, KGW, KFI. Popular music.

6:45-7:15 p.m.—Sunday at Seth Parker's. KGO, KOMO, KGW. A semi-religious presentation of a "Down East" nature.

7:15-8 p.m.—Hotel St. Francis salon orchestra. KGO, KGW, 7:15-7:30.

9-9:30 p.m.—Borden program. KGO, KHQ, KOMO, KGW, KFI, KSL, KOA. Barbara Blanchard, a male quartet and the Blue and White band.

9:30-10 p.m.—Reader's guide. KGO, KHQ, KOMO, KOA. Chatting about books and magazine articles, Joseph Henry Jackson will be heard.

10-11 p.m.—Concert jewels. KGO, KOMO, KECA, KOA. Lifting melodies will be played by Max Dolin's orchestra and sung by Grace L. Page, soprano.

KFSD, SAN DIEGO (600)

9:30-10:30 a.m.—Sponsored program.

10:30-11:45 a.m.—Studio program.

11:45-12 noon—Sponsored program.

12-2 p.m.—Old-time program.

2-3:30 p.m.—Indian broadcast from Balboa park.

7:30-8:30 p.m.—American ensemble.

8:30-10 p.m.—Control from Hotel.

10-11 p.m.—Control from Kenn.

KGB, SA.

8-9 p.m.—Uncle.

10-11 a.m.—Organ.

11-12:30 p.m.—St. Luke's Episcopal church.

12:30-1 p.m.—Music.

1-2 p.m.—Hollywood Girls, trio.

2-3 p.m.—Seth Parker; Hawaiians.

3-4 p.m.—Planistic Pansy; organ.

4-4:15 p.m.—"A Moment with Patriarch of Old."

4:15-4:30 p.m.—Organ.

4:30-5:30 p.m.—Troubadours.

5:30-6 p.m.—Hollywood Girls.

6-6:30 p.m.—Em and Clem.

6:30-6:45 p.m.—Zadah Stoker and his Kiddies.

6:45-7 p.m.—Foster and Doris.

7-7:30 p.m.—Harmony Boys.

7:30-8 p.m.—Hollywood Girls.

8-9 p.m.—First Church of Christ Scientist.

9-1 a.m.—Capers; records.

1-3 a.m.—Knight Fox.

KFWB, HOLLYWOOD (950)

8:30-9 a.m.—Funny Paper Man.

9-11 a.m.—Courtesy programs.

11-11:30 a.m.—Music.

11:30-12:30 p.m.—Records.

12:30-1:30 p.m.—Courtesy program.

1:30 p.m.—Doubleheader baseball game. Missions vs. Los Angeles.

6:30-7 p.m.—Entertainers.

7-7:30 p.m.—Cheerful Philosopher.

7:30-8 p.m.—Russian Balalaika orchestra.

8-9 p.m.—First National hour.

9-10 p.m.—Gigolos; Spanish tenor.

KNX, LOS ANGELES (1050)

10-10:15 a.m.—Home Remedy hour.

10:15-11 a.m.—Music.

11-12:30 p.m.—First Presbyterian church.

12:30-1 p.m.—Astroanalyst.

1-2 p.m.—International Bible Students.

2-4 p.m.—Music.

4-5 p.m.—Radio church.

5-5:30 p.m.—Scriptural Research bureau.

5:30-6 p.m.—Hollywood Plaza hotel.

6-6:30 p.m.—Dr. Ernest Holmes.

6:30-7 p.m.—Humanist society.

7-8 p.m.—Symphony, tenor.

8-9 p.m.—First Presbyterian church.

9-10 p.m.—Symphony.

10-11 p.m.—Rotary program.

KOA, DENVER (830)

9-11 a.m.—Services of First Church of Christ, Scientist.

11-12 noon—Cosmopolitan luncheon.

12-1 p.m.—National Sunday Forum.

1-2 p.m.—National religious service.

2-3 p.m.—Catholic hour.

3-3:30 p.m.—Los Argentinos.

3:30-4 p.m.—Williams Ollomatics.

4-4:15 p.m.—Enna Jettick Melodies.

4:15-5:15 p.m.—Collier's radio hour.

5:15-5:45 p.m.—Atwater Kent hour.

5:45-6:15 p.m.—In the Time of Roses.

6-6:45 p.m.—Studebaker Champions.

6:45 p.m.—Russian Cathedral choir.

7 p.m.—Sam Herman.

7-8 p.m.—Studio program; Solitaire.

Baritone.

Borden program.

Reader's Guide.

Concert Jewels.

TY (1130)

Program.

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JUNE 2, 1930

FETE INDIANS IN BALBOA PARK

364
San Diego's reservation Indians—more than 150 from Pala, Campo, Mesa Grande, La Jolla, Volcan, Capitán Grande and Los Conejos—were feted in Balboa park yesterday in a celebration sponsored by the County Federation of Women's clubs. The attendance at the affair, intended to be the cornerstone of a national Indian day, would have been much greater, according to Indian policemen and interpreters, who accompanied their charges from their mountain cabins, but many feared a "catch" in the invitation and refused to make the trip to the city.

Features of the program were an address of welcome by Mayor Harry C. Clark; concerts by the Sherman Institute (Riverside) and naval training station bands; dances by the Jean Jurad students; songs by the massed chorus of the county federation, with Gladys Hollingsworth at the organ, and solo numbers by Mrs. H. W. Sammis, soprano and state chairman of music.

First of Kind

Indian day, said to be the first of its kind in the country, was staged by the federation under active leadership of Mrs. Lucy Miller of the federation's Indian welfare department. Mrs. Ida Morgan was in charge of the commissary and a number of other clubwomen gave much of their time toward the success of the event.

Though C. L. Ellis, district superintendent of the Indian service, was present as an onlooker and Frank M. Conser, head of Sherman institute, spoke from the platform, yesterday's program was conducted by the clubwomen alone and was in no way a government affair.

Father J. R. Purtil, Indians' "Father Ricardo," explained efforts now under way to recover to the Indians \$12,800,000 due in claims for land losses under the 18 treaties of 1851-2. Enrollment of Indians whose forefathers were living in California at that time is still being carried on, so that they may participate in the money that became due them nearly 80 years ago.

Under the original act of congress this enrollment was to cease last month. By recent enactment the time has been extended for two years and examiners again are covering all California to make sure that no Indian is excluded from his rights.

Several thousand people attended the afternoon concert, at the close of which Mrs. Miller held an informal reception at the stage, introducing several sets of papooses and a number of the foremost Indian workers. During the day Mrs. Ada W. Hildreth acted as mistress of ceremonies, with Mrs. Esther Robinson as assistant.

An exhibition of Indian pottery, baketry and other handiwork was held in the Indian Arts section of the museum during the program. A more extended program, with more Indian guests, is expected next year, Mrs. Miller said.

MAYOR WELCOMES INDIANS TO SA

WOMEN'S CLUBS STAGE PROGRAM AT BALBOA PARK

Affair Is Intended as Cornerstone for National Redskin Day Celebration.

A little timorously, but with gathering confidence, 150 Indians from San Diego county reservations joined their white brothers yesterday in a program at Balboa park intended to be the cornerstone of a national Indian day that will rank with other occasions of commemoration.

Indian policemen and interpreters, who accompanied their charges from their mountain cabins, told how many of their race had feared a "catch" in the invitation—such as being put to work—and had refused to stir from their homes. Next year, they said, the response would be double.

INVASION PEACEFUL

Yesterday's Indian invasion was peaceful—and modern. No yipping bucks flung their ponies madly through canyon and over hogback while squaws and papooses trailed behind, beating the outworn nags that dragged the plunder-laden travois.

In point of fact, most of them drove here in their own cars.

The old order of gaily painted and feathered buck, followed submissively by drab squaw who had acquired a thick layer of fat to minimize the kicks that came her way, obviously has gone the way of the tomahawk and the scalp knife.

It was noticeable yesterday that a considerable number of the Indian men wore overalls or somber business suits of vintage. The feminine section blazed with all the colors of the spectrum. Gorgeous silks and calicoes, only slightly dulled by time, proved that the squaw has robbed the brave of his former picturesque appeal to the color sense.

Decline of the old Indian standard is nowhere shown more clearly, according to William Coleman, Campo interpreter, than in language. An occasional oldster will speak nothing but the Indian tongue; the middle generation is most at home in Spanish, while the youth of the reservation expresses surprise by "what the heck do you know about that?"

CONCERT MAKES HIT

That expression was heard more than once during the program of white man's music—much of it played by an Indian band from the Sherman institute at Riverside—that was poured into the red man's ear during the afternoon program at the Spreckels organ. Once recovered from his surprise, the red man apparently liked it.

Some difficulty was encountered in persuading the Indians to attend the concert, as it was necessary to combat a widespread rumor that the Indians would be charged a dollar for so doing. Gradually they straggled suspiciously in, however, and once there they "held down their chairs pretty tight," Coleman said.

Immobile during the music, they joined with enthusiasm in the

Indians Invade City—For Outing Only

San Diego's reservation Indians were feted in Balboa park yesterday by the County Federation of Women's clubs. Upper picture is a group of the 150 Indians who responded to the invitation for a concert and picnic lunch. At the left is Comean Cuero, veteran of the Mission Indians, who doesn't know how old she really is. Bill Coleman, Campo's Indian policeman and interpreter, is shown at the right with his son, William, jr.



applause that followed each number and few of them left before the final note despite the fact that they faced long drives back to the reservation. Only a handful of them spent Saturday night in the county fair building, where they were based and fewer still remained last night.

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Conser, head of Sherman institute, spoke from the platform, yesterday's program was conducted by the clubwomen alone and was in no way a

government affair.

During the morning the Indian children into a gay whirl on the merry-go-round and otherwise amused themselves until the program began at 10 o'clock. They were welcomed by Mayor Harry C. Calrk and the naval training station's band and heard E. Davis, honorary chief of Mesa Grande, describe the march from old Indian customs to new.

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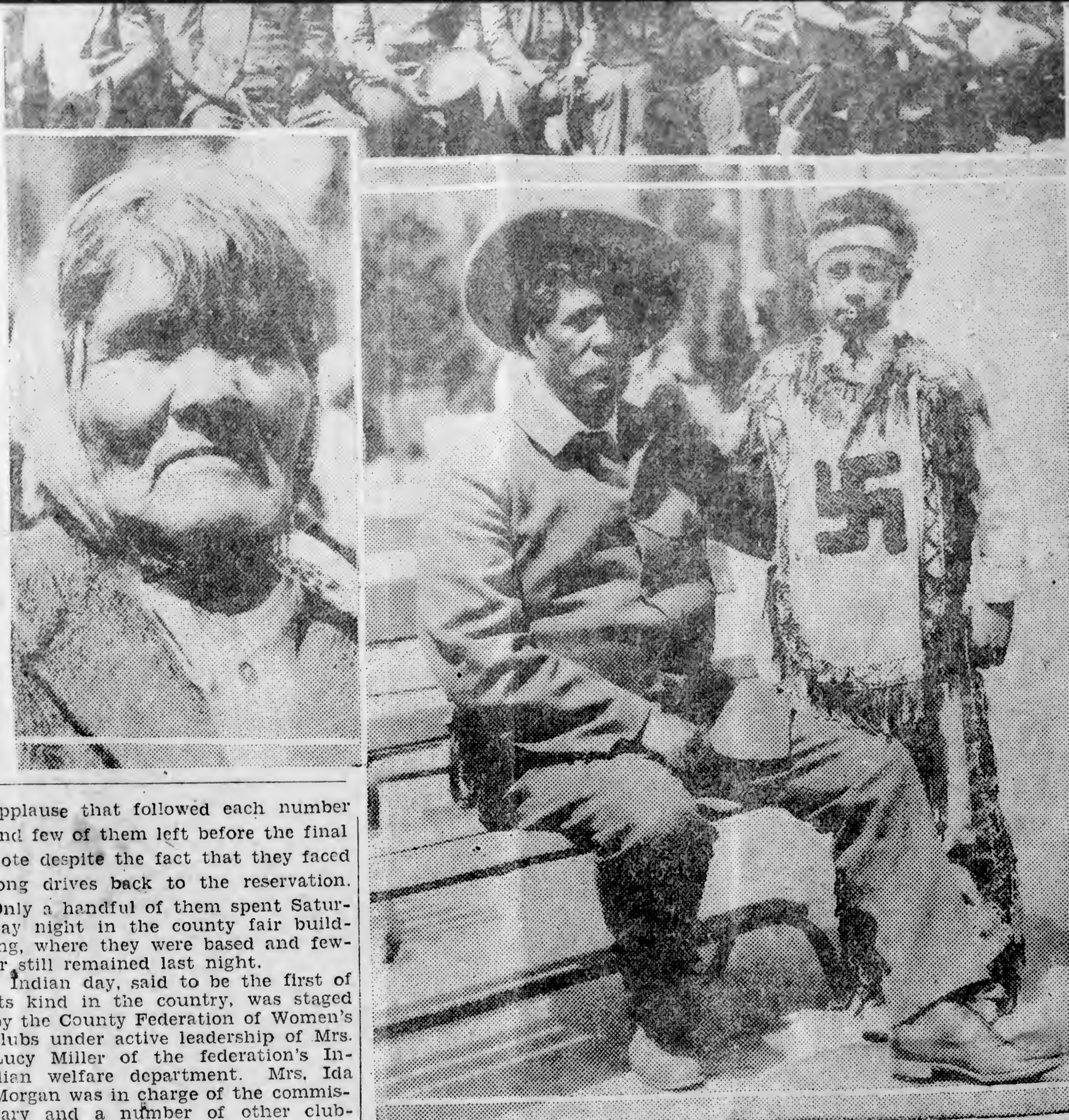
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EXHIBIT HANDIWORK

At noon a picnic lunch was served the Indians in the Pepper grove, with a menu of cabbage salad, baked beans, hamburger and weinie sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, cake and coffee. Indians represented the Pala, Campo, Mesa Grande, La Jolla, Volcan, Capitan Grande and Los Conejos reservations.

The afternoon musical program included the Jena Jurad dancers, Sherman band, massed chorus of the county federation, Gladys Hollingsworth at the organ, and Mrs. H. W. Sammis, soprano and state chairman of music, in solo numbers.

The Sherman band featured an instrumental solo by George Walker, who, it was explained, several years ago played the youthful Jim Flatfoot, villain of the film "Redskins." Yesterday he played "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

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SAN DIEGO, CAL. UNION

JANUARY 20, 1931

Kammer

~~Davis to Relate~~ ~~Ancient Indian~~ Death Ceremony

3-6-31
Members and guests of the Indian Arts league will be given a rarely interesting description of the ancient death ceremony of the Yuma Indians at the meeting to be held at the Leslie W. Lee studio, 1234 Franciscan way, this Friday evening.

Edward Davis, White Chief of the Mesa Grande Indians and adviser of the Indian Arts league, will be the speaker. Mr. Davis is one of the very few white men who have ever witnessed this ceremony. He lived among the Indians for 40 years and understands them as few white men ever did. San Diego county Indians are of Yuman stock and collectors and teachers of Indian lore particularly will find the lecture invaluable.

A moving picture will also be shown of a local Indian woman making pottery. She will use ancient methods and material, grinding her clay with the coiled method, etc. This is one of a series of local Indian pictures being collected by the visual education center and the Indian Arts league and is being shown under their auspices. A collection of Yuma Indian relics will also be shown, including an ancient Yuma bark shirt.

Owing to the wide circle of friends of Mr. Davis who are interested in his work, the lecture will be open to the public.

The meeting date is changed from the usual Thursday evening to Friday this week on account of the Byrd lecture.

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

MAY 8, 1931

Persons Who Burned Slow Were Bad, Belief of Early Imperial Valley Tribe

People who burned rapidly in the cremation pit were good people, otherwise they were bad people, according to some of the primitive beliefs of the Kamia Indians, who once occupied the Imperial valley.

This is pointed out in a booklet just completed by E. W. Gifford, curator of the University of California Museum of Anthropology.

Curator Gifford explains that the Kamia were probably of Diegueno origin, migrating from the coast of Southern California some time during the past four or five centuries, perhaps as a result of the mission-

ary efforts of the early Spanish padres. The interesting part of the Kamia life is that although originally coming from the Diegueno to the West, they had in the course of time taken over many customs of the Yuma and became more like the latter than like their own people.

Most of the information upon which Curator Gifford based his description of this new scattered tribal group was obtained from six elderly survivors of the group who remembered the days antedating aggressive colonization by the white men.

JUNE 23, 1931

Indians Who Gave Aid To White Men Now Are Starving

364
Los Coyotes Befriended General Kearny; Only 120
Living, and Destitution Prevails In Ranks;
Donations Are Sought

The land of plenty which sheltered Gen. Stephen W. Kearny and his men when they came to win back California from the Mexicans, has become a land of starvation and oppression.

The descendants of the native, friendly Indians who opened their primitive larders to the white men are in need. Long have they sought and hoped the white man would return their hospitality but they have sought and hoped in vain.



Chief Nickolas Chaparosa, head of the Los Coyotes Indians who are destitute on their reservation about six miles east of Warner's Hot Springs because of crop failure and the depression that practically prohibits their obtaining outside work.

Government has its irony. The descendants of Indians who were greatly responsible for California now being a part of the United States today are starving at the very back door of San Diego.

When Gen. Kearny and his force—the soldiers who won California from Mexico—camped one day late in 1846 in a sheltered spot near what is now known as Warner's Hot Springs, they liked the greenness of the grass for the horses.

It was a nice spot compared with the camping places that had been their lot in the deserts and rocky country to the east. The horses grew fat again.

The Indians were kind. They fed the soldiers. The land and its products were the property of the Indians and the Indians weren't greedy. They shared things.

Today the descendants of these Indians—Los Coyotes is their tribal name—are destitute and hungry, lacking proper housing, lacking clothing, lacking work.

Only 120 Are Left

Chief Nickolas Chaparosa wonders what's going to happen if hard times keep on and the lot of his tribe—now only 120—gets much worse.

Purl Willis, deputy county treasurer, visited every corner of the county to visualize a huge relief map he has made showing all the mountains, canyons, streams and other physical features.

For the last 12 years he has gone about the county for this purpose, making friends with the Indians. Chief Chaparosa is his friend.

A year ago Willis became interested in the welfare of his tribal friends. Nine weeks ago he began taking them food and supplies. He talked quietly with his white friends.

There have been donations that were not made public. The MacMarr Stores gave a 100-pound sack of pink beans not long ago, so did the Humpty-Dumpty Stores. Leo Greenbaum has donated fruit, potatoes, onions, staple vegetables of many sorts. The Continental and Cramer's bakeries have given bread, sometimes in 100-loave batches.

Public Should Know

Willis believes now that the public should know about the condition of the Los Coyotes—whose reservation headquarters are about 6½ miles east of Warner's Hot Springs proper.

He doesn't want to cause a sensation, he said today; doesn't want to create great gods of sym-

(TURN TO PAGE 14, PLEASE)

George Blackwell of the tribe went to Los Angeles because he had found work there. Both of them drank some Jamaica ginger extract, suffering paralysis as a result. Now they are back at the reservation, dragging around. The other Indians share their food with them.

"Ground squirrels and acorn meal is what we've been eating lately to eke out the donations Willis got us," Chief Chaparosa said in a mixture of English, Spanish and tribal words that Chutincut translated.

"There is something to say about Chief Chaparosa, something historical," Willis concluded. "His father was a boy when Gen. Kearny camped with his forces in 1846 near Warner's Hot Springs. The lad ran about, got wood, watered horses, killed game. His name is Juana Chaparosa and now he's 97 years old and sometimes he sits off by himself and his lips move without making any sound. He remembers the greenness of the grass for the horses. He recalls the old days—but he doesn't protest. He's an old man."

Original Defective

0 0 0 6 5

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

Willis quoted figures today.

"In the canyons of the reservations, farming is carried on. The men of the tribes work as laborers when possible. With the depression, the Indians find it extremely difficult to get outside work, though some of the Los Coyotes

"But the worst thing this year is that the crops failed. Gophers and ground squirrels ate the seeds. The plight of the Indians is serious, indeed, as a result."

Willis supplied some more seed—pumpkin chiefly—to the Los Coyotes, but it is doubtful if the crop will be successful, having a late start.

"There is a 'ration fee' paid by the government to four or five persons in the tribe," Willis declared. "It entitles these persons to \$7 every month. They buy what they can with it and share it with the other members of the tribe."

The government doctor, H. L. Hildreth, with headquarters at Julian, however, is a regular visitor to the reservations.

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JUNE 29, 1931

INDIANS GIVE THANKS FOR WHITES' AID

364
Los Coyotes Tribe, Hit
By Depression, Given
Food, Clothing

MORE HELP IS SOUGHT

Ancestors Of Destitute
Redmen Helped
Gen. Kearny

Los Coyotes Indians destitute because of crop failure and the business depression, gave thanks today on their reservation about six miles east of Warner's Hot Springs for the donations of food, clothing and money from San Diegans during the last few days.

Purl Willis, deputy county treasurer who became interested in the welfare of the tribe on his back-country travels, is in charge of receiving donations at his home 4085 Georgia-st.

Willis has been privately obtaining aid for Los Coyotes for the past nine weeks and Tuesday made a public appeal on their behalf through The Sun.

Tribe Always Friendly

The result of this appeal is gratifying, Willis said today. "The public has become interested in helping these friendly Indians whose ancestors supplied food and comforts to Gen. Stephen W. Kearny and his men—the soldiers who were mainly responsible for making California a part of this country instead of it remaining in Mexican hands. Every day more and more donations are made to this splendid fund."

Mary Betty Willis, young daughter of Willis, is spending her time sorting the various donations. She speaks Spanish fluently and when Chief Nickolas Chaparosa and his braves headed by husky Bob Chutnicut come to town in their ramshackle Ford to take the donations back to the tribe, she carries on conversations. She is the first person who hears their thanks.

Seeks Iron Pipe

Willis now is making efforts to obtain about 3000 feet of second hand pipe so he may pipe in the spring on the reservation. The spring is already dangerously low because of the hot weather and the water must be guarded closely if it is to suffice through the summer, Willis stated.

The Indian agent appointed by the government has headquarters in Riverside and has not visited Los Coyotes for a long time, according to Chief Chaparosa.

Donations Listed

The following donations were reported today by Willis:

| | |
|--|--|
| S. P. McMullen, county supervisor | \$5.00 |
| Fréd Haines, deputy county treasurer | 1.00 |
| Samuel I. Fox, Lion Clothing Co..... | Clothing and 1.00 |
| The Avocado Shack, La Mesa | Vegetables |
| P. E. Davis, 4083 Georgia-st..... | Clothing |
| Miss M. Walker, Underwood Typewriting Co. | Clothing |
| E. S. Babcock, 4062 Swift-av..... | Clothing |
| Young's Market | Meat |
| Leo Greenbaum | 200 pounds potatoes and other vegetables |
| Cramer Baking Co..... | Bread |
| Mrs. Ellis, 2189 Harrison-av | Bread, jelly |
| Mrs. H. Collins, 1226 Cypress-av | Clothing |
| Continental Baking Co.... | Bread |

"All donations are greatly appreciated by the Indians. Remember, anything eatable or wearable is of use," Willis concluded.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

TRIBUNE

JULY 3, 1931

PROBE ASKED OF INDIAN CONDITIONS

364
Conditions found on Los Coyotes Indian reservation, southeast of Warner's Hot Springs, indicate that careful investigation of other Mission Indian tribes is warranted, a committee for the county board of supervisors reported today. Supervisor Edgar F. Hastings, Deputy District Attorney Philip Smith and Purl Willis, deputy county treasurer, making up the special committee appointed Monday by the board, were accompanied by C. L. Ellis, Indian agent at Riverside, and Dr. P. D. Mossman, medical director, on an inspection tour beginning yesterday.

The supervisors voted to make the inspection after hearing from Hastings that "the Indian situation is deplorable." Reports to the federal grand jury for this district and to the Indian bureau at Washington were recommended.

Dr. Mossman is stationed at Albuquerque, N. M., and was in San Diego county yesterday on part of his tour of inspection in the several western division states under his jurisdiction.

Ellis, who explained to the committee plans of his office in regard to the San Diego county Indians, indicated that much of the apparent want of the Indians is caused by their failure to work. Money, which is taken out in trade, he said, is allotted to Indians too old to work. His charges, however, maintained they were unable to find employment and told of suffering in the winter from lack of proper shelter, food and clothing.

Several of the English-speaking members of the tribe engaged in a hot argument with Ellis relative to certain allotments the agent said were made them, and which, they maintained, they never received.

Relief, at least temporary, was promised the Indians by Ellis who said he would obtain employment for them on a proposed reservation road, would build wood floors in their huts and would have a representative of his visit them more often.

JULY 3, 1931

OFFICIALS VISIT INDIANS TO LEARN LIVING CONDITIONS

364
Agent, Medical Director, Supervisor and Others Inspect Los Coyotes Tribe.

Living conditions of the Mission Indians on the Los Coyotes reservation, several miles southeast of Warner's Hot Springs, were inspected yesterday by C. L. Ellis, Riverside Indian agent under whose jurisdiction the Indians fall; Dr. P. D. Mossman, medical director for the southwestern district and Edgar Hastings, county supervisor; Phil Smith, deputy district attorney and Purl Willis, deputy county treasurer.

The last three men were named by the county board of supervisors Monday to investigate Indian conditions in this county, following a statement to the board by Hastings that "The Indian situation is deplorable."

The supervisors, it was indicated at their last meeting will demand a thorough investigation of the alleged neglect if the board's committee so recommends.

Only one of the several reservations in the county, were visited by the committee yesterday, and conditions found on that reservation, members of the committee said, will warrant careful investigation of other reservations before a report is made to the board of supervisors.

Dr. Mossman is stationed at Al-

(Continued on Page 3)

BROADWAY at 11th

Comfortable and Convenient
Perfect Floor!
Marvelous Music!
Special Floor Prizes!
Always a Crowd!
Always a Good Time!



NASHOLDS

in its transatlantic flight in 1919. "Comparing the Post-Gatty world flight with the NC-4 flight would be like comparing a trip in a high-powered automobile with a buggy ride," Commander Read said. "Far greater physical stamina as well as efficiency and reliability of power plant and structure were required in their flight than in ours of 1919."

INDIAN CONDITION UNDER SCRUTINY

(Continued from Page 1)

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JULY 18, 1931

DIEGUENOS IN COUNTY WHEN FIRST FOUND

364
Groups Of Indians In-
habited Entire
Section

By MALCOLM J. ROGERS
Staff Member, Natural History
Museum

In 1542, when Juan Cabrillo, the first European to view the shores of California, landed in San Diego Bay, he found the region in the possession of a group of Indians that had no name for themselves, as they had no tribal organization. They were loosely knit into small clan groups by marriage. These groups, however, did have names, taken generally, from some place name. Later on, when the San Diego Mission was founded they were named by the Spanish, Dieguenos, a term which persists to this day, although of no ethnic significance.

These Indians had not been settled in the region many hundreds of years before the Spanish discovery. They were immigrants that had gradually filtered through the mountains of the back-country from the Colorado Desert to the east. They were an off-shoot of the great Yuman stock which occupied the lower basin of the Colorado River.

Although the Dieguenos were not a warlike people, they were made of sterner stuff than the average Californian Indian and offered greater opposition to the Spanish colonization. Their rancherias were located mostly in the back-country, and except in the vicinity of San Diego, there were few coastal settlements. To them, the coast offered a recreational zone, much as it does today to our back-country populace. It was a playground to camp on for a few weeks at a time, a place where they might pole their rushrafts about on the bays, fish, bathe and obtain a change of diet.

Although their diet was varied and included the meat of game animals, they subsisted principally upon acorns and wild seeds. Because of this diet, ethnologists speak of them as a "seed-gathering" people rather than a hunting people.

Physically, the Dieguenos were medium tall and quite robust. Their skin-color was a dark brown with none of the reddish pigmentation of the conventional "redskin" of the eastern states. Their descendants, which are to be found in greatly depleted numbers upon five reservations scattered over the country, have deteriorated physically because of disease and miscegenation. Today, they number about 700, although a scant 150 years ago there were 3000 of them.

The American aborigine is not an homogeneous physical type nor of a common temperament. Different stocks varied considerably both in temperament and mental powers. One mental characteristic of the Dieguenos was their weakly developed religious and ceremonial sense. They were not so much irreligious as religion-less. Medicine-men as well as chiefs, exercised but little power over the masses, and the individual did about as he or she pleased.

The Dieguenos shared the north half of the county with the Luisenos, a Shoshonean tribe who spoke an entirely different language, but whose every day life was much the same as that of their southern neighbors. In contrast to the latter, the Luisenos were very religious and were makers of complicated rituals. Their medicine-men exercised their symbolical powers by covering conspicuous rocks near the villages with intricate designs in red and black paints which are to be seen to this day.

Until recent times it had been believed that these Indians were the original Californians, but archaeological research by the San Diego Museum has shown otherwise; they were, comparatively speaking, newcomers in the

rounded heads of the Diegueno Indians. Perhaps it is wrong to call them Indians. They had long, narrow skulls with weakly developed foreheads. Sometimes their skeletons are found in a fossilized condition, but very few are found in any condition, and it is possible that they were so barbarous that they usually made no disposal of the dead.

Even the Dieguenos, who displayed a certain skill in the manufacture of baskets, pottery, arrow points, woodwork and houses, would have considered these shellfish eaters savages, for the latter possessed none of these arts. Their only tools were sharp flakes of rock, struck from the sides of boulders. But it seems that no people can remain indefinitely in such an uncultured state, and as the centuries rolled by, the Shell People made some progress. From studying the later shell heaps we find that they gradually improved their stone tools by more skillful flaking until toward the end of their sojourn they had evolved them into effective knives and scrapers.

The disappearance of these first Californians is as mysterious as their appearance. There is some evidence, however, that they were driven into the deserts of Lower California by the invasions of later tribes of a more warlike nature.



**LO, THE POOR
INDIAN**

California's original in-
habitants in sad state
on Los Coyotes res-
ervation, San Diego
county.—A. P.



SAN DIEGO, CALIF.
TRIBUNE
FEBRUARY 29, 1932

384 AGREEMENT SEEN BETWEEN U. S. BUREAU AND CITY ON INDIANS' WATER RIGHTS

An agreement with the United States Indian bureau at Washington over water rights for Indians at El Capitan was in sight today when the common council forwarded to City Attorney C. L. Byers at the capital an endorsement of an amendment submitted by telegraph late Saturday by T. B. Cosgrove, the city's special counsel on water matters.

Byers had forwarded to the council and to Cosgrove a telegram urging acceptance of a proposition submitted by the Indian bureau in which it agreed to give the city the Indian lands needed for reservoir purposes, provided that when moved the Indians still would have the same rights they now have where they are located.

Objection to this stand was taken by Cosgrove, who in conversation with Deputy City Attorney H. B. Daniel, declared that the city's paramount rights to the river waters would first have to be conserved at all hazards. Cosgrove took exception to the language of the Indian bureau in making its proposition and wired back an additional paragraph to the amendment which reads:

"Other than the right of transfer of place of use no provisions of this act and nothing done in carrying out its provisions shall have the effect of changing in any manner the rights of the United States of America, the Capitan Grande band of Indians, the city of San Diego, or any third party, in and to the use of the waters of the San Diego river or any of its tributaries as recognized by the laws of the state of California."

The council was informed by Mayor Walter W. Austin that Cosgrove's purpose is to prevent any third party from acquiring water rights on the river now held by the Indians. The mayor also stated he doubted if the Indian bureau officials would accept Cosgrove's amendment to the act.

Councilmen suggested that there would be no harm in making the effort. Consequently, Deputy City Attorney Daniel was instructed to send Byers word that Cosgrove's amendment was preferred and that he insist it be included in the bill before congress to give the city more Indian lands.

MARCH 1. 1932

STATE ENGINEER APPROVES PLANS FOR CAPITAN DAM

364 Prospective Bidders to Be
Provided Copies; Call on
Pipeline Project Delayed.

The state engineer has signed El Capitan dam plans and they are now coming here in custody of Harold Wood, resident engineer of El Capitan project, the council was informed yesterday by Fred D. Pyle, acting hydraulic engineer.

As soon as Wood reaches San Diego today, the plans and specifications as signed by the engineer will be printed and distributed among prospective bidders on the dam job. Bids for the work are to be opened April 11.

The bid call on El Capitan pipeline from the dam site to Lakeside, slightly more than eight miles, was delayed pending a number of matters the council found it has to take care of before the pipeline can be safely built from a legal standpoint.

Land Agreement Favored

Another El Capitan matter was set afoot when the council wired to City Attorney C. L. Byers in Washington approval of a tentative agreement with the Indian office on additional El Capitan lands. This agreement would allow the Indians displaced by the reservoir the same water rights on other parts of the river that they may happen to enjoy now at El Capitan. These rights would accrue to lands purchased for the Indians only for such time as the lands would be used by the Indians and then only to the extent that water has been used at the Capitan reservation.

The council received the plans and specifications for El Capitan pipeline, showing 2.2 miles of 36-inch line from Lakeside to El Monte and six miles of 48-inch line from El Monte to El Capitan. The additional size is to accommodate water to be

Continued previous for bids on all kinds of pipe, Engineer Pyle said.

DECEMBER 27. 1932

Group of Indians Will Be Guests of Municipality

Party of 45 From Mission
Near San Diego to See
Long Beach Thursday.

Forty-five Indians from the Pala Chapel Mission, back of San Diego, will be guest of Long Beach and the Chamber of Commerce next Thursday. They will come here by special bus. They will visit the harbor and the battle fleet. The Indians heretofore have made annual pilgrimages to San Diego. It will be the first time they have been brought to Long Beach.

The visit was arranged by Superior Judge Oscar E. Houston. Judge and Mrs. Houston and A. A. Miller, publicity director of the Chamber, will be their escort during the day. They will guests of Judge Houston at a luncheon in the Harvard Tea Room.

Father Ignatius of the chapel and Race Freeman, an Indian, will direct the party, which will arrive at the Chamber at 10 A. M. Mayor A. E. Fickling and President Bruce Mason of the Chamber will extend a welcome.

The Indians immediately will be taken to the harbor, where Port Manager James F. Collins will have a boat waiting for them. The trip to the fleet will follow.

The chapel, known in the old days as the "Asistencia of San Antonio de Tadau de Pala," was organized in the early days by the Franciscan Fathers as an auxiliary of the San Luis Rey Mission.

CHOIR WILL SING STEWART'S MASS

San Diego Composer's Work
Announced at St. Joseph's
For Next Monday Evening

German music authorities, she
man library, through the friendship of
played and every museum. She
authorities on the famous and visited
life. She went to Europe and visited
over some determined to become a
years ago minor point in Mozart's
Alma daughter of Gluck, the violinist
Mrs. Gluck, the singer, and step
him an army officer. He might have
believe, if his wife had not neglected
to complete such a masterpiece, she
verge of producing "something more
She contemplates Mozart, whom most
and whole future of music. Mozart, wife of the
siddy-headed little for changing the
Devenport calls "the thing changing the
immortal German housewife, 142 years ago
It is Constanza, Mozart, wife of the
stated in living. Mozart, whom most
Greatest Devenport, 142 years ago
seats.

EL CAPITAN DAM PLANS APPROVED

(Continued from Page One)

transmitted for the irrigation district under terms of the water settlement.

The council found that it would be unable to call for bids at once on the pipeline because of necessity of district approval of plans, as the district would be called on to pay part of the cost. Pyle estimated that the line as planned would cost \$620,000, which compares with an estimate of \$460,000 on the line if it were all 36 inches in diameter.

Present Plans Sufficient

Some of the councilmen sought to justify construction of the pipeline before the dam is built on the theory that it would provide employment and possibly be able to take some diverted water from the river. Their ardor on the diversion plan cooled slightly when they were informed that a diversion and pumping unit would cost between \$25,000 and \$30,000 and that present pumping plants and reservoirs are well able to take care of prospective demands for some time.

Councilman Alexander saw a waste of money in building a pipeline a year or more before it could be used. He figured the loss of interest on invested money at \$30,000 and said there was a depreciation loss in leaving a pipeline in the ground unused for a year or more.

The council finally voted to submit the plans to the district and authorized negotiations to figure out how the district would pay for its share of the pipeline cost. The plans and specifications provide for bids on all kinds of pipe, Engineer Pyle said.

LONG BEACH, CALIF.
PRESS-TELEGRAM
DECEMBER 27, 1932 (10)

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The chapel, known in the old days as the "Asistencia of San Antonio de Tadau de Pala," was organized in the early days by the Franciscan Fathers as an auxiliary of the San Luis Rey Mission.

region. It has been proved that the coast of San Diego County was one of the first places in America to be inhabited by man. As our knowledge of early man in America is being constantly augmented from year to year with new findings we must expect at any time to find our ancient Californian relegated to the position of a parvenu, which, however, will not invalidate the importance of his position in American pre-history, recorded in numerous camp-sites which are to be found along the ocean front in the form of extensive shell-beds. These beds, which are the accumulated refuse of centuries of feasts on shell-fish by the aborigines, tell an interesting story when the discarded and broken man-made implements which they contain are studied. As the shell occurs in overlapping layers and sometimes even with barren zones of soil between layers, we know that they were made at different times and that the bottom ones are the oldest. The archaeologist reads such a record much as one would read the leaves of a book.

The story unfolds without an introduction nor a clue, as yet, as to where these first men came from. Their advent took place probably 10,000 years ago, possibly even earlier. We find them already scattered over a considerable extent of the southern California coast, living in an astounding state of barbarism. They did not have the stature nor the well-

CAMPO INDIAN, 60, BURNS TO DEATH; FRIEND IS HELD

Charles Holwa, 60, Indian leader, suffered a hemorrhage of the brain before his charred body was found in the ruins of his lonely shack which burned to the ground on the Campo reservation Sunday night, it was disclosed in an autopsy performed yesterday by Dr. E. G. Colby at the Erickson mortuary, in La Mesa. Meantime, Louis Quero, another resident of the reservation, who admitted to Archie Bedford, Jacumba constable, that he had been drinking with Holwa, was held in the county jail.

"The burns suffered by the victim are more severe than one would expect from the fire that destroyed Holwa's one-room shack," Doctor Colby said. He added that he could not determine the cause of the hemorrhage.

Continue Investigation

"It may have been from natural causes or it could have resulted from a blow on the head," Colby said. "The charred condition of the skull prevented our establishing definitely that Holwa had suffered a blow."

Continuing their investigation of the case last night, deputy sheriffs brought Holwa's four children, Louisa, 14; Lola, 12; Conception, 10, and Maria, 6, and Quero's son, Raymond, 10, to the sheriff's office for questioning. The case probably will be turned over to federal authorities because the death occurred upon a government reservation.

Quero contended that he had left the shack early in the evening and did not return. He refused to say more, despite questioning by sheriff's deputies and Bedford.

Romance Disclosed

A romance between 14-year-old Louisa and Quero was disclosed yesterday. Sheriff's men were rounding up neighbors and friends of the aged Indian, whose daughter was said to be a sweetheart of the man in custody. Quero asked the girl to marry him on several occasions, it was stated.

J. Allison Moore, special officer of the U. S. Indian service, will arrive tonight or tomorrow morning to assume charge of the investigation, it was reported by his wife, who resides at 4242 Adams ave. Mrs. Moore said her husband was called to the case last night by the sheriff's office. Meantime Juan Leo, chief of the Indian police on local reservations, was conducting an investigation at the scene of death, it was reported.

TRIBESMEN CHANT HYMNS FOR INDIAN KILLED AT CAMPO

Tribal members chanted hymns taught their forefathers by early Spanish missionaries over the body of Charles Hollwah, 60, last night in the Campo Indian mission.

Tribesmen of the dead man, who was the victim of a torch murder last Sunday, claimed his body at Erickson's mortuary in La Mesa yesterday and carried his remains back into the hills for burial. Catholic funeral services, interspersed with Indian singing, will be held at 10 a. m. today.

Meanwhile, Louis Quero, 39, another Indian from the Campo reservation, was held in county jail in lieu of \$50,000 bond which was set Wednesday night when Quero formally was charged with murder before U. S. Commissioner P. M. Andrews.

To Present Evidence

Evidence in the case will be presented to the U. S. district grand jury in Los Angeles Wednesday by J. Allison Moore, special investigator for the district Indian agent.

Moore and an interpreter questioned Quero for more than two hours yesterday.

"Quero's statements were only partly satisfactory," Moore said.

Continued questioning of Hollwah's four daughters and Quero's son, Raymond, by deputy sheriffs yesterday brought confirmation of the story originally told by the eldest daughter, Moore said.

Quarrel Related

Louisa, 14, previously told Moore that Quero and her father argued about Quero's intimacy with her and that Quero hit her father over the head with a bottle. While Hollwah was unconscious, Louisa is quoted as saying, Quero poured kerosene over him and set him afire.

Moore said Conception, 10, and Raymond yesterday verified Louisa's story.

If the U. S. grand jury returns an indictment against Quero, he will be returned here for arraignment before the district circuit court in session Nov. 16. If he pleads guilty, he will be sentenced immediately. If he pleads not guilty, trial will be set for the January session of court, it was reported.

LA MESA, CAL.
SCOUT
DECEMBER 14, 1934

Indians To Move To Viejas Ranch

The checking of the boundary lines of the 1,600-acre Viejas ranch, purchased from Baron Long for the new Indian reservation is being completed this week by C. Anderson, government engineer, according to O. B. Fry, Indian agent. This is the

last detail before transfer of the Indians from Capitan Grande reservation to their new settlement, and marks the end of the long controversy between the city of San Diego and the back country over their removal. The Indians are anxious to take possession of their "promised land" and are awaiting the final word, which is expected this week, to begin the plowing and improvement of their allotments.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
EXAMINER
JANUARY 21, 1935

Why bring this up
to trial again??
cmm

VISIT TO INDIANS!

Chief Special Officer Will Inspect Reservations

Louis C. Mueller, chief special officer of the United States Indian Service, arrived in Los Angeles yesterday for an inspection tour of Southern California reservations. It is his first visit here in two years.

He will be accompanied on his tour by J. Allison Moore, special Indian agent in charge of the local office.

"We have very little trouble on the California reservations,"

Mueller said. "Through the vigilance of Agent Moore and the Indian policemen, harmony is the general rule."

Tomorrow Mueller will be in San Diego to attend the opening of the trial of Louis Cuero, Campo Indian, charged with the murder last October of Charles Hollawah, tribal chief of the Campo clan. The murder suspect is also facing arson and other charges.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF., TIMES
NOVEMBER 23, 1934

Indian Dead Are Moved to Viejas

The bodies of 75 Mission Indians, some of them laid to rest 50 years ago, were dug up from their graves on the old Capitan reservation and reinterred in the new Viejas Valley reserve this week.

The Indians were forced to move camp because their reservation was in the basin of El Capitan dam. When they decamped they took their forefathers with them and buried them in the new graveyard.

ESCONDIDO, CALIF.,
TIMES-ADVOCATE
FEBRUARY 1, 1935

Indians Show Appreciation

364
Among the Indians of the various reservations of ~~San Diego~~ county the young and elderly men of the Rincon reservation, north of Escondido, will wish President Roosevelt "many happy returns" on the occasion of his 53rd birthday.

Just how much emergency federal relief is being given to the Indians of the other reservations is not known to the writer of this item but in Rincon the young men are receiving a little better than \$10 for five days work per week. The elderly men are not allowed to work but are generously remembered by Uncle Sam in the matter of rations.

This arrangement has been in effect in the Rincon reservation over a year. Joe Calac, well known member of the Rincon family of Calacs, is the foreman of the young men.

And what's of additional cause for thanksgiving is that all of the work is directed along lines of betterment for the reservation, such as the digging of wells, squirrel and gopher eradication and the drainage of land where needed.

"The wages are not so much," says Foreman Calac, "but it's steady work and sure of bringing the cash on pay day, and under existing economic conditions our people are pleased with Uncle Sam's goodness."

The work is carried forward under the designation "Emergency Conservation Work."

TUSTIN, CAL., NEWS
FEBRUARY 1, 1935

364
If it were not for acorns gleaned from a rugged, unproductive section of Placer County, Indians of the Auburn reservations could not subsist through the winter, according to statements made by the Indians themselves. L. J. McKinney, probation officer of Placer County, has asked federal aid for the group, who, he claims, are undernourished and living on soil unfit for cultivation.

Allen's

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

SAN FRANCISCO



LOS ANGELES

PORTLAND, ORE.

ORLAND, CALIF. UNIT

FEBRUARY 4, 1935

Government Help Promised For Glenn County's Indians

364
Through intervention of Glenn county supervisors, with the office of Indian affairs at Sacramento, the government has promised aid to Glenn county supervisors, it was announced last week by Mrs. Cora Jenks, county relief agent.

Single Indians will receive \$7.50 monthly from the government; married couples will get \$10 monthly and where there are more than two in a family, \$12 monthly will be paid.

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Congress Gets 2 Indian Bills

(Contributed)

Congressman Collins, a member of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, has introduced a bill to authorize the Indians of California to be represented by attorneys of their own selection in their suit which is now pending in the court of claims at Washington, D. C.

It directs that the court shall recognize such attorneys as of record and gives them the control of the suit for their clients. It authorizes the court to fix the amount of reasonable costs incurred or expended and attorneys fees, and directs the secretary of the treasury to pay such costs and fees out of the judgment when rendered.

The bill also extends the jurisdiction of the court for the receipt of a new petition or amendments which will allow the inclusion of all Indians of California as claimants and the claims which, it is contended, were not included in the original petition filed by the attorney general of California. It extends the time for Indians to make application for enrollment and defines the term "Indians of California," as used in the Jurisdictional Act, "to be all Indians who were residing in the State of California on June 1, 1852, and their descendants living on May 18, 1928."

Senator Frazier of the senate committee on Indian Affairs has introduced a companion bill which carries the same provisions as the Collins Bill.

The attorney general of California, who was originally authorized to bring suit, in his petition to the court prayed for the recovery of only \$12,800,000. It is now reported that the government's set-offs as tabulated total \$12,174,200 which will leave a balance of \$625,800. From this latter sum the state of California, under the petition of its attorney general, is praying for reimbursement in the amount of any sum that it may expend to help the Indians secure a settlement of their claims.

One item of the government's set-offs claimed on account of the Peris-Riverside Indian School (Sherman Institute) is \$5,277,240. It is claimed that many items of set-offs can and should be shown to be erroneous. In this connection it is claimed several million dollars of this sum were spent for the education of Indians who do not belong in California and the cost of whose education should not be charged up against the Indians of this state.

It is contended that the \$12,800,000 for which the attorney general brought suit does not represent the true nor total value of the treaty promises which were made to the Indians by the federal government in 1851-2. The legislature of California in 1852 appraised the proposed reservation lands to be worth then "not less than \$100,000,000." The just value of these lands and other promises, it is contended, should be worth today a much larger amount.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL.—CALIF. INDIAN
FEBRUARY 12, 1935

McGROARTY AIDS AMERICAN INDIAN

Lawmaker Asks Congress to
"Do Something" for
U. S. Tribesmen

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Representative John Stevens McGroarty, Democrat, California, Congressional sponsor of the Townsend old age pension plan, today came to the defense of the American Indian.

McGroarty told a House Indian affairs subcommittee that Congress was "done with stalling" and was "going right ahead during this session" with a comprehensive investigation of the bureau of Indian affairs.

"This is a thing that has been boiling inside me ever since I was a boy," McGroarty said. "The country at large knows that this bureau has been an infamous thing. Is it still that?"

The committee was hearing charges against Indian Commissioner John Collier, and was discussing a petition demanding Collier's dismissal.

Frank Bruner, president of the American Indian Federation, charged that Indian delegations which had desired to testify in favor of Collier's dismissal had been prevented because the Indian bureau would not advance funds for the trip to Washington.

The Wheeler-Howard Indian bill of 1934 was attacked by Alice Lee Jamerson, who said she represented the Seneca nation of Indians of northern New York state.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., UNION
FEBRUARY 8, 1935

Last Indian Out as Water Rises Behind Capitan Dam

A six-word sentence in a water bureau report yesterday wrote the final chapter of the Indian occupation of the San Diego river territory above El Capitan dam site.

"All Indian habitations have been removed," Hydraulic Engineer Pyle wrote the city council, as rising waters of the San Diego river behind El Capitan dam, began backing over the site of the ancestral homes of the Capitan Grande Indians.

"Many of the Indians remained until the last, getting out wood or pasturing their remaining cattle,"

Pyle said. "We understand that they are all now at the Barona ranch near Ramona or at the former Bar-on Long ranch near Alpine, both of which were purchased by the Indian bureau for reservation purposes."

The city paid the government for the old reservation land needed for El Capitan reservoir and the Indian bureau in turn arranged for removal of the Indians. Under the terms of the city's purchase of the land the Indians were permitted to remain, if they wished, until the city needed the land for water storage purposes.

Food - Diegenos.
Indian Southern - California.

Honey.—Since the introduction of bees to the Pacific coast the Indians have acquired a taste for honey. The climate being mild the bees increase rapidly and many swarms yearly escape to trees and rocks, thus giving the Indian a chance to obtain the honey. Some California Indians have domesticated the wild bees. In Southern California the Indians cut down the trees containing bees, put them in a sack, carry away the honey to eat and sell the bees for one dollar a swarm, the purchaser taking all risks of getting a queen. Bees in a sack, for sale by an Indian, are surely a novel article of trade.

"Diggers"

1924 - 1934

JACKSON CAL. DISPATCH—100
APRIL 18, 1924

INDIANS PLAN ANNUAL THREE DAYS POW-WOW

Indians from all sections of Superior California will gather in Jackson Valley April 24, when there will be a "cry" lasting three days. Marking the decision of the Digger Indian of Superior California to forever afterwards discard that name for the Mewuks, an allegorical burning at the stake of the Digger will be held in Jackson Valley. April 27, the fourth day of the annual cry of the tribe. The burning ceremony, which is open to the public, will be held at "Captain Charley's" place, in Jackson Valley, three miles from Ione. The Mewuks will dance a war dance in full feathered costume around the victim. The tubil and loohue dances will also be given.

STOCKTON, CAL. RECORD.
APRIL 16, 1924 490

Indians Change Hated Name; to Celebrate at Great Rally

JACKSON OFFICE STOCKTON RECORD, April 16.—The Indians from all sections of Northern California will gather in Jackson Valley, April 24, where will be held "a cry" lasting through to April 27, marking the decision of the Digger Indians to forever discard that name for the term Mewuks. An allegorical burning at the stake of the Digger will be held in public April 27 at Captain Charley's place, 3 miles from Ione. The Mewuks will dance a war dance in full costume around the victim. The tubil and loohue dances will also be given.

S. F. CALL
APRIL 21, 1924

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'Digger' Indian Now Belongs to Past

Special Dispatch to The Call.

IONE, April 21.—Indians are leaving for their homes in all parts of the state today, following impressive ceremonies that have been held here the past two days. Yesterday the "Digger" Indian was burned in effigy, and the California Indian will no longer be known under that name. Picturesque tribal dances formed part of the ceremony.

STOCKTON, CAL. RECORD.
APRIL 21, 1924

INDIANS BURN EFFIGY; HATED NAME DESTROYED

Mewuks, With Great Ceremony, Celebrate Passing of 'Old Man Digger'

IONE, April 21. — Burned at the stake amid the jeers and taunts of hundreds of warriors in full regalia, and with their faces covered with war paint, an effigy representing the hated name of Digger was consigned to oblivion yesterday afternoon at a ceremonial gathering of the tribesmen from a half dozen counties of Northern California.

And with the burning it was announced that the name of Digger had been replaced by the more fitting title of Mewuks, by which this group of the surviving California aborigines will hereafter be known.

The colorful ceremonial came as the climax of a three-day gathering of the Indians. As the flames died, down a war dance was staged, followed by the Tubil and loohue dances, used by the Indians only on the most solemn and significant occasions.

The burning was staged on Charley's place, in Jackson valley, five miles from here. A large throng of curious white people watched the pageant.

Chief William Fuller of the Tuolumne reservation presided as master of ceremonies. Alfred C. Gillis, a Wintoon Indian from Baird, on McCloud river, was the orator of the occasion. Frederick G. Collett, executive officer of the Indian board of co-operation, also addressed the gathering.

"Digger" Indian To Be Burned in Effigy by Tribes

Gorgeous Indian blankets and conventional American "store clothes" mingled today, when Indians of Amador and neighboring counties gathered at Ione in preparation for the solemn rite of burning in effigy the "Digger" Indian.

The ceremony, which will take place at 2:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, is the culmination of successful efforts of California Indians to eliminate the use of the term "Digger" in reference to their people, according to F. G. Collett, San Francisco executive representative of the Indian Board of Co-operation, Inc.

Before the effigy-burning ceremony, the Indians will enter their names in the final enrollment of Indians which is being compiled throughout the State.

SONORA, CAL. INDEPEND 426
APRIL 24, 1924

DIGGER INDIANS CHANGE NAME

The name Digger Indian is no more. From now on Mewuks is the official name of the Indians of this part of California.

Chief William Fuller, of this county, was master of ceremonies last Sunday, at the close of three days of ceremonies at Jackson Valley, near Ione in which hundreds of painted warriors from Northern California took part. Old man "Digger" was burned at the stake in effigy, representing the passing of the hated name.

Registration of the Indians throughout the State has just been completed so that they may obtain the share due them from the federal government under the old treaties a settlement that has long been deferred.

Sacramento, Cal. Bee
APRIL 21, 1924

Digger Indian Is Burned At Stake In Effigy At Annual "Cry" Of Mewuks In Amador

ONE (Amador Co.), April 21.—The Digger Indian is no more. Jeered and mocked by more than 600 Indians gathered at the annual "cry" of the Mewuk Indians at Captain Charlie's place near here yesterday, he was burned at the stake in effigy while a picked group in full regalia did a war dance about the victim.

The burning, while typifying according to the Indian allegory the culmination of a long hunt for the prisoner, actually marked the abandonment of the name Digger Indian by all of the Indian tribes in the state. The Mewuks were the last to officially gain their tribal designation.

First Appeared In Utah.

The name Digger, the Indians claim, first made its appearance in Utah. It is believed to have been applied by the whites because of the Indian custom in the early gold days of digging for roots. Then, as the migration continued westward, the settlers continued to use the same appellation for all tribes.

The Digger in the Indian allegory came from Utah to Nevada, then to the Piutes of Pit River, then to Modoc County, Shasta County, Humboldt County and down into the South. Spurned by every tribe, he became an outcast and sought shelter in the territory of the Mewuks. Here he remained hidden, refusing to leave, until his recent capture and death yesterday at the stake.

Chiefs Apply Torch.

Chief Buckner, a former leader

of the Mewuks, and Captain Charlie applied the torch.

The Mewuk "cry," an annual ceremony in honor of the dead, began Friday with Indians present from all parts of the state. The first day and night were spent mourning for the departed members of the tribe in the roundhouse. Emerging the next morning, the faces of the mourners were washed in accordance with a former custom and the Indians started a two-day program of feasting and merry-making.

Speakers At Meeting.

Among the speakers were William Fuller, one of the emissaries to Washington, who spoke in the Indian language. A. C. Gillis, Indian, told the history of the Digger Indian. F. G. Collett, of the Indian Board of Co-operation told of efforts to secure Indian rights.

A baseball game was held yesterday afternoon between the Ione and Auburn Indians. Dancing of the Tubil and Loohue dances, typifying happiness, concluded the gathering.

GRASS VALLEY, CAL.
UNION
APRIL 22, 1924

California Indians Freed of Name, Digger

(From the Indian Herald.)

That ancient question, "What's in a name?" doesn't suggest the proverbial answer to California Indians. In fact, they resent so indignantly the application of the meaningless name "Digger" to their people that an appeal was made to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to eliminate it from official use by the Bureau.

That the persistent and faithful efforts of the nine delegates representing the California Indians have borne fruit is shown by the following quotation from an order received by the Superintendent of the Sacramento Agency from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

humiliating and opprobrious. It will, therefore, be replaced by the name 'Mewuk' which, upon accepted ethnological authority, is the true tribal designation of these Indians."

Through the efforts of the Indian Board of Cooperation and the nine representatives of California Indians, an appeal was made early in 1922 to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to effect the elimination of the term "Digger" as erroneously applied to various Indian tribes throughout the Northwest. Dr. C. Hart Merriam, one of the world's leading biologists and a research associate at the Smithsonian Institution, also worked untiringly to secure the discontinuance of the name. Dr. Merriam has made an exhaustive study of California Indians, their various languages and tribal customs. Years of close association with an intensive study of these people have given him an intimate understanding of their psychology and their intense racial pride

Indians Hold Pow-Wow

364 (2)

The Indians of this district met last week at Captain Charlie's place south of town a few miles for a big pow-wow and to officially rid themselves of the old title of "Digger" for the more genteel name of "Mewucks." An effigy of the objectionable term Digger was burned at the stake, and general jollification, last Sunday. Afterwards, many of the Mewucks jumped into their cars, "stepped on it" and were soon speeding toward their homes, while others rode behind with old Dobbin in the wagons, and still others walked. However, the meeting was to consider matters of importance and five or six counties were represented.

Mewuk Indian Tribe Burns "Old Man Digger" in Effigy

DAILY BEDECKED REDMEN DANCE AS FLAMES ASCEND

RESENT APPLICATION OF NAME DIGGER

Ask White Men to Use the
Original and More Musi-
cal Term "Mewuk" to
Identify Tribe

Special to the Record

IONE, April 26.—Old Man Digger is no more. The Mewuk Indian tribe which inhabits the tier of Mother Lode counties extending from Mariposa on the south to Nevada county on the north, and which was formerly quite numerous in many of the valley counties, celebrated his passing at the Ione reservation last Sunday afternoon.

The Indians, to the number of several hundred, assembled from distant points to enroll in the census being taken by the government in connection with the claims being pressed by the tribesmen against the government for compensation for lands which were promised them under federal treaties but which were ruthlessly disregarded. A two-day fete was held in connection with the gathering, culminating in a weird ceremony at 2:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon when an effigy labeled "Digger" and well soaked with gasoline, was touched with a lighted torch. As the flames shot skyward, barefoot Indians with cheeks painted and heads decorated with feathers, danced and chanted indicating joy that a hated name had passed.

"Digger Indian is no more," said a bronzed cheeked man from Tuolumne in explaining the ceremony to a Stockton high school boy. "Now only Mewuk remains."

Whereat the grizzled old Mewuk warrior who had applied the torch grunted and remarked, "Indians is just like nigger—want to be called colored man."

The torch bearer might have been attempting a bit of light veined humor. But he never smiled. If the fervor of the Indian orators who addressed the throng, both in well spoken English and in the native dialect of the Mewuks, was indicative of the state of minds of those of their people who were present, you may rest assured that the grizzled torch bearer was not essaying a joke. He was very seriously attempting to state a solemn fact in terms of common and easy comprehension.

The term "Digger" as applied to

Festival and Feasting Mark Passing of Hated Name

The upper picture shows the circle of Indians gathered around the burning effigy of "Old Man Digger" on the Ione Reservation. At the right is a close-up view of "Old Man Digger" himself. At the upper left is the leader of the dancers who chanted his passing. The trio of speakers at the exercises: Alfred C. Gillis (left), Frederick G. Collett (center) and Chief William Fuller (right) appear at lower center. The other snapshots show types noted at the gathering by the Record camera man.



the Indians is deeply resented. Alfred C. Gillis, a highly educated member of the Wintoon tribe on McCloud river, who was one of the speakers of the day, in addressing the assembled throng, declared that the white man on coming West, first applied the name "Digger" to the Piutes. When he learned his mistake, he ceased to apply the term intended to designate inferiority. The proud Utes of Utah were next to throw off the hated name and insist on and command the respect of their white brothers. "And so," said Mr. McGillis, "Old Man Digger moved West to the Monos and finally crossed the mountains and remained for a time with the Wintoons. He even crossed San Francisco bay and went down among the Mission tribe. The

white man ignorantly finally assigned him to a place among the Mewuks. Today, we are going to celebrate his passing.

"The term 'Digger' applied to the Mewuks or to any other tribe, is an insult to the Indian. We have heard of Jewish people referred to as Sheenies, Italians as Dagoes and Mexicans as Greasers. When you call an Indian a Digger, you offend and insult just as surely as you do when you apply any of these other names to other races.

Chief William Fuller of Tuolumne presided over the ceremonies. Frederick G. Collett, editor of the California Indian Herald and executive secretary of the Indian board of co-operation, was one of the principal speakers, being the only white man on the program. Mr. Collett

paid tribute to the honest traits of the Indian and commended him to a more kindly consideration. He told how the Indian had established the right of citizenship in a recent supreme court decision and he stated that there were now over 3000 Indian children attending the public schools of California. Indian boys, he said, had won high scholarships in the colleges, demonstrating that the red man is the equal of his white brother.

MEWUK INDIAN TRIBE BURNS "OLD MAN DIGGER" IN EFFIGY AT IONE FESTIVAL

Gaily Bedecked Redmen Dance as Flames Ascend

Resent Application of Name Digger

Ask White Men to Use the Original and More Musical Term "Mewuk" to Identify Tribe

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SOME DISPOSSESSED AMERICANS

Some sixty years ago the Federal Government negotiated 18 treaties with the Indian tribes of California, under the terms of which the tribes accepted 18 reservations, comprising about 7,500,000 acres of land not especially desired by the whites, and surrendered their claims to their old hunting grounds. The Government agreed in addition to the grant of land, to provide schools and teachers and to furnish clothing and other supplies and the necessary implements for agriculture, to the further value of about \$1,800,000. But, although negotiated, the treaties were never ratified; the Indians were driven off every acre that the white man coveted, and the Government has never kept its part of the bargain. As a result the California Indians, like many other tribes throughout the West, sank into poverty and despair. To set right this ancient wrong friends of the Indians have reintroduced in Congress a bill giving the Indians access to the Court of Claims and looking to the payment of the debt the Nation owes them, and are seeking the co-operation of Secretary Fall of the Department of the Interior.

The six decades of the white man's undisputed rule in California have reduced the Indian population from 200,000 to 20,000, although under tolerable living conditions most Indian tribes show a tendency to increase. The racial stock, contrary to the reports of some superficial observers, is strong and good, and many of the tribes were extremely proficient in the arts suitable to their environment. All of them seem to have been teachable, as the success of the mission fathers in making artisans and builders of them shows.

Certainly it is not inconsistent for a Nation which protects birds and other forms of wild life to do bare justice by these impoverished survivors of the wild human life which once possessed in fee simple the present territories of the United States.

—New York Globe.



THE DEMISE OF THE "DIGGER" AS THE CAMERA CAUGHT IT
Scenes from recent celebration at Ione when the "Digger" Indian was burned in effigy. *Calif. Indian Herald*. June 1924.



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 Scenes from recent celebration at Ione when the "Digger" Indian was burned in effigy. *Calif. Indian Herald*. June 1924.

S. F. CHRONICLE
May 3, 1924

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Scotia, May 2, 1924.

We Can at Least Let Them Retain Their Name

Editor The Chronicle—Sir: I am distressed to note that The Chronicle's correspondent at San Andreas has an erroneous idea in regard to the "Digger Indians." He states a certain tribe "changed its tribal name from Digger Indians to Wemvks." As a matter of fact, "Digger" could not be a tribal name for the very obvious reason that neither word is of Indian origin.

These Indians' tribal names has always been "Mewuk," and as they became weary of the ugly name that had been wished on them and is generally used in a disagreeable way by people who wish to imply that Indians are an inferior race, they decided to try to have their correct name recognized. Nothing more nor less than that.

AN IRATE INDIAN.

Harris. Humboldt Co., May 2, 1924.

SAN MATEO. CAL.—TIMES
October 9, 19

THE DIGGER INDIANS

a collection of lies

364
The native Indians of this section of California, "the Diggers," many of whom were later converted and civilized by the Jesuits and the Franciscan fathers, were one of the lowest types of the American Indian.

In an old chronicle is found the following description of the California Indian: "Knowledge he had none; his religion or morals were of the crudest form, while all in all he was the most degraded of mortals."

"He lived without labor, and existed for naught save his ease and pleasure. In physique he was unprepossessing; being endowed with much endurance and strength; his features were unattractive, his hair in texture like the mane of the horse, and his complexion as dark as the Ethiop's skin."

"His chief delight was the satisfying of his appetite and lust, while he lacked courage enough to be warlike, and was devoid of that spirit of independence usually the principal characteristic of his race. The best portion of his life was passed in sleeping and dancing, while in the temperate California climate the fertile valleys and hillsides grew an abundance of edible seeds and wild fruits. Such means of existence being so easily obtained is perhaps a reason for the wonderful disinclination of Indians to perform any kind of labor."

* "The aboriginal Californian's life was a roving one, for they had no fixed habitation, but roamed about from place to place, fishing, hunting and gathering supplies. Their dialects were as various as are those of China today, and the natives of San Diego could not understand those of Los Angeles or Monterey."

"These Indians had as dwellings the meanest of huts, built of willows and thatched with rushes. They were small and easily warmed in winter, and when swarming with vermin could readily be reduced to ashes and others built in their places."

"Polygamy was a recognized institution among them. Chiefs generally possessed eleven wives, sub-chiefs nine, and ordinary warriors two or more, according to their wealth or property. In times of peace they kept up their martial spirit, little though it was, by sham fights and tournaments, their women participating as a sanitary brigade; they followed their warriors and supplied them with provisions and attended them when wounded, carrying their papposes on their backs at the same time."

The Diggers

From California Sketches

1877-1882

By Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald.

The Digger Indian holds a low place in the scale of humanity. He is not intelligent; he is not handsome; he is not very brave. He stands near the foot of his class, and I fear he is not likely to go up any higher. It is more likely that the places that know him now will soon know him no more, for the reason that he seems readier to adopt the bad white man's whisky and diseases than the good white man's morals and religion. Ethnologically he has given rise to much conflicting speculation, with which I will not trouble the gentle reader. He has been in California a long time, and he does not know that he was ever anywhere else. His pedigree does not trouble him; he is more concerned about getting something to eat. It is not because he is an agriculturist that he is called a Digger, but because he grubbles for wild roots, and has a general fondness for dirt. I said he was not handsome, and when we consider his rusty, dark-brown color, his heavy features, fishy black eyes, coarse black hair, and clumsy gait, nobody will dispute the statement. But one Digger is uglier than another, and an old squaw caps the climax.

The first Digger I ever saw was the best-looking. He had picked up a little English, and loafed around the mining-camps picking up a meal where he could get it. He called himself "Captain Charley," and, like a true native American, was proud of his title. If it was self-assumed, he was still following the precedent set by a vast host of captains, majors, colonels, and generals, who never wore a uniform or hurt anybody. He made his appearance at the little parsonage on the hill-side in Sonora one day, and, thrusting his bare head into the door, he said:

"Me Cappin Charley," tapping his chest complacently as he spoke.

Returning his salutation, I waited for him to speak again.

"You got grub—coche carne?" he asked, mixing his Spanish and English.

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nity as he squatted there in the dirt—his dignity was equal to any test. He declined the grasshoppers tendered him by the chief, pleading that he had already breakfasted, but watched with peculiar sensations the movements of his host, as handful after handful of the crisp and juicy gryllus vulgaris were crammed into his capacious mouth, and swallowed. What he saw and smelt, and the absence of fresh air, began to tell upon the Bishop—he became sick and pale, while a gentle perspiration, like unto that felt in the beginning of seasickness, beaded his noble forehead. With slow dignity, but marked emphasis, he spoke:

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"'Out with you pistols! pitch in, and give 'em the hot lead!'

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killing "bucks." I noticed that this same man was very kind to an old lady who took the stage for Bloomfield—helping her into the vehicle, and looking after her baggage. When we parted, I did not care to take the hand that had held a pistol that morning when the Digger camp was "wiped out."

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By Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald.

The Digger Indian holds a low place in the scale of humanity. He is not intelligent; he is not handsome; he is not very brave. He stands near the foot of his class, and I fear he is not likely to go up any higher. It is more likely that the places that know him now will soon know him no more, for the reason that he seems readier to adopt the bad white man's whisky and diseases than the good white man's morals and religion. Ethnologically he has given rise to much conflicting speculation, with which I will not trouble the gentle reader. He has been in California a long time, and he does not know that he was ever anywhere else. His pedigree does not trouble him; he is more concerned about getting something to eat. It is not because he is an agriculturist that he is called a Digger, but because he grubbles for wild roots, and has a general fondness for dirt. I said he was not handsome, and when we consider his rusty, dark-brown color, his heavy features, fishy black eyes, coarse black hair, and clumsy gait, nobody will dispute the statement. But one Digger is uglier than another, and an old squaw caps the climax.

The first Digger I ever saw was the best-looking. He had picked up a little English, and loafed around the mining-camps picking up a meal where he could get it. He called himself "Captain Charley," and, like a true native American, was proud of his title. If it was self-assumed, he was still following the precedent set by a vast host of captains, majors, colonels, and generals, who never wore a uniform or hurt anybody. He made his appearance at the little parsonage on the hill-side in Sonora one day, and, thrusting his bare head into the door, he said:

"Me Cappin Charley," tapping his chest complacently as he spoke.

Returning his salutation, I waited for him to speak again.

"You got grub—coche carne?" he asked, mixing his Spanish and English.

Some food was given him, which he snatched rather eagerly, and began to eat at once. It was evident that Captain Charley had not breakfasted that morning. He was a hungry Indian, and when he got through his meal there was no reserve of rations in the unique repository of dishes and food which has been mentioned heretofore in these Sketches. Peering about the premises, Captain Charley made a discovery. The modest little parsonage stood on a steep incline, the upper side resting on the red gravelly earth, while the lower side was raised three or four feet from the ground. The vacant space underneath had been used by our several bachelor predecessors as a receptacle for cast-off clothing. Malone, Lockley, and Evans, had thus disposed of their discarded apparel, and Drury Bond and one or two other miners had also added to the treasures that caught the eye of the inquisitive Digger. It was a museum of sartorial curiosities—seedy and ripped broadcloth coats, vests, and pants, flannel mining-shirts of gay colors and of different degrees of wear and tear, linen shirts

that looked like battle-flags that had been through the war, and old shoes and boots of all sorts, from the high rubber water-proofs used by miners to the ragged slippers that had adorned the feet of the lonely single parsons whose names are written above.

"Me take um?" asked Captain Charley, pointing to the treasure he had discovered.

Leave was given, and Captain Charley lost no time in taking possession of the coveted goods. He chuckled to himself as one article after another was drawn forth from the pile which seemed to be almost inexhaustible. When he had gotten all out and piled up together, it was a rare-looking sight.

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It was a great night at an adjoining camp when the old chief died. It was made the occasion of a fearful orgy. Dry wood and brush were gathered into a huge pile, the body of the dead chief was placed upon it, and the mass set on fire. As the flames blazed upward with a roar, the In-

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GOLDFIELD, NEV.—TRIBUNE

JANUARY 25, 1928

"Digger"—Indians

"Diggers" was a name given to a number of tribes of North American Indians in California, Oregon, Idaho, Utah, Nevada and Arizona, which speak widely different languages and comprise a number of distinct linguistic stocks. The name is used especially to designate the Bannock, Plute and other Shoshonean tribes known to use roots extensively for food and who are hence "diggers" (in English); but it is a coincidence that the terminal syllables "dika" and "tika" are common in Shoshonean band and tribal names.

LEGENDS OF THE DIGGER INDIANS : : EARLY DAYS RECALLED

Opening of Cloverdale To Hopland Highway Revives Ancient Lore

History of 'Squealing Charlie,' 'Whisky Jennie,' Lovelorn Maiden's Leap to Death Retold

By FRANK L. PERKINS

IN THOSE wonderful chains of improved roads which compose the highway system of California, the first links forged in mountainous country avoided so far as possible the natural obstacles interposed, for cost was a factor of major importance; but with a tremendous growth of traffic and a proportionate increase in the funds available for construction, engineering science has subsequently been devoted largely to shortening distances between given points and making grades less difficult to ascend and descend, therefore less dangerous.

Attainment of these objectives—reducing distance and gradients—has unquestionably brought the greatest good to the largest number; nevertheless it has at times been accompanied by certain disadvantages, especially from scenic and historic angles, of which many motorists are acutely conscious. Inspirational scenes revealing nature in her various moods, from the merely beautiful and captivating to the majestic, the sublime, are frequently denied to the driver who clings slavishly to the smooth pavement. Places famed through association with state or national events, objects or localities enshrouded in the aromatic atmosphere of tradition—often these remain hidden from him who shrinks from dust or mud and the rough going usually encountered on deviating from a paved or oiled highway.

PICTURESQUE AREA

Probably the larger number of these interesting spots on present by-roads will be off the beaten track for generations to come, enjoyed only by those in whom a healthy sense of scenic or cultural values fathers a willingness to undergo temporarily more or less bodily discomfort. Yet, with the expansion and betterment of modern highways, some enchanting district is occasionally being made more easily accessible. At least one salient project, now happily an accomplishment, which has been urged by a few public-spirited citizens for more than two decades, marks a reversal of the rule—shortening a route has thrown open a picturesque realm of historic interest.

On this August day the state Highway Commission has finally eliminated from general usage the steep, tortuous and otherwise execrable road running through the mountains west of Russian river, between Cloverdale and Hopland, on which there have been many deplorable accidents, including several fatalities. Instead the old toll road of much gentler grades paralleling that stream on the east side has become an integral part of the Redwood Highway. Unique among its alluring features is one of the most impressive natural memorials on the Pacific Slope—a monument towering into the heavens grim and gray, traditionally sacred to the memory of a love-lorn Indian maiden, who sought surcease of sorrow in an untimely death.

ON THE LINE of the Northwestern Pacific Railway in Mendocino county, not far from the little station of Pieta, stands this colossal rock, marking some cataclysmic upheaval of the forces

northward, from Cloverdale to Hopland, Ukiah, Willits and other markets in lumber-wagons drawn by four-, six-, and even eight- and ten-horse teams. From the pinnacle of the huge rock automobiles on the gravelly road, which with modern improvement will add in generous measure to the enjoyment of all motorists, and especially of vacationists bowling through the Redwood Empire, look like midget models and horses resemble Shetland ponies.

During the pioneer period stage-drivers on this road handled the reins under continual mental tension, expecting momentarily in localities favorable to road-agent activities the stern command to "Halt! Throw up your hands!" Bandits "playing solo," such as Black Bart, and outlaw gangs such as the one that included Brown, Carr, Gaunce and Billings were perniciously in evidence in Lake, Mendocino and northern Sonoma counties, and shipments of cash or bullion were customarily guarded by shotgun messengers. Old Jim Miller, a veteran driver, once raced a bullet-riddled stage to the nearest village and safety; thereafter he proudly carried a watch of the diameter of a saucer attached to a chain of commensurable size, both made from silver bullion he had saved, which were presented to him by a grateful express company.

MARKS TRAGIC SPOT

Far and near the titanic sentinel, which in all likelihood kept frowning vigil over the mountain pass when Paleozoic man was drawing or carving crude images of animals on the walls of caves and the faces of cliffs, is known as "Lover's Leap," or prosaically and less euphoniously, as "Squaw Rock." It marks the scene of one of the most tragic and pathetic events recorded by Indian tradition.

PREVIOUSLY to the coming of the white man and for many years afterward the Digger Indians of the region to the north of San Francisco Bay were divided into tribes living in villages or hamlets; since the day of the early Spanish settlers these have been known as rancherias. Until 1890, or thereabout, several rancherias in Mendocino county were situated near Russian river; at that time three or four tribal units gathered together in a settlement flanking the present Redwood Highway, approximately one and one-half miles north of Ukiah, which received the name of Pinoleville. A few other rancherias are still in existence, notably one near Hopland, but many descendants of the Russian river Diggers make their homes on the government reservation in Round Valley. The names of certain tribes have been preserved for posterity, but the native designations of others have faded into "the dark backward and abyss of time."

Born and reared in Ukiah, the name of this city being a corrupt form of that of old Chief Yokaya



"Whisky Jennie," with her little daughter and male papoose. She earned her nickname by her capacity for fire water. The mentality of this squaw was far above the average of the members of Digger tribes.

changed somewhat when repeated by the same person a few weeks later. The degree of variance seemed to depend primarily on how much fire-water was in storage under the narrator's belt. In the main their versions of ancestral deeds, achievements and experiences were never contradictory.

NOTORIOUS BULLY

Outstanding among these conservators of Indian tradition was a notorious bully on whom townspeople had bestowed the name of Charlie Brown, but who was best known by his sobriquet of "Squealing Charlie," humorously given to him by reason of his squeaky, falsetto voice—a striking peculiarity in a man more than six feet tall, weighing about 230 pounds. When sober, which could hardly have been regarded as his normal state, "Squealing Charlie" was harmless and even good-natured; when only half drunk he was quarrelsome; when "saturated" he was dangerous—the "bad injun" of the valley hated and feared by the members of every tribe, irrespective of age or sex.

Eventually he was stabbed to death in a drunken brawl. After his burial his relatives united in observing a period of public mourning in accordance with racial religious custom. The keening was so vociferous and prolonged that Newt Cleveland, a noted humorist of the county, remarked rather uncharitably: "They evidently want to escort his spirit so far into eternity that there'll be no danger of its finding the way back."

"Whisky Jennie," spouse of "Whisky Jack," both characters being well known to the whites of the valley, was another excellent source of legendary lore. She washed soiled clothing weekly for several families in Ukiah and spent the most of her hard-earned money for booze, which she always shared with her husband. Jack was seldom interested in anything except getting a bottle of whisky, brandy or gin; his bottle was shared with nobody; Jennie could drink as much

early-day photographer of Ukiah actually masked her emotions with wonder and vague conjecture. Among the squaws, especially, there was much surmise—the feminine tendency to gossip seems to have no limitations of time, race or geography—but none could suggest a plausible explanation other than a lovers' quarrel. Hope sprang anew in the breasts of certain ambitious young braves, with an eye single to wearing the eagle feathers of chief, and many a youthful "mahala" was secretly delighted by the thought that after all she might be the one to grace the tepee of the son of the medicine-man.

LEADER IN CONTESTS

IN THE HILLS east of Russian river, less than a mile from the towering rock, lived the powerful tribe of the Miyokamas. Among its braves Tokumwah (Panther Claw), son of the medicine-man, was ungrudgingly admitted to be the leader in contests of skill, speed and strength, and far less cheerfully was acknowledged by his unmated brethren as favored suitor for the hand of Wakoonah (Water Lily), the only child of Ohokah the venerable chief.

Ohokah was well pleased to observe the evidence of mutual attraction between his beloved daughter and the son of the influential medicine-man. To vision the descent of his high office to one who he was confident would worthily perpetuate the honor and glory of the tribe—ah, the Great Spirit was indeed beneficent in His attitude toward the lowly creatures groveling in the dust at His feet!

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"Squealing Charlie" Brown, notorious Indian bully of the Ukiah valley, who met death in a drunken affray at the hands of fellow tribesmen. He is here shown in the costume of a Poma (or Pomo) dancer.

the shallows was scarcely more than a rivulet at this season, Tokumwah again stopped and looked carefully around. In the light of the moon the stream mirrored like polished silver the stately oaks and the drooping willows bordering its bank, but the Indian's thoughts were not of the beauties of moonlit scenery. Perceiving nothing to cause uneasiness, he leaped from one partly submerged rock to another, then to a mass of driftwood and reached the opposite bank without the necessity of removing his moccasins and wading.

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the distance to the stream, came from the brushy side of a hill the call of a coyote to its mate. As its short, sharp cry merged into a mournful wailing and gradually died away, pressing silence, a premonition of evil caused the redskin to lay his hand on the haft of the flint knife at his belt, and he paused in the shadow of a madrona to peer searchingly about. Failing to discern anything of a suspicious nature, he felt reassured and walked rapidly onward.

His sense of security was ill-founded; the eyes of love when jealousy has been aroused are keen—and watchful! A few rods behind him a woman slipped along as lightly and silently as the wildcat stealing upon its prey. From rock to rock, from tree to copse she glided, keeping in the shadow

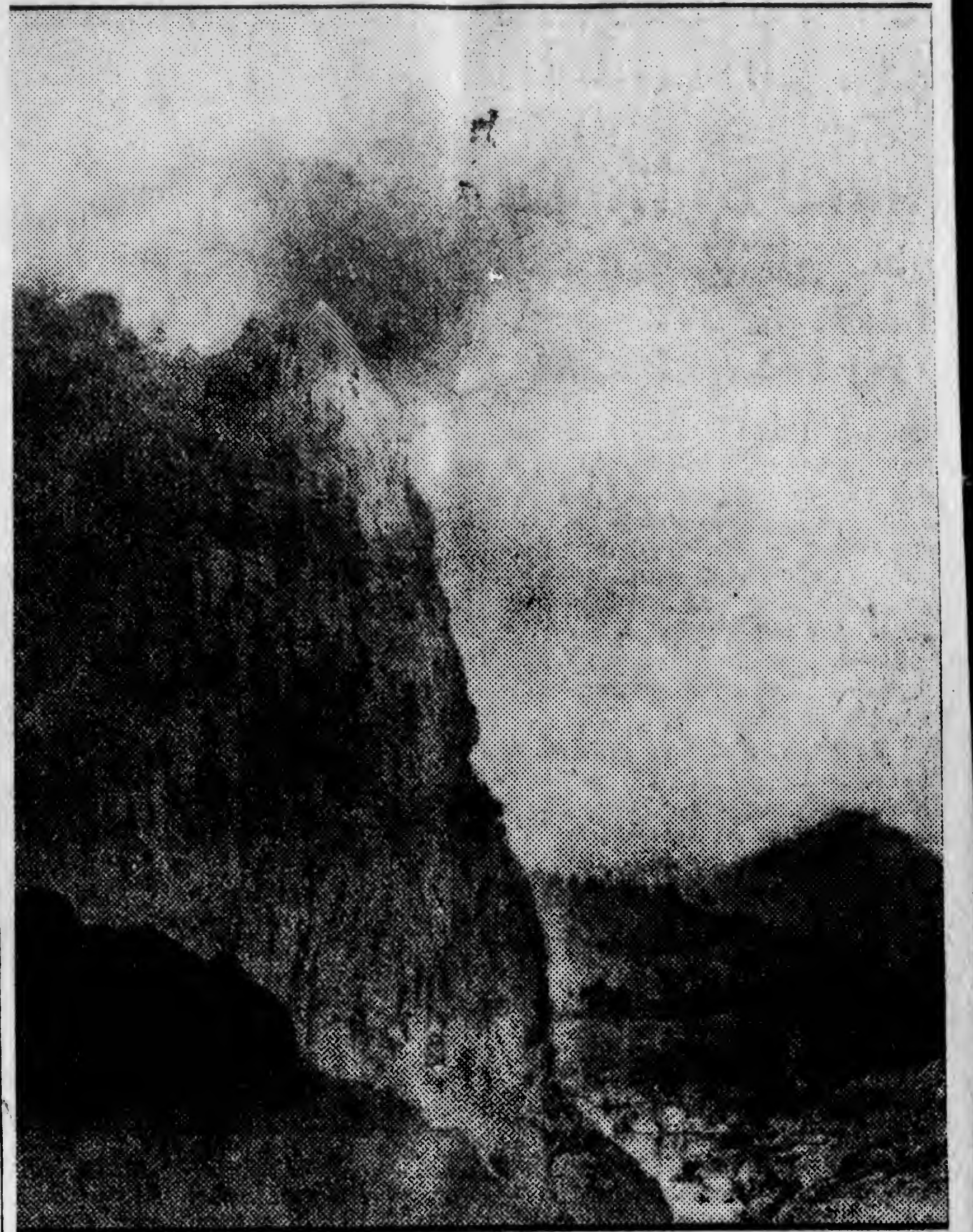
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DID NOT HEAR SOBS

Ascending the mountain by a zigzag path, the brave, panting from his exertion, halted momentarily on the ridge to regain his breath; his tall, muscular form was silhouetted against the sky as he gazed down the western incline toward a flat on which the dying embers of a bonfire in the village of an allied tribe were still visible. Thus engrossed he did not hear the half-suppressed sob that came from a manzanita thicket through which he had just passed—it was the involuntary cry of a broken heart. Only a zephyr heard and sighed in plaintive sympathy.

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In a few minutes the rustling of dry leaves underfoot and the snapping of a dead twig showed that the evident signal had been heard and that somebody was coming from the direction of the village. He sprang forward with welcoming arms as a comely girl hastened into the open space; with



"Lover's Leap," the enormous rock tunneled through by the Northwestern Pacific railway near Pieta in Mendocino county, which according to Indian tradition perpetuates the memory of a maiden who leaped from its lofty summit to her death on the boulders of Russian river when she discovered the faithlessness of the brave to whom she was betrothed.

enraged animal caused him to whirl half round with cat-like swiftness and instinctively to raise his arm as if to ward off an attack. The needle-pointed dagger fashioned from the leg bone of a black bear that had been aimed at the heart of the maid he was caressing bit viciously into his forearm.

GIRL FLEES SCENE

WITH a cry of baffled rage in which there was a note of anguish Wakoonah dropped her weapon, turned and was off with the speed of a frightened deer. Her faithless lover stood momentarily dazed and speechless from the shock of the unexpected assault made in such jealous fury. His rising anger was quickly throttled by a recurrence of the presentiment of trouble which had come to him with the weird howling of the coyote. A mixture of shame, contrition and foreboding overwhelmed him when finally, without any well defined reason, he bounded after his betrothed—but many precious seconds had been lost.

The girl's course lay back along the ridge down which she had vengefully dogged the footsteps of Tokumwah, but she kept on past the point where the trail diverged and led down to the river, on and up, with the speed of the wind, to where the ridge converged with others in the comparatively level top abutting on the prodigious rock. She was heading directly toward the brink of the precipice, where yawned the deep gorge of the river!

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Wakoonah was within a hundred feet of the fatal chasm and her

quickly!) The only answer was a peal of mocking, insane laughter.

LEAPS TO DEATH

Now her voice had risen, gaspingly, in the somber death chant of her people: "O, Great Spirit, guide my feet to the Happy Hunting Ground! There may I dwell in peace with my forefathers evermore! Grant, I pray—" The pitiful appeal was silenced abruptly as Wakoonah's body had hurtled into space!

Tokumwah's knees weakened, he staggered and mutely raising his hands in a gesture of resignation to the will of Him to whom the tortured princess had made her prayer pitched forward, face downward. Prone and motionless, in abject despair he sprawled, while a minute passed—two, three! Then, lifting his head, he rubbed his eyes to make sure it was not all a hideous dream.

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ON THE LINE of the Northwestern Pacific Railway in Mendocino county, not far from the little station of Pieta, stands this colossal rock, marking some cataclysmic upheaval of the forces of nature ages ago. Winning its summit by way of the mountain which it buttresses, one may gaze almost vortically down to where in stormy season the waters of Russian river lash themselves into spumous fury on the boulders scattered along its base hundreds of feet below.

HOLDUPS FREQUENT

Across the river to the east, like a tan-colored ribbon, winds the old turnpike on which tolls were collected in the day when dust-eating travelers got a taste of martyrdom riding in churning thorough-brace stages, when freight was arduously hauled first from Santa Rosa, and later, after the railroad had been extended

same size, both made from silver bullion he had saved, which were presented to him by a grateful express company.

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Born and reared in Ukiah, the name of this city being a corrupt form of that of old Chief Yokayo (or Yokayo), the writer as a youth was keenly interested in Digger tradition, and whenever the opportunity offered would induce the older hombres and mahalas of Pinoleville to recount their tribal legends. These were of necessity obtained piecemeal, inasmuch as the Indians were in divers ways as temperamental as a prima donna, or a motion-picture star. They would sometimes break off in the middle of an engaging recital and stalk away without apparent reason, and invariably would take offense if a query was interjected. Oftener than otherwise one would disagree with another as to certain details of a story; sometimes a tale as told initially would be

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Eventually he was stabbed to death in a drunken brawl. After his burial his relatives united in observing a period of public mourning in accordance with racial religious custom. The keening was so vociferous and prolonged that Newt Cleveland, a noted humorist of the county, remarked rather uncharitably: "They evidently want to escort his spirit so far into eternity that there'll be no danger of its finding the way back."

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VOCABULARY LIMITED

Another good informant available to the writer was a sturdy but half-blind old hombre called "Ish-wah-nee" because of his voluble repetition of those words or syllables when annoyed by the town hoodlums. He was a veritable storehouse of folklore, but his English vocabulary was so limited as usually to make it difficult fully to grasp his meaning. The gift of a dime or some knickknack was required to get him to talk, for his disposition had been soured by the badgering to which he was so frequently subjected.

A middle-aged squaw named "Sally" knew several legends and if approached tactfully while she was washing clothing for white families would relate them. Once started she was rather talkative; this was a noteworthy trait, for most of the Diggers were taciturn unless in their cups.

Another exception to the rule was "Old Dutch," whose grin was perennial; he seemed to enjoy conversation with the whites at any time. Nothing he said, however, could be accepted as factual without corroboration, for Baron Munchausen had little on "Old Dutch" when it came to spinning yarns about anything, either current or prehistoric.

"Lover's Leap" was obtained from three sources, the versions all agreeing with respect to the main thread of the legend, though there were differences in non-essentials; as to these variances the writer has uniformly adopted the one which appealed to him as the most intriguing. It should be added that so far as his knowledge goes this gripping story of love, treachery, jealousy and despair, with its tragic ending, which has come down from father to son through many generations, has never been accorded more than passing reference in book or magazine, although it deserves indubitably to rank as a Digger classic.

The author wishes here to acknowledge his indebtedness and express his gratitude to Mrs. Grace Carpenter Hudson, talented daughter of the late A. O. Carpenter, an

and praise of her professional contemporaries. She supplied the illustrative pictures from files left by her father; they could have been obtained from no other person. Her husband, Dr. J. W. Hudson, is recognized as an authority on the life and customs of the Diggers.

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At nightfall Tokumwah would often repair to the tepee of his prospective father-in-law, where the elders of the tribe would discuss affairs in which Ohokah sought advice, welcome with due solemnity visitors from other villages and occasionally exchange reminiscences of the heroic deeds of their forefathers. He would sit in respectful silence, for it was not meet that youth should be obtrusive in the presence of age. Wakoonah would sit shyly in a secluded nook and mend moccasins or sew bright-colored beads on garments of doeskin. Her downcast eyelids would flicker upward at intervals and her pulse quicken as she met the ardent gaze of her lover.

WERE VERY HAPPY

By and by her father and his counselors would on some pretext or other discreetly retire to a nearby tepee and leave the two young persons to entertain each other. From time immemorial lovers in such circumstances have experienced little difficulty. Thus the days sped by, each succeeding sun bringing to the Indian maiden and her stalwart suitor nothing but happiness and the promise of good things for the future.

In early spring, when the trees were burgeoning and grass was carpeting the vales in emerald, the betrothal of Tokumwah and his winsome sweetheart was announced by old Ohokah at a council of the elders. Soon afterward the rumor gained currency that the wedding was to take place in the near future. Hints that the union was expected on the day before the next full moon caused the bashful girl nervously to finger the bracelet of wampum worn on her left wrist as she lowered her head in embarrassment, but she would neither affirm nor deny the truth of the report. He would have been bold, indeed reckless, who durst mention so personal a matter in the presence of the grave and reserved Tokumwah.

But the moon waxed to its full and waned, and again and again. Summer followed spring and the grass grew sere and yellow. Yet no announcement of a wedding date came from Ohokah. Now was whispered that the visits of Wakoonah's wooer at the chief's tepee were becoming less and less frequent. The once radiant face of the princess was growing pale and careworn and she seldom joined in the tribal dances, with the stoicism which was the heritage of the copper-

skinned tendency to gossip seems to have no limitations of time, race or geography—but none could suggest a plausible explanation other than a lovers' quarrel. Hope sprang anew in the breasts of certain ambitious young braves, with an eye single to wearing the eagle feathers of chief, and many a youthful "mahala" was secretly delighted by the thought that after all she might be the one to grace the tepee of the son of the medicine-man.

FOLLOWED BY WOMAN

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the trail until he had covered the distance to the stream, from the brushy side of a meadow came the call of a coyote to his mate. As its short, sharp cry merged into a mournful wailing and gradually died away, he was loath to disturb the depressing silence, a premonition of evil caused the redskin to lay his hand on the haft of the flint knife at his belt, and he paused in the shadow of a madrona to peer searchingly about. Failing to discern anything of a suspicious nature, he felt reassured and walked rapidly onward.

His sense of security was ill-founded; the eyes of love when jealousy has been aroused are keen—and watchful! A few rods behind him a woman slipped along as lightly and silently as the wild-cat stealing upon its prey. From rock to rock, from tree to copse she glided, keeping in the shadow wherever possible, except when a band in the trail hid her from the sight of him whom she was following.

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In a few minutes the rustling of dry leaves underfoot and the snapping of a dead twig showed that the evident signal had been heard and that somebody was coming from the direction of the village. He sprang forward with welcoming arms as a comely girl hastened into the open space; with an affectionate greeting she sank into his embrace.

Drawing her close, Tokumwah lowered his head and pressed his cheek tenderly against hers, when an inarticulate snarl as of some

black bear that had been aimed at the heart of the maid he was caressing bit viciously into his forearm.

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Wakoonah was within a hundred feet of the fatal chasm and her pursuer barely half that distance behind when he made a final supreme effort to catch her and drawing a deep breath shouted frantically: "Onulto muh, belhoon cooce!" (Precious one, come back

guide my feet to the Happy Hunting Ground! There may I dwell in peace with my forefathers evermore! Grant, I pray—") The piteous appeal was silenced abruptly . . . Wakoonah's body had hurtled into space!

Tokumwah's knees weakened, he staggered and mutely raising his hands in a gesture of resignation to the will of Him to whom the tortured princess had made her prayer pitched forward, face downward. Prone and motionless, in abject despair he sprawled, while a minute passed—two, three! Then, lifting his head, he rubbed his eyes to make sure it was not all a hideous dream.

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This restful domestic scene is typical of what might have been seen at Pinoleville in the '90's. The native woman in the checkered dress is "Sally," who was a washerwoman for white families of Ukiah. Unlike most early-day Indians, she was of a cheerful nature and inclined to be talkative.

Original Defective

Historical

1921 - 1934

DIARY OF CABRILLO IS DISCOVERED

New Light Thrown On Early
State History by Finding
Narrative of First Voyage
to Its Shores by Spaniard

Old Archives On Seville and
Madrid Yield New Knowl-
edge of Myth Period of Cali-
fornia and Western Coast

ALAMEDA, May 5.—Out of the dusty archives of the centuries a long forgotten memory of the Golden State has awakened again, and the voice of Cabrillo, early Spanish navigator in California, has spoken through his ancient diary, unearthed by a modern Californian. The man who has brought to light this old-time document and others throwing a new light upon early California history that have lain hidden in the the Native Son California History Research Fellowship to Spain, who has just returned to his home in Alameda.

Aiton brought with him more than two thousand closely typewritten pages of material concerning the California of other days, passages of history that have lain hidden in the archives of Seville, Madrid and Paris. For the last eight months Aiton and J. L. Meacham of San Bernardino, the other holder of the 1920 fellowship, have been investigating the archives of those cities in search of material which will throw some light upon the dim beginnings of California. Not only have Aiton and his companion unearthed considerable valuable material along this line, but they have also opened up new avenues into the masses of material still remaining.

CABRILLO'S DIARY FOUND IN SPAIN.

Aiton's particular field was an investigation of that period of California history embraced in the period of Cabrillo and the earliest Spanish navigators. He succeeded in finding a diary of Cabrillo's trip, a document that has lain untouched through the years, and which is said to contain practically all that can be found out about the voyage of the discoverer of California. Interesting food for speculation as to appreciation, or lack of appreciation, of values, is furnished by the legend someone had written on the back of the document: "No import," which translated means, "Not Important."

"I was certainly not of that opinion after having read it," said Aiton today. "I cannot understand the reason for the notation. The document was absolutely authentic. While looking for material on Cabrillo I also unearthed the diary of a hitherto unknown explorer of Lower California, a man named Bolanos, who made a trip up the outer coast in the early part of the sixteenth century. I have his diary complete. We also unearthed some interesting mission stuff, especially relating to the early days of San Diego, and a diary of a trip taken by one of the padres into the north."

NEW LIGHT ON ARIZONA HISTORY.

Meacham, who was working on Arizona and southwest material particularly, unearthed a complete list of the governors of Nueva Viscaya, as all that country was originally known. Up to the present there has only been a very incomplete list in existence. Meacham not only has this list but the commissions and records of each governor. I was also fortunate in being able to locate and secure a copy of the testament of Francisco Presciado and its diary of Illoa's trip in which the name of California is first mentioned."

Cabrillo Diary, Just Found, Tells of State's Discovery

(Continued from Page 1)

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Barcelona way bombings and riotings are of frequent occurrence. At one time strikers turned out electric lights and if it had not been for the troops they would have turned off the water supply. This condition existed for three weeks while we were there. There is no question but that Spain is on the verge of a great revolt."

The scholarships filled by Aiton and Meacham are the first ones operative since the war. The late Pro-

fessor Henry Morse Stephens was largely responsible for their inception and Professor Herbert Bolton, his successor, is increasing the scope of the work and it is announced, hopes in a short time to see fellowships established for Mexico as well as Spain. The 1921 fellowships are held by Roland Vandergrift and Ralph Kuykendall.

Next fall Aiton is to go to Michigan university to assume the chair of Latin American history. He will still continue with his California researches, however.



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In Seville the work of the two researchers was in the general archives of the Indes where they procured material of California history and investigated the general field for the Bancroft library. In Madrid they had the run of the national library and the Munoz collection. From Spain they journeyed to Paris to secure material upon the French influence in California. In Spain the government is co-operating to the fullest extent, according to Aiton, and there is hopes of the establishment soon of an American center for furthering the study of American history and influence. The mass of material collected by Aiton will be ready for publication by the end of the year.

The research work was greatly hampered because of the lack of proper catalogues, Aiton declared.

ASSAYS MADE OF LITERARY MINES

"It was like working a gold mine," said Aiton. "We would wade through reams and reams of handwritten script of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and then suddenly we would run right into something bearing upon California. Every time it gave a thrill and made us ready at the finish for more reams and reams of copy."

"Everywhere we went we were most hospitably received," he continued. "Spain, however, is like a volcano just about to erupt. If it were not for the guardia civil, which I think is the most efficient police force in the world, revolution would sweep the country. Twice we were close to bomb mixups. We were in Madrid when Prime Minister Dato was assassinated. The deed was done by three men in a motorcycle side car and if it had not been for the fact that no license numbers are required in Spain they would have been captured within a few minutes or a couple of hours at the latest. We were only three hundred yards from the palace of the Archbishop of Seville when it was bombed. The door was knocked in and from the roar and explosions we thought that a big battle had started. We rushed to the housetop, which was flat, and saw the people scurrying away in all directions. Smoke and wreckage filled the front of the palace. Three times bomb-

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HISTORY OF ORANGE COUNTY PROGRESS IS RECOUNTED IN TALKS BEFORE LIONS CLUB

Early history of California and Orange county was presented by T. E. Stephenson, president of Santa Ana Rotary, and the financial side of Orange county history was revealed by W. C. Jerome, auditor of Orange county, in a program in celebration of the thirty-seventh anniversary of the founding of Orange county, given at the meeting, yesterday, of the Santa Ana Lions club, with W. K. Hillyard, county surveyor, as chairman. The enabling act, creating this county out of a portion of Los Angeles county, was passed March 11, 1889, Hillyard announced, and he explained the necessity for creating the county as that of the wide difference in the conditions existing in this end of what was then Los Angeles county.

Stephenson began his interesting recital of historic events in California with the Indian period, touching briefly on successive periods in which Spanish dons and Americans played their part in the founding and development of the state. Asserting that the California Indians were the lowest of their type, because of their isolation from other tribes and the ease with which they got food, the speaker said the time was when estimates placed the number of redskins in California at from 70,000 to 200,000, with probably 2000 in this county before the Spanish came.

Pointing out that it was an easy thing to get a living here by reason of the abundance of fish along the coast, and particularly shell fish, Stephenson said that the Indians here were not as ambitious or as active as tribes which lived in the interior, which had to hunt and work to get meat. He asserted that many piles of shells, found along the county seashore, particularly in the vicinity of Laguna Beach and south, were accumulations left by the early inhabitants.

Period of Missions

The period of the missions followed and he recounted how Spain held the lands of California to prevent them falling to Great Britain or Russia. Santa Ana, he said, at one time was part of the lands controlled by the mission at Capistrano. During the mission period 20 land grants, each having an area of approximately 12 square miles, were issued by the Spanish government in California.

He declared it an error to refer to the period of the dons as the period of romance in California, for, instead of romance, there was instability and revolution. Around 1828, he said, Mexicans closed in on the missions and by the time of the arrival of Americans, in 1847, more than 600 grants had been made, with most grants embracing territory of 30 to 40 square miles.

Following the don period came the American period and adjustments. Grants either were sold by the dons or were lost to them on debts, and many were subdivided and sold in small parcels. He declared that the drought of 1862 was largely responsible for the big Stearns rancho, covering vast territory in the western and northern parts of the county, being sold in small tracts. It was about this time that the Yorba heirs sold off their large holdings, the site for Santa Ana being purchased from one of the heirs.

Sketches Hard Times

The speaker sketched the starting of Anaheim, Orange, Santa Ana and Tustin, and carried his auditors through the period of adversity experienced here by early settlers when the grape vine disease killed off the vineyards; the scale wiping out, almost completely the citrus industry; the result of the boom period of 1886-87, and the final stabilizing, in the late '90s, of the citrus industry by the organization of fruit growers' associations.

He closed by raising the question as to whether this section was not now entering upon another period of turning its back on agriculture, which has made the county what it is today, and centralizing efforts on the development of industrials.

Jerome stressed the point that Orange county has been advanced to her position today strictly by the sweat and labor of those who have tilled the soils. He emphasized the fact that the county has not had the assistance of men of large finance to bring about success through the shear force of their dollars.

"Co-operation of the people has been the story of the remarkable success in development of this county," the auditor said, and he pointed to the Anaheim Union

Water company and the Santa Ana Valley Irrigation company as the first co-operative efforts of the county residents, and the fruit and other produce associations that followed and which are operating successfully today.

Directing attention to the first meeting of the Orange county board of supervisors, held on August 4, 1889, and remarking that he had noted, on the minutes of the supervisors, provision for a visit to Contra Costa county, to get pointers on how to operate business of a county, Jerome said that the first full year's business of Orange county was that of 1890, when receipts from all sources was \$231,086.30 and expenditures \$227,000. Of the latter amount, \$64,000 was paid to the state for taxes collected. In that year, one-half the income was spent on education.

The auditor made the interesting observation that the first warrant drawn on Orange county and made payable to a man who still is living, was in favor of J. P. Greeley, of Balboa, who was county school superintendent. It was warrant No. 8. The fifty-ninth warrant was made to E. F. Waite, of this city, who is a deputy assessor, working each year during the assessing period. His work is confined to a portion of Santa Ana.

Compares Valuation

The assessed valuation of the county, in 1911, he said, was \$30,000,000, with receipts totaling \$1,200,000. He compared this with valuations, last year, of \$154,000,000, exclusive of operative property, which brought the grand total to \$173,000,000. Receipts last year were \$7,000,000 and all the money was spent.

Pointing out that in school buildings, courthouse, county hospital, detention home, road equipment, parks and real estate, the county had assets of \$9,576,000, exclusive of county highways, the auditor emphasized the fact that county officials had nothing to do with the creation of taxes. He stressed the fact that the greater portion of expenditures, in the counties and in the state, was voted by the people.

"Good roads and high class educational facilities have gone hand in hand in making California what it is today," the auditor commented, in pointing out that California has more high school pupils than any state in the union, and that Orange county has more high school pupils, per 1000 population, than any county in the Union.

Places Tax Burden

Placing the burden of increased directly on the shoulders of the people, Jerome said that it was for the voters themselves to decide whether the state and the county should continue to go ahead in providing the good things they enjoy or whether there should be a halt in expenditures, with the units stepping backward.

"After we have gotten what we want, and have gotten dollar for dollar, let's be happy and quit complaining," the speaker said, in concluding his talk.

Preliminary to the program, Harold Wahlberg, president, announced that telegrams had been received from the Atlantic seaboard, the east and middle western states, complimenting the program given over KHJ recently by the Orange County Council of Lions clubs.

Tom Willits and Dr. Merrill Hollingsworth, members of the program committee, introduced a debating stunt on the question: "Resolved: That Orange County Should Spend Some of Its Money in Lengthening the African Pigmies." By lot, Fred Merker and John Henderson were chosen to take the affirmative, and Burr Shafer and Mark Lacy, the negative. The latter side was accorded the honors.

Long Beach Sun, Mar. 14, 1926

Abell Speaker Recounts Romance of El Camino Real

By EOLINE ALDRICH

The romance of El Camino Real, which was trod in the long ago by sandal-shod padres as they wended their leisurely way from mission to mission, was simply but effectively revived by Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes on Friday at the Woman's City club at the request of Mrs. J. W. Allison, who was in charge of the program, the speaker recounting the manner in which she and her husband helped arouse public sentiment to the need of good roads to the historical chapels and churches.

When they first came here from Pennsylvania and decided to visit all the missions, their trips were made in a horse-drawn buggy, or on horseback, and the speaker said she and her husband often had to walk considerable distances, as some of the roads used by the padres had been entirely obliterated by the ruthless hand of time. Mrs. Forbes told with commendable modesty the story of how she came to originate the design of the iron standards, topped by a replica of the mission bell, which now mark the long trail of the padres from San Diego to the farthest mission in Northern California, stating that 430 of the markers have been placed since the first one was posted by the old plaza church in Los Angeles on August 15, 1906.

Related Historic Facts

Mrs. Forbes, who is Los Angeles district chairman of history and landmarks and has been doing work along this line with the California Federation of Women's clubs since 1903, came to Long Beach on Friday to speak on behalf of California Indians. In doing this she presented their case with impelling eloquence, reading extracts from the land grants to these first Americans from the Spanish kings, told of the Guadalupe Hidalgo treaties and explained the greed of the Mexicans and later of the Americans, which finally resulted in the present plight of the mission Indians and their progeny.

The speaker told of the movement to have the statues of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, discoverer of California, and John C. Fremont, who received the surrender of the Mexican army in 1847, placed in the Hall of Fame at the national capitol in the space reserved for the Golden state, which is now empty. She intensified interest in this project by reading a letter from Mrs. Fremont, written at Long Beach under date of March 30, 1897, to H. N. Rust anent the desire of General Fremont to have a worthy man appointed as Indian agent at one of the Montana reservations.

Mrs. Forbes asked if anyone in the audience knew the cottage occupied temporarily by the Fremonts, which at other periods was used by the Lyons family of Redlands, and she was much pleased to find that Mrs. A. J. Swingle knew the latter family and thought the house could be accurately located. Mrs. Forbes hopes that it may be preserved and marked in an appropriate manner.

Two Bills Favored

Mrs. Louis J. Gillespie had the pleasure of introducing Mrs. Forbes and closed the afternoon program by giving much illuminating information about her own work as state and district chairman of Indian welfare, including the reasons why clubwomen are asked to work for the passage of Swing-Johnson Senate bill No. 3020 and House bill No. 8821. At the conclusion of Mrs. Gillespie's talk, Mrs. J. W. Allison, who is the club's chairman of Indian welfare, introduced a motion favoring the bills, which the club unanimously adopted.

The text of bill No. 9497, sponsored by Mrs. Florence Kahn, senator from the northern district, was read by Mrs. Gillespie, who ex-

plained that it is to provide funds for returning to the California Indians lands of which they were unjustly deprived. She stated that Dr. Mariana Bertola, president of the California Federation of Women's clubs, had wired her to start working in support of Mrs. Kahn's bill, and assuring her of the federation's active help.

Music for the program featured the Indian theme, Mrs. Florence Perkins singing "The Land of the Sky Blue Water" (Cadman), "Indian Love Calls" from the opera "Rose Marie," and "Waters of Minnetonka" (Lieurance), accompanied by Mrs. Arthur J. Keltie. Mrs. Perkins has recently come to the city from Miami, Fla., and she was accorded an enthusiastic reception on account of her lovely soprano voice, which is of good range and of limpid purity. She sang the two old favorites with an artistry that imbued them with a fresh beauty. The singer was introduced by Mrs. J. Oliver Brison, music chairman of the club.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
NEWS

JAN. 3, 1930

INDIAN HISTORY STUDY PLANNED

Berkeley School Teachers to Get Unique Course

History, arts, customs and culture of the American Indian will be the subject of a novel course to be offered to Berkeley school teachers by the University of California Extension Division.

Howard Otis Welty will direct the course, which will begin the latter part of the month.

"The American Indian has made contributions to the economic welfare of the world that are invaluable," declared Welty.

He believes that some plan should be worked out to give the California Indian social and economic independence.

JAN. 23, 1930

Shasta Wants Historical Data, Here It Is on Wars With Early Indian Tribes

Since Shasta county has organized a historical society for the purpose of compiling pioneer history and marking historical sites, and since the early history of the two counties of Shasta and Siskiyou, and all of the northern end of the state for that matter, is so intertwined and interlocked, Daily Siskiyou News feels it a proposition to supply some early data.

March 4, 1853, advices from Yreka to Shasta town by Pony Express Rider Jack Honsley gave alarming news of an Indian uprising in Siskiyou. In Scott valley and Cottonwood the reds had been unusually bold and the hills about Yreka were aglow with the war signals. The Indians were in force at their headquarters, called the "Cave," on the Klamath river, preparing for a general uprising.

Negro Reveals Plans

Cottonwood miners arrested a colored man who was known to have visited the cave. They put a rope around his neck and were about to string him up when he confessed that he had gone to the cave to try and get money that had been stolen from murdered whites and hidden there. On pretense of buying powder from the Indians he planned to get this money for his own use, but the Indians had already spent it and had several flour sacks full of powder in cans as well as caps and bullets and about 45 army rifles that had been obtained by squaws of the Kanakas living along the Klamath.

The Scott Valleys were to join with the Klamaths and the Modocs were to assist. The Indians were making great quantities of arrows. The plan was to attack in divisions

or tribes. Applegate and Rogue river were to be overrun.

The attack in Siskiyou was to begin at DeWitt's Ferry, then to take Cottonwood and raid Shasta and Scott valleys. The Indians were confident of their ability to sweep out the whites.

Indians Come to Feed

The ferryboat on the Klamath was beached to prevent it from being destroyed and miners were concentrated to defend Cottonwood. The Yreka Herald announced a general uprising and called on every man in the country who had weapons of any kind to get their guns in order and be prepared to use them at a moment's notice.

The whites went up the river and caught an Indian spearing salmon. He didn't hear them until too late to get away. They filled him up with grub and firewater and sent him to his camp to invite the rest of the tribe to a big feast. The Indians all came and mighty few got away. Some jumped into the river, but most of them were killed or, being wounded, sank in the stream.

February 24, 1854, there was a fight between Captain Johnson's rangers and the McCloud Indians, and 22 bucks were made good Indians and three others came pretty near being sent to the happy hunting grounds. Many of the killed Indians were wearing the clothing of Chinese, as a party of the "pig-tails" had been attacked on the McCloud.

Chinese Butchered

A company of Chinese with two whites for guides came over from the Copper City country on Pit river in search of the rich diggings that it had been rumored paid \$1000

per pan and existed on the Pit or McCloud in the Indian country. The camp was surprised by Indians and only two Chinese survived. One got into the brush and after much suffering managed to reach the Pit river camp, where the alarm was given and a company of whites organized. The other survivor managed to hide in a big hollow oak and he was there when the avenging expedition arrived. His companions had been butchered all around him, but he had never left the tree except at night to get water.

A party of 19 settlers also had a brush with Indian stock raiders who had raided Hooper's place on Oak run. They bagged nine bucks on the trip and barked up five more that got away. A fight occurred on Clover creek and the Indians belonged to the Whitossa band.

The *Rurik*, flying the Russian flag, ostensibly on a scientific errand but, from the records left by captain, the scientist Chamisso and the artist Choris, there are many reasons to suspect the political interest was largest and

that a main purpose was to study the Spanish occupation and determine whether or not it was strong enough to challenge any Russian plans. Adelbert von Chamisso, writer and botanist, who was on board, left some fascinating observations while those of Captain von Kotzebue were more guarded. These records, with the writing of the painter Login Choris make up the most of the book and are filled with incident and comment on San Francisco in the days when it was not more than a settlement around a mission. "It seems to me," writes Mahr, "that it was one of the principal objects of the *Rurik* expedition to investigate how much power of resistance there was left in the dying organism of the Spanish colonial empire; or, to express it in other terms, to what degree the defiance of Spanish rights could be carried with impunity." The historic importance of the work may be inferred from the fact this is the first time the Spanish documents of the *Rurik* visit have been published. The originals were destroyed in the fire of 1906, but fortunately the historian Bancroft had had most of them copied. They are printed in the book along with the Russian accounts.

As Chamisso Saw Us

IN THIS WORK we may read from the pen of Chamisso that: "On the afternoon of the 2nd of October, 1816, at four o'clock, we sailed into the harbor of San Francisco. A great deal of movement in the fort at the southern entrance of the channel was apparent. They hoisted their flag; we hoisted ours, which did not seem to be recognized, and saluted the Spanish by firing seven times. This salutation was returned by the same number of shots, less two according to the Spanish custom." A pretty complication followed for Captain Kitzebue was determined not to land until the Governor had boarded the ship to deliver a greeting and the Governor stood upon his dignity ashore. A compromise was finally effected and the Russians were royally entertained by hosts who could ill afford the luxury. On shore was drawn a document which may have been one of the main objects of the visit. It pledged the Spanish not to disturb the Russian colony at Bodega, though as Chamisso says, "even if the valiant Don Pablo Vicente had not given his solemn promise, he would scarcely have begun hostilities, and undertaken an expedition against the Russian settlement at Bodega." That settlement was Fort Ross but nowhere in the negotiations does Kotzebue admit there was a fort. When the ship left Chamisso noted: "The waters of the harbor of San Francisco was phosphorescent, through its whole extent, with luminous paths of light. The waves rolled up on the beach of the shore beyond the boat, perceptibly shimmering with fire." He made an examination of the water under a microscope but "found in it exceedingly small infusoria in no great abundance, to which, however, I hesitate to ascribe a particular connection with the luminescence."

Of the Indians

OF THE INDIANS who were here in 1816 Captain Kotzebue writes with little enthusiasm: "The coast of California is inhabited by so many tribes, that there are frequently in the Mission, Indians of more than ten different

racés, each of which has its own language. As we were leaving the Mission we were surprised by two groups of Indians, which were also composed of different nations. They came in military array; that is, quite naked, and painted with gay colours; the heads of most were adorned with feathers and other finery;

is inclined to think that romance ran away with what has been a favorite yarn. Excerpts from the letter of one who is an authority follow: "During my five years of research I have

Examined manuscripts in the Bancroft Library, as well as in the archives of Mexico, England, France and Spain, specially in the Vallejo papers which he gave to H. H. Bancroft. But in all my investigations, nowhere have I come across that most romantic little story. Perhaps I may have missed it but it seems to me such a momentous event as a royal visit to the Pacific Coast would have been mentioned by many people in their writings. . . . In the first place, just to point out a few inaccuracies, Russian princesses were not in the habit and, you may be sure, not allowed to make 10,000-mile jaunts to the most remote part of the world just for the fun of it. You must remember that in those days such a trip would take over two years to accomplish and the hardships were such that often even the hardiest men did not survive. What then would a tender, sheltered Russian princess, without a proper escorting party and altogether unannounced, be doing here in the wilds of Fort Ross? Again, in 1831 Vallejo was just over 22 years of age, having been born in 1808, and was only a second lieutenant stationed at San Francisco. His superior officer at the time was Lieut. Don Ignacio Martinez. At that time Vallejo had not been across the Bay and it was not until May, 1833, that he went to Fort Ross for the first time in command of an exploring party sent out by General Jose Figuerva. I have these facts and Vallejo's confidential report of his explorations before me at this moment.

Why Russians Quit

CONTINUING, my correspondent says: "At that time Vallejo did not know Chief Solano and, also, that chief never had 75,000 Indians as there were not that many in the neighborhood. Professor Kroeber, our greatest authority on the California Indians, places the figures at not more than 200,000 for the whole State. At the most there may have been some 15,000 or 20,000 Indians in what are now Napa and Sonoma counties. Vallejo did not go to Sonoma permanently until the end of 1834 when he was appointed commissioner to secularize Mission San Francisco Solano, and he did not begin to found the town until 1835. Also in 1831, Salvador Vallejo was only 16 years old, since he was born in 1814, and moreover he never was on good terms with the Indians. Perhaps the Russians did name Mt. St. Helena after a Russian Princess but I am quite certain that she was not at the top of the mountain at the time. Climbing Mt. St. Helena would be quite a job for any princess even in this day and age. It would have taken her party several days to make the trip to the mountains and had they been menaced by hostile Indians it would have taken about a week before Vallejo could have arrived to the rescue since he would have to cross from San Francisco where he was stationed. Besides, he would have had to secure permission from the Governor to make the expedition. Besides, Vallejo did not receive the title of General until 1836 when he was appointed Commandante General by Governor Alvarado. . . . The real reason why Russia abandoned Fort Ross in 1841 is given in a letter from the Russian commander at Ross, Rotchef, to Governor Alvarado. He said that due to the insistence of Great Britain that Russia live up to their treaty of 1824, to retire north of 54-40, the Russian Government had been forced to abandon its California posts."—G. T.

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Of the Indians

OF THE INDIANS who were here in 1816 Captain Kotzebue writes with little enthusiasm: "The coast of California is inhabited by so many tribes, that there are frequently in the Mission, Indians of more than ten different

races, each of which has its own language. As we were leaving the Mission we were surprised by two groups of Indians, which were also composed of different nations. They came in military array; that is, quite naked, and painted with gay colours; the heads of most were adorned with feathers and other finery; some of them, however, had their long hair covered with down, and their faces daubed in most frightful manner. "The captain remarks the Indians were ugly and stupid and there was "nothing remarkable in their war dance." He tells of a fight between a bull and bear, arranged in the honor of the Russians; "the combat between these two animals was remarkable, and though the bull often tossed his raging antagonist on his horns into the air, he was obliged to yield." Camisso thought the same spectacle disgusting. Another picture of San Francisco in 1816 is given by the artist Choris: "Two leagues to the southeast of the presidio and on the southern shore of the harbour is the Mission of San Francisco, which makes a fair-sized village. The mission church is large and is connected with the house of the missionaries, which is plain and reasonably clean and well kept. The mission always has a guard of three or four soldiers from the presidio. The village is inhabited by fifteen hundred Indians; there they are given protection, clothing and an abundance of food. In return they cultivate the land for the community. By authority of the superior, a general cooking of food takes place, at a given hour each day, in the large square in the middle of the village; each family comes there for its rations which is apportioned with regard to the number of its members." Choris describes the Indians, their games and songs and gives a list of the tribes as he could learn them during the short stay.

ended. *Oakland Calif. Tribune Oct. 4 1931*

That Russian Princess

THE STORY of the visit of a niece of the Czar of Russia to California, back in 1831, has brought The KNAVE an interesting letter from a research writer who, with most others, is inclined to think that romance ran away with what has been a favorite yarn. Excerpts from the letter of one who is an authority follow: "During my five years of research I have examined manuscripts here in California, at the Bancroft Library, as well as in the archives of Mexico, England, France and Spain, specially in the Vallejo papers which he gave to H. H. Bancroft. But in all my investigations, nowhere have I come across that most romantic little story. Perhaps I may have missed it but it seems to me such a momentous event as a royal visit to the Pacific Coast would have been mentioned by many people in their writings. . . . In the first place, just to point out a few inaccuracies, Russian princesses were not in the habit and, you may be sure, not allowed to make 10,000-mile jaunts to the most remote part of the world just for the fun of it. You must remember that in those days such a trip would take over two years to accomplish and the hardships were such that often even the hardest men did not survive. What then would a tender, sheltered Russian princess, without a proper escorting party and altogether unannounced, be doing here in the wilds of Fort Ross? Again, in 1831 Vallejo was just over 22 years of age, having been born in 1808, and was only a second lieutenant stationed at San Francisco. His superior officer at the time was Lieut. Don Ignacio Martinez. At that time Vallejo had not been across the Bay and it was not until May, 1833, that he went to Fort Ross for the first time in command of an exploring party sent out by General Jose Figueroa. I have these facts and Vallejo's confidential report of his explorations before me at this moment.

Why Russians Quit

CONTINUING, my correspondent says: "At that time Vallejo did not know Chief Solano and, also, that chief never had 75,000 Indians as there were not that many in the neighborhood. Professor Kroeber, our greatest authority on the California Indians, places the figures at not more than 200,000 for the whole State. At the most there may have been some 15,000 or 20,000 Indians in what are now Napa and Sonoma counties. Vallejo did not go to Sonoma permanently until the end of 1834 when he was appointed commissioner to secularize Mission San Francisco Solano, and he did not begin to found the town until 1835. Also in 1831, Salvador Vallejo was only 19 years old, since he was born in 1814, and moreover he never was on good terms with the Indians. Perhaps the Russians did name Mt. St. Helena after a Russian Princess but I am quite certain that she was not at the top of the mountain at the time. Climbing Mt. St. Helena would be quite a job for any princess even in this day and age. It would have taken her party several days to make the trip to the mountains and had they been menaced by hostile Indians it would have taken about a week before Vallejo could have arrived to the rescue since he would have to cross from San Francisco where he was stationed. Besides, he would have had to secure permission from the Governor to make the expedition. Besides, Vallejo did not receive the title of General until 1836 when he was appointed Commandante General by Governor Alvarado. . . . The real reason why Russia abandoned Fort Ross in 1841 is given in a letter from the Russian commander at Ross, Rotchef, to Governor Alvarado. He said that due to the insistence of Great Britain that Russia live up to their treaty of 1824, to retire north of 54-40, the Russian Government had been forced to abandon its California posts."—G. T.

FEB. 23, 1932

Here and There

— BY MAY CASE —

Some Early California Indian History

Excerpts from manuscript owned by D. W. Tulloch of Oakdale, lecturer, written by James H. Carson, who was a soldier with Col. Fremont's company.

Written for the Republican, Stockton, California, and published Jan. and Feb., 1852: Carson takes up the history of Tulare plains in the first part of his series of articles stating that he is trying to give a true account of this part of California, which he states, remains a hidden mystery to nine-tenths of the people of California.

Carson gives a detailed account of its location, being 300 miles in length with an average width of 60 miles.

The climate, as Col. Fremont remarks, is like that of Italy.

He also makes a report of its rivers, and naming many of them as navigable at that time that are now dry or have been until this winter.

Carson gives his own experience in making trips by boat in many streams and also notes the fine oak forests that cover the plains even to the shores of Tulare Lake. Carson when visiting the hills to the east of Tulare Lake reports that at his feet on the mount on which he is standing that the grass has been trampled down and the smokes of immense fires have scarcely died away, where a large encampment had just left. "Yes, it is the late camp of the Indian Commissioner."

These were the treaty fires where they have been making treaties with the beasts of the field in human shape—standing on the border of this camp is a line of ashes which mark the spot where once stood immense buildings erected at great expense to the U. S. government, there are within it twelve hillocks of fresh earth. These are the graves of twelve of our murdered countrymen. Here over these smoking ruins, here over the graves of our murdered companions, have the soft hands of the commissioners grasped in friendship these of the incendiary and the murderer of our people. And here, these good commissioners signed away to the Digger Indians, all the rights of the white man to the best portion of this desirable spot. Can these treaties stand? Will the settlers of California submit to it? No! Look among

Jas. H. Carson then makes this unusual report of the Indians of California in 1852, biased by the fact that his partner had been killed by the Indians a short time previously to the writing of this story and his hatred of the Red man crops up throughout the report, and his knowledge of the Indians was scant. He says: "Indians habits and customs: As far as the earth has been explored man has been found inhabiting it wherever it would afford him subsistence. Columbus discovered a new world, navigators after him discovered islands, and continents, and always they met their own kind in thousands who were little above the beasts of the field and of all human specimens yet discovered none were found who approached so near the brute as the Digger Indian found west of the Rocky Mountains of the United States.

The Indians of Tulare Valley number 6,000, about one half of this number inhabit the mountains and are fair specimens of the Digger Indians. The other portion inhabit the plains along the rivers and lakes—a great number of these old Mission Indians who have introduced many traits of civilization into their different tribes, the Notonotes and several different tribes of the Ataches, and among the most advanced in many respects in the means of covering their nakedness and procuring food such as human beings subsist on. These tribes that have intermixed with the miners in the different mining districts have to a great degree laid aside their old modes of life and in a measure adopted that of the whites, at least so far as rascality extends. Between the Digger Indians of the Sierra Nevada and the grizzly bear there is but slight difference existing which amounts to the bear being brave and the Indian is not. The Indian's superiority over the bear is that he knows how to talk and make fires otherwise they live on the same food and their habits are similar. Between these two hostility exists. When the bear is attacked he will often run away but sometimes he fights and then there is an Indian less. Many Indians are thus destroyed. The great competition is in the acorn business as both partly subsist on the acorn. The habits and customs of the Digger Indian is that of man in his most primitive state. They have no article of covering for their bodies and go naked as they came into the world. Their habitations during the summer season are constructed of the boughs of trees placed in a circle on the ground with the tops drawn together and formed into a cone of wicker work. Their winter habitations are made by digging a hole in the ground and placing over it a frame of poles, which

is covered with bark and grass, then covered over with earth about two feet deep, with an aperture left in the side of this just large enough to admit the body of a man. These huts are built without regularity or uniformity, to suit the size of each family. The captain of the tribe has his hole generally in the center of the village and is generally much larger than the others.

In inspecting one of these holes it seems hardly possible human beings can live a day under such conditions as the Indians are unclothed, underfed, and packed into such small space as to often prevent them lying down and many of these holes house a dozen people where there is only room for three.

Government of the Indians: Each tribe or rancheria has a captain (chief). Several tribes usually combine and have one captain that holds despotic sway over his inferiors. The captain's commands are the law. The right to rule is hereditary in the male line, the oldest son taking the captaincy occasioned by the demise of the father, but at times these captains are dethroned and a chief captain is appointed by the tribe.

Religion: As regards a Supreme Being the Digger Indian has no knowledge. They hold in high reverence anyone possessed of the power of doing sleight of hand tricks. Necromancy is the only faith they worship and incantation and mysterious acts are universally practiced by them.

The partly civilized tribes that were former Mission Indians believe in a Supreme Being.

Marriage: When these Indians want a squaw for life (or rather a slave) the hombre, after watching those who are unmarried for a little while, selects the one he thinks most capable in gathering acorns and roots, and can pack the greatest load in her basket. After making his choice he asks the captain for her and is invariably granted his consent. When the girl is informed, if she refuses the offer she then subjects herself to become common property of the male and becomes an outcast of the tribe. They marry young. The tribes do not increase greatly on account of the mode of living which causes so many deaths among the babies, and because, after the birth of a child, the man and woman do not cohabit for a term of three or four years when the child is able to take care of itself."

(Continued next issue.)

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Tulare Lake is laid down double the size it is today by Fremont in 1842. Tulare is 50 miles long and 20 miles wide.

In speaking of Tulare and Buena Vista Lake, Carson states that Col. Fremont gave as his opinion that Walker's pass was the only practical way to the coast. Carson said, "If the iron horse ever snuffs the balmy air of California it will be, Fremont imagines, from the hills of Buena Vista."

Carson then reports the trip of Lieut. Hamilton of the U. S. army by boat on Tulare coming in from King's river.

A description of the agricultural possibilities follows: Among other crops he mentions that rice could be raised and recommends that the Chinese, numbering several thousand, become citizens and take up this work and that of growing tea. Also states that there is "plenty of timber for plank or railroad ties, if a railroad is ever built in California. "It is but for the American people to say it shall be and presto, change—it is done! Things go slowly now between the two oceans, and unless some genii of the Universal Yankee tribe invents an aerial road and some day come skimming it thru the air, the railroad will be built."

In the vicinity of Tulare Lake thousands of wild horses roamed.

Carson then refers to the mineral resources and predicts that this region would be peopled with thousands of miners for a hundred years. At that time the miners received their supplies from Stockton.

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(Continued next issue.)

Original Defective

MAR. 3, 1982

Here and There

— BY MAY CASE —

Some Early California Indian History

(Continued from last week)

"Burial—The tribes who were under the constraint of the Mission Indians bury their squaws in a sitting position. The men in most instances, are burned, with the exception of the more civilized tribes around the lakes who bury their dead and adorn the graves for a season with feathers and all fancy articles of which they are possessed. Before burial takes place the whole tribe spends a length of time howling in a piteous strain over the deceased who is finally consigned to the earth amid incantations and presents from the survivors of his people. Among the tribes of lower Diggers in their natural state, their dead are burned, men, women and children, as they have no tools of any kind, not even a knife with which to dig. I have witnessed many of these funerals of both sexes, from the withered and aged whose flesh has become dried and wrinkled, down to the infant which has fallen from its mother's arms, dead, and I will never be able to erase this scene from my mind. The first funeral I witnessed was on the Consume river and the rancheria on which the departed lived, was situated on the beautiful bottoms from which arose tall pines whose boughs formed a canopy above and around it rose the high and rugged hills tipped with everlasting snows and at our feet there murmured the crystal waters of a fine creek. The scene was beautiful

"On a cleared piece of ground a short distance from the bushes, a vast heap of dried wood was piled up on which the departed was to be laid and consumed. Curiosity lead our men to the spot. The sun has set and night was drawing her sable mantle over the earth when the whole tribe was chanting unearthly incantations around the fires of their huts until darkness competely enveloped the scene. Then arose a wild shriek from out the hut of the departed that was answered by every one in camp—torches were lighted—and by their glare the corpse was borne to the funeral pyre. The body was placed on it and more fuel was piled around it—then commenced the wild chant—an incantation for the dead and music for the funeral dance. The chief applied the first torch to the pile and in an instant it blazed forth in a hundred places. The screams of all combined arose wild and the unearthly forked flames that enveloped the body shot high up among th tall pines and lighted up the wild spot around. When the body has become charred by the fire sharp poles were repeatedly thrust thru it, to aid the flames in their work of destruction and amidst the howling of these people, the dance continued until the body was consumed. The funeral of a captain is attended by more ceremony and the wailings are kept up for several days. The only marks of

Atache tribes of the Tulares, appear to be a distinct race from the Digger Indians and the Notonotoes declare themselves to be the remnants of a great people.

In 1847, the Notonotoes and the Ataches, having ascertained that the government of California had passed into the hand of the Americans, hastened to make treaties with Colonel Mason, military governor of California. At that time, the stipulation of these treaties only bound them to respect the American flag and people and to be at peace with the whites for which the American armies were to give them protection. No broad or fertile lands were asked for or given.

"These Indians inhabit the shores of the lakes and north of Kings and cultivate corn and vegetables. They also catch fish, kill wild horses and jerk the flesh and generally have plenty to eat. A great portion of them go to the settlements and towns during the summer and work for which they get well paid. They then purchase blankets and clothing and very few of them go naked in winter. Their habitations approach more toward civilization being made of mats woven from Tules and flags which are stretched on poles similar to the lodges of our eastern Indians. These lodges are also furnished with many of these mats to sleep on. I have been in many rancheries of the Notonotoes and have partaken of their hospitality. The rancheries of the Notonotoes are situated at the point of land formed by the junction of Kern river with Tule Lake. These Indians are intelligent, hospitable and great friends of the white man and the only Indians in California, perhaps, who have traditions and recollections of the past history of their race or country. They have a way of reckoning time by cutting notches on a stick. This log or history, is kept by the very old men who appear to have highest respect paid them by members of their tribes. Each notch in these sticks has a legend or traditionary tale of the time in which it was made. I would recommend the antiquarian to visit these Indians and study these sticks.

"We could not understand their computations of time as carried on in this way. They have no other numerals than ten. Among the many legends which they have is one which bears with it some shade of

probability as it points to a phenomena in nature that we can see as being possible. They say that many moons ago their tribe was large and powerful men. That they had large cities and inhabited all the lands. That in those days all the great valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin and Santa Clara were one sea that had no outlet where it now has San Francisco but that the waters from it rushed into the sea near Monterey thru where the Pajara river now runs but when their people were great and powerful the mountains melted and burned up, and in the flames their people were mostly destroyed and while the mountains continued to burn, the earth shook and the hills fell down and the waters rushed over them into the sea where it now does at San Francisco and left these valleys dry. This tradition is also related by the remnant left of the Santa Cruz Indians and from the formation of the country to which it relates, it bears a likelihood of truth. On these Tulare plains there is to be found in the low hills seventy five feet above the level of the plain imbedded in sand stone and gravel. The formation of the earth in the valley and hills is a great field for the geologist."

Carson then warns against the treachery of the Indians to people coming to California.

He then gives a story of wild horses in California stating that they roamed the country in great droves of from 200 to 3,000. Their range extended from Mt. Diablo to Tulare Lake. He stated that the plains were covered with them and that from an eminence one could see them by the thousands.

The remainder of this newspaper story relates to the wild animals and game and the reclamation of tule lands.



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Mode of subsistence: In the spring of the year the Digger Indian lives on a specie of clover, which covers the valleys and mountains, coming up about April 1st. This grass is fine and soft and lasts until the extreme dry weather. The squaws gather a few edible roots and seeds from different weeds, young tule shoots, bugs, worms, frogs, snakes and many kinds of small roots are used as food until the rivers reach low stages of water. The rivers are filled with the finest fish in the world and when the waters are low the Indians catch them by hand and sometimes they use spears and shoot them with arrows. During the fish season the Indians fare splendidly and eat until they become torpid. In the fall the acorn is hailed jubilantly and during the first part of the acorn season, the Indians hold their annual feast composed of fish and acorns and sometimes if a horse or bullock can be secured it is barbecued in a way peculiar to the Digger.

"During the winter when the rains have rotted the seeds and the acorns are all eaten, the seeds of the white pine and such insects and small animals as they can kill constitutes their food. Many must annually die of starvation. Many of the Mission Indians place their winter acorns high in the trees and out of reach of the grizzly bear, and thus have food most of the winter months. The squaws gather the food stuffs and work from early morning until night, but no provision is made for tomorrow.

Tradition of the Notonotos: As I remarked before, the Notonotos and

and great friends of the white man and the only Indians in California, perhaps, who have traditions and recollections of the past history of their race or country. They have a way of reckoning time by cutting notches on a stick. This log or history, is kept by the very old men who appear to have highest respect paid them by members of their tribes. Each notch in these sticks has a legend or traditionary tale of the time in which it was made. I would recommend the antiquarian to visit these Indians and study these sticks.

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could see them by the thousands. The remainder of this newspaper story relates to the wild animals and game and the reclamation of tule lands.

FEBRUARY 11, 1934

Holt Mill Indian Battle

UP IN GRASS VALLEY Edmund Kinyon is seeking information as to the exact location of the Holt Brothers saw mill which was attacked by Indians in 1850. Story has it, it was "four miles below Grass Valley" and Kinyon's best guess is that it was on Randolph Flat on the Rough and Ready Road. The sawmill attack was a vicious one while it lasted. A drunken white man had acted in ways to arouse the ire of Chief Wemeh and his tribe and it is reported that following a dance and ceremonies the Indians, a large number, attacked the mills. Samuel and George Holt, and James Walsh were there and, also, an invaluable dog named "Brutus." It was Brutus who did most to hold off the attack which quieted down after Samuel Holt had been killed by arrows. Beans Directory, published in 1867, says "Brutus for his courage and watchfulness was worth five men; he would seize an Indian by the throat who had been too obtrusive, and in divers ways evinced that he was the dog for the occasion." The Indians having been avenged, they allowed George Holt, badly wounded, and Walsh to depart. Next day came soldiers from Camp Far West and a great number of miners. In two days the Indians had been killed or run away. Chief Wemeh and from sixty to one hundred of the tribe were deported to a reservation at Laytonville, Mendocino County, where they were held for a number of years before being permitted to drift back to their old hunting grounds. On the subject, the same region is taking interest in a plan to designate Storms Ranch as a historic landmark. There is nothing there now, save a depression in the ground, to mark the place "where, by all accounts, stirring events once took place and from which high revelry was no stranger." In the older documents there are few mentions of Storms Ranch. Perhaps some of the older readers will be able to add to the story.

Yount at Yountville

Perhaps it is not impertinent to ask how many know even a little of the history of George C. Yount, after whom Yountville was named? A tribute paid him by the Daughters of the War of 1812 brings up the subject and the facts set forth in connection supply information concerning a sturdy figure of the frontier days in the Napa and Sonoma country. Yount, who had been an Indian fighter, arrived in the Napa Valley in 1831 and engaged in trapping. He found the place a wilderness to delight the soul of an adventurer, for there were Indians there in numbers, grizzly bear, and all kinds of "varmints." Making friends with the Indians, this man who had fought other tribes established himself securely. In 1836 he built the first log house and raised the first chimney ever erected by an American in California, or at least that is the way the story has it. That log house was also a fort and the scene of many exciting affairs. Yount wrote of the bears: "They were everywhere on the plains, in the valleys and on the mountains, venturing within the camping grounds so that I have often killed as many as five or six in one day, and it was not unusual to see fifty or sixty within twenty-four hours." At Sonoma the *Index-Tribune*, telling the story, adds: "Such was the colorful life of this grand old figure of early days. He was born in North Carolina in 1794 and died at Yountville in 1865. Large land grants made to him by the Mexican government and later confirmed by the United States made him a wealthy man. He is credited with having erected the first flour and saw mill in the State of California. His war record before coming to California and his brave campaigns with the sons of Daniel Boone inspired the Daughters of the War of 1812 to revive his memory and erect the marker he so richly deserves."

F. F. Latta

1931 - 1934

JULY 2, 1931

"BANDITS OF THE SAN JOAQUIN"



By **F. F. LATTA**

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"It was an easy shot and I would surely have killed him if the gun had not missed fire. The cartridge McPherson had found was rim fire and would not work in my gun.

"Procopio circled about to the south and forced a nearby Mexican to give him a horse, saying that he had just killed a man and had to leave the country.

"This was the most exciting experience of my life. The shooting did not last one minute, but in that time more than forty shots must have been fired.

"Sixteen shots were fired from my rifle. Procopio fired at least twelve times. Whitesides fired five shots. Other members of the posse fired at least ten shots. With the exception of McPherson, Procopio was the only one who hit anything. I believe that McPherson killed Whiteside's horse.

"During the shooting the horses had pulled the hitching rack down and were running across the plains still tied to the pole. It was some time before we could catch the horses.

"As soon as I caught my horse I rode back to the store after more cartridges. A portion of the posse then took up Procopio's trail, but were not able to overtake him."

JUAN SOTO

The following account from the files of the Overland Monthly was prepared by John A. Henshall from data furnished by Sheriff Harris of Santa Clara county, a member of the posse which ran Soto to earth. This data was furnished at a time when the event was fresh in the minds of the participants and is undoubtedly the most complete and accurate obtainable.

"Another of these desperadoes less known but more brutal even than Vasquez, was Juan Soto. This renegade also seemed to be favored by chance for years in his exemption from capture.

"Of mixed Indian and Mexican blood, he was a veritable Hercules, standing six feet two inches in height, and weighing over 220 pounds. A veritable human wildcat, absolutely devoid of fear, and animated by a devouring hatred of the Americans who were slowly establishing the reign of law and order in California, he was dreaded even by his associates. His narrowed eyes, low forehead, and thick lower lip were but the physical manifestations of as cruel a spirit as ever animated a human being.

"This renegade operated in the Livermore Valley and adjacent country on down to San Luis Obispo. He attained the bloody peak of his career by his at-

persuasion, promised to show them the Saucelito Valley, where the outlaws were encamped, on condition that he be allowed to retire before the fun commenced. This was agreed to, and the party climbed the last ridge which overlooked the valley. Three small huts were to be seen. It was evident that the retreat of the gang lay farther up the canyon.

"Acting on the suggestion of the Alameda sheriff, the posse divided into three parties, each of which was to surround one of the adobe huts and capture any inmates. Before they could carry warning to the bandits.

"Little did the brave officers surmise that the dreaded outlaws were at the very moment ensconced in fancied security in one of the very habitation, they were approaching. Morse and Deputy Sheriff Winchell comprised the first party, and rode to a corral where they met a Mexican whom they asked for a drink of water. The bandit, for such he was, led the way to the house, and Morse and Winchell, after dismounting, followed him.

"Neither officer expected to encounter opposition, but Morse took the precaution to carry his revolver in his hand, leaving his rifle behind, hanging to the saddle. Winchell carried a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot.

"Their guide entered the hut, and Morse and Winchell followed, only to find themselves confronted by Soto, and surrounded by a dozen desperate outlaws and their paramours. Then commenced a fight which will be told and retold as long as the exploits of brave men are remembered.

"Morse, with a quick intuition born of previous encounters, saw that a moment's hesitation would be disastrous, and almost coincident with his entrance, covered Soto with his weapon and commanded him to put up his hands.

"The sheriff, who pays the renegade the tribute of being a man of unsurpassed physical bravery, recounts how the bandit sat immovable as a graven image, and glared at him. The rest of the Mexicans began to draw their weapons, and Morse again gave the order to surrender without eliciting any response. At this, the American officer still keeping the leader covered with his weapon, drew his handcuffs with his free hand, and throwing them on the table, ordered Winchell to advance and arrest the outlaw. The deputy advanced to his task bravely enough, but weakened at the critical moment, and seized with a frenzy of fear, ran out of the door, leaving the sheriff in the midst of as ferocious a

With the exception of McPherson, Procopio was the only one who hit anything. I believe that McPherson killed Whiteside's horse.

"During the shooting the horses had pulled the hitching rack down and were running across the plains still tied to the pole. It was some time before we could catch the horses.

"As soon as I caught my horse I rode back to the store after more cartridges. A portion of the posse then took up Procopio's trail, but were not able to overtake him."

JUAN SOTO

The following account from the files of the Overland Monthly was prepared by John A. Henshall from data furnished by Sheriff Harris of Santa Clara county, a member of the posse which ran Soto to earth. This data was furnished at a time when the event was fresh in the minds of the participants and is undoubtedly the most complete and accurate obtainable.

"Another of these desperadoes less known but more brutal even than Vasquez, was Juan Soto. This renegade also seemed to be favored by chance for years in his exemption from capture.

"Of mixed Indian and Mexican blood, he was a veritable Hercules, standing six feet two inches in height, and weighing over 220 pounds. A veritable human wildcat, absolutely devoid of fear, and animated by a devouring hatred of the Americans who were slowly establishing the reign of law and order in California, he was dreaded even by his associates. His narrowed eyes, low forehead, and thick lower lip were but the physical manifestations of as cruel a spirit as ever animated a human being.

"This renegade operated in the Livermore Valley and adjacent country on down to San Luis Obispo. He attained the bloody climax of his career by his attack on an American family at Sunol in January, 1871. On that occasion, as the shade of evening deepened, he entered the little store of Thomas Jones in the Alameda county village, killed the clerk, Otto Ludovici, and robbed the store.

"Before leaving, he fired two or three volleys into the room at the rear of the store, where Mrs. Jones and her children were crouched in terror. But his lust for blood was satisfied by the sight of the dead body of the clerk, and he watched the frightened family run across to a neighbor's house without further molesting them.

"Harry Morse, then sheriff of the county, determined to spend his entire time, as far as possible, in running this murderer's head into a noose.

"A posse was organized, and, after long weeks of scouting it was learned that his headquarters were in a canyon in the Panoche mountains some fifty miles from Gilroy. This country is today but little traversed, and then was probably the least known and most avoided section of Central California. A few Mexicans, ostensibly sheep-herders, but in almost every case allies of the bandits, lived in scattered adobe huts, hidden by protecting rocks.

"There were no roads, and Morse's party comprised in all probability the first Americans to penetrate the jumbled mountain ranges and cross their almost inaccessible canyons. In conjunction with Sheriff Harris, of Santa Clara county, a few proven men were chosen, and the party set out to kill or capture Soto and his associates. As they advanced, no signs of human habitation could be discerned.

"The third day out, however, a lone Mexican shepherd was caught sight of who, after much

ced in fancied security in one of the very habitation, they were approaching. Morse and Deputy Sheriff Winchell comprised the first party, and rode to a corral where they met a Mexican whom they asked for a drink of water. The bandit, for such he was, led the way to the house, and Morse and Winchell, after dismounting, followed him.

"Neither officer expected to encounter opposition, but Morse took the precaution to carry his revolver in his hand, leaving his rifle behind, hanging to the saddle. Winchell carried a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot.

"Their guide entered the hut, and Morse and Winchell followed, only to find themselves confronted by Soto, and surrounded by a dozen desperate outlaws and their naramours. Then commenced a fight which will be told and retold as long as the exploits of brave men are remembered.

"Morse, with a quick intuition born of previous encounters, saw that a moment's hesitation would be disastrous, and almost coincident with his entrance, covered Soto with his weapon and commanded him to put up his hands.

"The sheriff, who pays the renegade the tribute of being a man of unsurpassed physical bravery, recounts how the bandit sat immovable as a graven image, and glared at him. The rest of the Mexicans began to draw their weapons, and Morse again gave the order to surrender without eliciting any response. At this, the American officer still keeping the leader covered with his weapon, drew his handcuffs with his free hand, and throwing them on the table, ordered Winchell to advance and arrest the outlaw. The deputy advanced to his task bravely enough, but weakened at the critical moment, and seized with a frenzy of fear, ran out of the door, leaving the sheriff in the midst of as ferocious a band of murderers as were ever gathered together.

"As the deputy disappeared, a gigantic Mexican Amazon hurled herself upon Morse from behind and seized his pistol arm. A male desperado grabbed his other arm, and Soto arose, drawing his own weapon and shouting to his men to close in and kill the hated American officer. Morse, an exceptionally strong and active man, was at that time in the very prime of manhood, and as fine an athlete as the State could boast. With the knowledge that life or death depended on his next move, he exerted his powers, and threw off both his assailants, at the same time discharging his weapon at Soto. But in the dusky light his aim was faulty, and the bullet only pierced the bandit's hat.

"Soto, sure of his prey, leaped from his seat at the same moment as Morse. with a herculean effort, sprang backward through the door. The outlaw followed, and then a duel to the death commenced on the open space between the hut and the corral. Soto had a wide reputation of being a dead shot, in addition to his magnificent physical endowments and undeniable nerve, and his associate bandits watched the encounter confident that he would quickly finish the officer.

"When the fight commenced on the outside, Soto was within five yards of his opponent. He fired point blank at him four times, but Morse with an almost superhuman intuition, timed his shots, and, dropping to the ground at the 'psychological' moment, avoided the bullets.

(Continued Next Week)

JULY 3, 1931

LATTA FILMS INDIAN LIFE SCENES HERE

**FIRST ATTEMPT TO REPRODUCE
THE OLD LIFE OF THE WUK-
CHUMNE INDIANS WHO
LIVED HERE**

County Historian F. F. Latta, of Tulare was in Woodlake Tuesday on work connected with his work of reproducing in motion pictures the native life of the Wukchumne Indians, a sub-tribe of the Yocuts, who once inhabited the entire San Joaquin valley, and who were numerous in this section, and especially along the Kaweah river near Lemon Cove.

Mr. and Mrs. Icho, two of the remaining members of the almost extinct tribe, and their grandchildren were with Mr. Latta. Under the direction of their seniors the children, garbed in the costumes of the olden days cut tules in the low lands east of town, in the fashion of their forefathers. The tules are to be used in constructing an Indian house in the true Wukchumne fashion. This work is now being done under the eye of the motion camera on the Kaweah river in an isolated spot east of Visalia.

To date Mr. Latta has produced about 1000 feet of film on Indian life, which is but a beginning of his work. He plans to use the film for educational purposes to be used in a series of lectures which he is giving in the schools of the valley and before civic organizations.

LINDSAY, CALIF. GAZETTE

JULY 10, 1931

Latta Producing Film Story Of Valley Indians

F. F. Latta of Tulare, who is well known here as a historian of Indian life in Tulare county, is producing a film, showing the native life of the Wukchumne Indians, who once inhabited the entire San Joaquin valley. The pictures are being shot on the Kaweah river in an isolated spot east of Visalia. Latta intends to use the film for educational purposes in a series of lectures which he will give in the valley.

HANFORD, CALIF.
SENTINEL
JULY 15, 1931

KIWANIS HEARS OF VALLEY INDIANS OF EARLY TIMES

A vivid word picture of the San Joaquin valley, even before the first white settlers made their homes in the valley, was given at the Kiwanis club luncheon at Peden's today by F. F. Latta of Tulare, who gave a sketch of the Indian tribes that made their homes on the floor of the valley before the days of General Fremont.

Prof. Latta stated that he had gained a valuable knowledge of Indian life and conditions in the valley by talking with the early settlers and of a more intensive study of history.

Once Indian Nation

The San Joaquin valley, he said, was at one time occupied by one large Indian nation, composed of tribes whose customs differed in proportion to their environment. There were three strictly different types of culture among the Indians of the valley and their language varied with their localities.

He said there are at present only a few full-blooded Indians of the early tribes left in the valley.

Speaking of their customs he noted that an Indian village in the valley was not a mere collection of huts, but such villages were governed by ordinances and laws much the same as modern towns. There were rules of sanitation and the destruction of refuse, and against the polluting of streams, and the government was conducted with but little trouble or quarreling.

Tells of Tache Tribe

In his closing remarks Prof. Latta spoke interestingly on the Tache tribe of Indians that lived on the shores of Tulare lake, and whose descendants now occupy the rancherie south of Lemoore. He told of their custom of hunting and fishing and how they constructed huge rafts of tules, on which they would spend perhaps a week cruising about the lake, fishing and hunting wild ducks and geese.

Owing to the ever changing shore line of the lake, the speaker pointed out it was impossible for these Indians to build what might be called permanent habitations. Their dwelling were houses built of tules sometimes 100 yards or more in length, and in these the entire tribe lived, each family having its own camp fire and living and sleeping spaces, but never quarreling with their neighbors. He referred to "Indian Bob," a well-known character of rancherie, who, he said, knew the lore of the medicine men, and the art of practicing the charms on his tribe.

TULARE, CALIF., TIMES

JULY 15, 1931

San Joaquin Indian History Section Of Latta Serial To Begin Tomorrow; Many Interesting Topics Discussed

With the conclusion in this issue of the archaeology section of F. F. Latta's "History of the San Joaquin Valley", the section describing the Indians of the San Joaquin will be taken up, starting tomorrow. Subsequently the sections relating to the Spanish, Mexican and early American regimes will be published.

In Latta's section about the red men who formerly inhabited this valley is compiled a great deal of interesting information, and readers of the Times are advised to

miss none of the installments. Some of the topics to be dealt with are "Origin of the Indians", "The Yokuts or San Joaquin Valley Indians", "The River People", "Wukchumne Hogwallow Myth", "The Pestilence of 1833", "The sweat-house", "The Mother-in-law Problem", "Salt from Salt Grass", "Blackberry Jam", "Acorn Bread," "Yokuts Football", "Indian Paintings", "Tribal Traditions", "The Lost Treaties", "Armona Rancheria", "The Chowchillas", and "Kaweah River Myths."

HANFORD CAL. JOURNAL

JULY 16, 1931

ABORIGINAL LIFE IN KINGS DESCRIBED BY SPEAKER AT KIWANIS

The life of the original settlers of the San Joaquin valley—the Indians—was outlined yesterday at the Kiwanis club luncheon at Peden's cafe by F. F. Latta of Tulare.

Latta declared that much of his knowledge of the Indians had been gained in talks with early settlers and in an intensive study of history. Three distinct tribes, though members of the same nation, inhabited the valley in early days, he declared. The languages and customs of the tribes varied with the localities.

Indian villages, he stated, were not merely a collection of huts but were governed by laws in much the same manner as a modern town. Sanitation and the destruction of refuse, the polluting of streams and other matters were all governed by rule. Little trouble originated from the enforcement of the regulations.

The Tache tribe, making their homes on the shore of Tulare lake, were discussed by the speaker. Their methods of hunting and fishing were described. The Taches would construct large rafts of tules and spend possibly a week cruising about the lake on their fishing and hunting expeditions. The Taches had no permanent homes, the ever-changing shoreline prohibiting a settled residence. Their buildings were generally of tules, sometimes 100 feet in length, each family having a certain space in the community shelter. Latta also described the lore of the medicine men of the tribe.

VISALIA, CALIF.
VISALIAN
JULY 17, 1931

Latta Filming Indian Records

F. F. Latta of Tulare, who is becoming widely known by his knowledge of Indian lore, is making a film of Indian life in Tulare county, showing the native life of the Wukchumne Indians, who once inhabited the entire San Joaquin valley. Latta intends to use the film for educational purposes in a series of lectures which he will give in the valley.

The historian is busily engaged at present in completing his collection of data for a valley Indian history which promises to be one of the most complete ever assembled.

TULARE, CALIF.
ADVANCE REGISTER
JULY 23, 1931

'INDIAN' TALK GIVEN 20-30'S BY F. F. LATTA

Delegates Named To State Conclave In September At Long Beach

"More about Indians," was the theme of F. F. Latta's interesting talk last night to the 20-30 club at its regular meeting in the Hotel Tulare.

Latta declared that the passing of the Red Man was his reason for making the studies he is—to preserve the records of these first inhabitants of the San Joaquin valley.

That they did inhabit it, that this valley at one time was thickly populated with Indians, is a fact, declared Latta, for even yet there is one old Indian who remembers the coming of the first white men.

(Continued on Page 3)

ple had claimed this distinction. Lige Smith was another man who had come before Fremont, Latta found out from Molly. That the first settlers were not Spanish, but were "Americanos," was another fact Latta learned from her. Molly declared that the first settlers came about 1827 or 1828, and that after stopping a week or two at what is now Lemon Cove, they went north.

The remarkable thing about Blind Molly's tales, declared Latta, is that they check exactly with other records of these first settlements by white people.

The 20-30 club decided during the meeting to send the president of the club, Hugh Ross, and the immediate past president, Frank Boyesen, to the state 20-30 convention at Long Beach in September.

It was also announced that eight of the members would be present at the charter ceremonies for the newly-formed Lindsay Club Saturday night.

VISALIA, CALIF.
VISALIAN
JULY 17, 1931

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F. F. Latta of Tulare, who is becoming widely known by his knowledge of Indian lore, is making a film of Indian life in Tulare county, showing the native life of the Wukchumne Indians, who once inhabited the entire San Joaquin valley. Latta intends to use the film for educational purposes in a series of lectures which he will give in the valley.

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"Ma" assertedly promised him \$25,000 and told "Ma" Kennedy about it. where she was being kept in Mexico. appearance at Santa Monica, he found person made her "suff" to sand "the- claimed that when Almee Seimpe Mc- During the examination, Linda be sent to the asylum.

by Superior Judge John F. Pullen to pronounced unbalanced, and ordered quarters, examined by physicians and He was finally taken to police head- ought to free him."

named into prison. Governor Rolph line man and a great lawyer and was office staff by declaring Keyes "is a Yesterday, however, he annoyed the been regarded as a harmless "nut". tor's office for the last week, but had Linda had been haunting the gover- Stockton insane hospital today.

Asa Keyes, was on his way to the erday to get \$1,000 with which to free- went to Governor Rolph's office yes- bert Linda, 69-year-old German who SACRAMENTO, July 23. (P)—Ro-

Sent To Asylum

20-30 Club Hears Talk By Latta

(Continued from Page 1)

and he can describe the early treaties, signed in 1851, between the white settlers and the Red Men.

"Old Bill" Wilson, or "Pah-mit," is the oldest inhabitant of this section of the valley who was born here, said Latta. He lives at Friant and is now about 103 years of age. Another Indian, "Blind Molly," who died in 1928, had lived to be about 107 or 108, Latta declared.

From her he got much information about the early white people in this valley. Though he had a difficult time getting this squaw to talk, Latta says he finally accomplished it by discovering an old Indian language that she had not heard for many years. It pleased her so he won her confidence. She told him that a Mr. Everton was the first settler on the Kaweah river, though many white people had claimed this distinction. Lige Smith was another man who had come before Fremont, Latta found out from Molly. That the first settlers were not Spanish, but were "Americanos," was another fact Latta learned from her. Molly declared that the first settlers came about 1827 or 1828, and that after stopping a week or two at what is now Lemon Cove, they went north.

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TULARE, CALIF., TIMES

JULY 23, 1931

Passing Of Indian Life Latta's Theme In 20-30 Club Talk

A talk by F. F. Latta, authority on San Joaquin valley history, on the extinction of the California Indian, livened the 20-30 club meet held last night at Hotel Tulare.

It was voted to pay the expenses of the president and past president as delegates to the state 20-30 convention, which will be held at Long Beach over Labor day.

Eugene Askin was chairman of entertainment for the meeting, over which Hugh Ross, president, presided. Arnold Beck will be in charge of entertainment next Wednesday.

Latta gave a vivid description of the gradual disappearance of Indian life after the coming of the white men. He described Blind Molly, an Indian woman who saw the first surveyors enter the San Joaquin. Molly died two years ago at the age of 108.

When the surveyors passed through, the Indians were curious as to the reason for the stakes they drove into the ground. After the white men had gone on, the red men pulled up the stakes and were much puzzled not to find anything at the bottom of them.

The arrival of the first trappers was also described by Latta.

FRESNO, CALIF.
REPUBLICAN
AUGUST 6, 1931

LATTA TALKS AT LOS BANOS

LOS BANOS, Merced Co., Aug. 5. —At yesterday's luncheon of the Los Banos Exchange club, Frank Latta, historian, of Tulare, was the guest speaker. He talked for 20 minutes on the history of this part of the San Joaquin valley, from the days of the oxcart road which crossed the Los Banos creek in the Menjoulet canyon. Latta stated that the road developed from antelope trails into Indian trails and later into oxcart roads. He also gave historical facts concerning the early Pacheco pass road.

FRESNO, CALIF.
REPUBLICAN
AUGUST 31, 1931

Early Days Of Valley Will Be Shown At Fair

TULARE, Tulare Co., Aug. 30. —One of the most unique special exhibits ever presented in California, a picture gallery containing more than 800 photographs of Tulare county pioneers and early scenes, is now being prepared for the Tulare county fair here September 22 to 26 by F. F. Latta of this city.

Latta, one of the best known authorities on Indian and pioneer life of the San Joaquin valley, already has a collection of approximately 800 pictures of well known early pioneers and scenes, together with authentic and detailed information concerning each. Such historical events as the cutting and shipping of the first redwoods to the Centennial exposition in Philadelphia in 1876 and the World's fair in Chicago in 1893, grain harvesting and ranching scenes are included in the collection.

Latta is hopeful that several hundred more interesting photographs will be added to the display prior to the opening of the fair and requests that any person who has such a photograph communicate with him. If photographs are sent direct, he asks that the sender write the name of the person, date of settlement in Tulare county, and any other necessary information on the back of the photograph. Subjects should have resided in the county in the 80s or before.

LOS BANOS CALIF.
ENTERPRISE
SEPTEMBER 4, 1931

Farm Bureau Hears Talk On Indians

The meeting of the Farm Bureau last Friday evening was replete with numbers of interest.

The first on the program was a film production under supervision of W. H. Allison, Jr., and exemplified what women can do in way of home canning and preserving of fruits, vegetables and meats.

After regular business work had been dispensed with officers for the ensuing year were placed in nomination for the coming year, to be elected at the next regular meeting.

Frank Latta of Tulare gave an entertaining talk on the early history of the San Joaquin valley and devoted his lecture to the discussion of the Indians and their habits and habitations. The living habits of these first settlers were compared with those who inhabited the great plains, with our own Indians gaining by the comparison. Their houses being more substantially constructed giving proof of a more permanent abode against the roving habits of the great plains Indians.

Mr. Latta displayed a few baskets as examples of Indian workmanship, the making of these baskets being done by the women and young children.

SUCCESS-SPRINGVILLE

Miss Sylvia Wylde

Under the direction of Mrs. William Hilger, district chairman of Indian Welfare, of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, an interesting program was given in the schoolhouse of the Tule River Indian Reservation Sunday afternoon.

The first portion of the program was devoted to music, furnished by two piano pupils of Miss Wylde, Lorraine and J. D. Wilson. Attired in Indian costume, Lorraine opened the program with a piano solo, Little Indian Chief, by Lily Strickland. Numbers following were waltz from El Trovatore; Jack and the Beanstalk; LaGrande; Bird Waltz; Panaromo; Minuet; Mozart; Schubert's Serenade; Pixie's Good Night Song, Brown. This was followed by a group of piano solos played by Lorraine's younger brother, J. D., as follows: Sweet Violets, Kohler; Scissors Grinder, Erb; Bee March, Miller; Brownies in the Moonlight, Hulton. The children told several stories, introductory to their various selections, as well as the story of St. Cecilia, Pan and Schubert, displaying pictures of the subjects. "Good Bye, Little Friends," an original reading by J. D., completed the children's program.

F. F. Latta, of Tulare, who is devoting his time to Indian research work, gave a talk, touching upon his endeavors to record former Indian names of early day villages, tribes and everything possible touching upon Indian history. Each canyon, foothill and stream has its Indian name, stated Latta, and these he will make an effort to obtain and to make a matter of record. The speaker, using blackboard illustrations, began with the time when the Indian was the sole inhabitant of what is now the White man's country, and when "Chokovishin" an Indian village, occupied the present site of Porterville.

At one time, Mr. Latta stated, 50 tribes, designated as "Yokuts," all spoke one language. The advent of Spanish missions was touched upon, and the date 1867 was given as showing practically the entire San Joaquin Valley settled by new comers, with the Indians receding into the foothills. Mr. Latta spoke of the "Yauh-dauhn-shees", the tribe of the Upper Tule; the "Koyeti" tribe that inhabited the local district, of which one representative was present in the audience, an Indian having been born on Deer Creek; and the "Chumut" tribe of the Tulare Lake region. Stories and pronunciation of Indian words delighted the Indians, who enjoyed, thoroughly. Mr. Latta's understanding manner with them, his timely bits of humor interspersing his talk, and his tactful questions which included them, from time to time, in the lecture, in a personal way, which brought forth excellent results. Mr. Latta is encouraging the art of basketry among the Indians, but is anxious to see that a fair price is received for their labors. The Indian legend of how the weaving of definite patterns came to be a part of basketry was told, also, some of the older Indians among the audience being familiar with bits of the story, as they were with methods of smoking out squirrels, old-time deer hunting and other activities spoken of by their guest, some illustrating with enthusiastic gestures just how certain feats were performed, thus becoming a

part of the afternoon's program themselves in a very hearty manner. That the Indian has a sense of humor and can, when approached with kindness and understanding, bend from his so called taciturnity, was fully demonstrated Sunday afternoon by their response to the afternoon's program provided them. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Sheward, teacher and housekeeper at the reservation for the past three years, were present also, and announced that \$24.00 in prizes were awarded the school children of the Tule River Reservation at the Sacramento state fair, and that the first prize of \$40.00 for the best exhibit from an Indian day school, had been one of the prizes won, an announcement that was enthusiastically received.

Mrs. Hilger, who has served as Indian Welfare Chairman, for a number of years, has several special features in mind for the Indians this season, and will conduct another program there in the near future.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL.
CALIFORNIA
OCTOBER 14, 1931

WILL ADDRESS STUDENTS

McFARLAND, Oct. 14.—F. F. Latta of Tulare will speak before a special assembly of the student body at the local high school Thursday at 1 p. m. Latta studied and specialized in the early history of this country and will lecture on Indians and their customs. He will be accompanied here by an Indian woman, who will give a demonstration in basket making. E. P. Janes, principal, gives a special invitation to patrons of the school who are interested.

Original Defective

OCTOBER 23, 1931

F. F. LATTA TO SHOW HIS EDUCATIONAL PICTURES HERE

Pictures and Lectures to Instruct on Indian Life in Early Days of White Settlers

Some extremely worth while Natural Education programs are to be presented at the Woodlake Union High school in the near future.

One of the most interesting will be a series of pictures and talks by F. F. Latta of Tulare, who has made an extensive study of the Indians of this part of the valley. He has published a newspaper article that appeared several years ago in the Echo and since then has published another article on early days. He has a number of relics which he will show the public. Mr. Latta will at these meetings answer any question asked if possible. You cannot afford to miss these classes. The first of the series will occur on November 4 and 5; the second November 12, and the last on November 18 and 19.

These lectures do not cost you a cent.

Natural Science classes will be conducted by D. M. Bissell on October 21 and 22 when "Wild Heart of Africa" and "You'll be Sorry" a comedy will be shown.

On October 28 and 29 "Rango" two comedies "Felix" and "Hard Work will be the features.

The people of the community are fortunate indeed to obtain such a service free of charge.

JAN. 8, 1932

Latta To Give Special Course

TULARE, Jan. 8.—Quite possibly the most largely attended special interest section at the coming Tulare Adult Week-End school will be Frank F. Latta's course in San Joaquin valley history.

No one in the valley is better fitted to lead such a course than Latta, the San Joaquin's premier historian, who has made a great deal of personal research, written books on the subject and is making California history his life work.

Interesting material will be presented at each session in the way of geological and archaeological remains, Indian and Spanish relics, maps, pictures, and motion pictures taken by Latta himself. The personal experiences of those attending also will be drawn upon.

Special Groups

This course will be one of four special interest groups meeting simultaneously from 8:05 to 9:30 o'clock on six successive Friday evenings. The subject tonight, at the opening of the school, will be "Ancient San Joaquin Valley Geography. Human Remains. Was the San Joaquin An Inland Sea and If So, How Many Times?"

Other subjects will be:

January 15—Indians of the San Joaquin Valley.

January 22—Spanish and Mexican Expeditions. San Joaquin Valley Mexican Land Grants.

January 29—American Expeditions. Early Settlements.

February 5—The cattle era. Henry Miller, land baron. San Joaquin Valley Water Conditions.

February 12—Valley Developments. Grain. "No Fence." Railroads. Crime.

JAN. 8, 1932

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES OF CALIFORNIA PIONEER HISTORY STARTS TODAY IN THE GAZETTE

The Gazette begins today the publication of another interesting series of articles on early California days, which, though not written by F. F. Latta, valley historian who has prepared several absorbing serials that have previously appeared in the Gazette, were collected and arranged by him. They were written by H. C. Bailey, who came to California from Illinois, by way of the Isthmus of Panama, in 1852. Two of Mr. Bailey's grandchildren, Mrs. Fred Hopkins and W. L. Bailey, now live in Tulare.

After Mr. Bailey had set down his memoirs, the manuscript was scattered and presumably lost, but after months of searching, Latta has been able to recover the entire series, some of it in Los Angeles, some of it in Sacramento, and some in other places, in the custody of various members of the Bailey family. Concerning the story, Latta says:—These sketches constitute, beyond a doubt, one of the most complete and vivid accounts of pioneer California which has ever been published. Not a single thing that Mr. Bailey mentions appears dull. His sketches are vivid, and they present a true picture of the experiences of the miner who landed in California broke and had to make a way.

Mr. Bailey's writing always presents the subject from the standpoint of today and explains many things which many historians have failed to even mention, and all have failed to present so that the reader is made to live those days himself.

The sketches are short in length and are written so that each makes a complete story. They number more than fifty and treat with the trip to California, the landing in San Francisco, the various experiences of a tenderfoot, the making of a new home on the Sacramento River, the Indians, the mines, camp meetings and many other topics too numerous to mention.

Probably the most remarkable part of Mr. Bailey's writing concerns the Indians of the Sacramento Valley. We are assured by scientists who have studied them for more than fifty years that practically nothing has been recorded concerning their life when first disturbed by the white man.

Nine of the sketches deal with the Indians and present a clear picture of many details of their life and character. They leave the reader with the feeling that these people have been understood by the writer and are being given fair evaluation.

TULARE, CALIF.
ADVANCE REGISTER
JAN. 16, 1932

Indians Pictured And Discussed By F. F. Latta

Concluding his talk with the showing of moving pictures of the Yokuts Indians and their habits, F. F. Latta conducted an interesting session in his San Joaquin valley history group at the adult school here. Forty-four persons attended his lecture, which was illustrated with Indian baskets, mortars and pestles, bows and arrows, beads, crude stone instruments, stone bowls and ornaments.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ichu of the Wuk-Chumme tribe of Yokuts were present to talk, and witnessed themselves, their children and their grandchildren in the moving pictures. They are among the less than 20 Yokuts Indians left.

Latta talked of the history of the tribes which inhabited the San Joaquin valley, and of the early Spanish explorers in this state. During his talk he revealed that the padres had recommended Visalia, Alpaugh, Stratford and Kaweah for mission sites, and that two were started at Laton and near Maricopa.

FEB. 16, 1932

R. M. PRICE FILES OPINION WHICH HOLDS FOR WHITES

Master in Chancery Holds Against Riparian Claims Of Power Company

Judge Louderback to Take Final Action in Suit To Determine Rights

Holding that the United States government is entitled to but 25.21 cubic feet of water per second continuous flow during the irrigation season of 180 days for the irrigation of two thousand acres of Indian lands on the Walker river Indian reservation, Robert M. Price, special master in chancery in the Walker river adjudication suit instituted by the United States government, has completed his report, findings of fact and decree for submission to Federal Judge Harold S. Louderback for final approval.

GOVERNMENT'S CLAIM REDUCED

The government claimed it is entitled to 150 second feet of water from the Walker river for the irrigation of ten thousand acres of land in the Schurz reservation with a priority of November 29, 1859. The special master recognized the priority claim, but in reaching his decision held that the government is entitled only to sufficient water to irrigate the lands under cultivation, stating:

"There are upon said reservation approximately five hundred Indians. Ninety-six individual Indians are farming parts of one hundred and forty allotments of twenty acres each and ninety-six allotments have homes on them. The Indians generally refuse to irrigate at night and there results a considerable loss of water by reason thereof. The number of Indians upon said reservation is not increasing and it has not been shown that there is the necessity or demand by the Indians for the cultivation of a larger area of land than two thousand acres. A flow of water from said river of 25.21 second feet at the point or points of diversion during the irrigating season of 180 days is necessary for the proper irrigation of said two thousand acres."

FAVORS WHITE SETTLERS

Attorneys who participated in the suit say the opinion of Special Master Price is clearly in favor of the white settlers and that he holds the Indians are entitled to a volume of water sufficient to irrigate two thousand acres of land only. In writing his opinion Special Master Price held that when the government came into a court of equity, equitable principles must apply, and that the government, in this instance, is estopped from taking title to water which the white settlers have placed to beneficial use throughout a period of many years, during which time the government permitted them to do so.

Cole L. Harwood, special attorney for the government in the case, said the government will undoubtedly take an appeal from the finding if it is affirmed by the federal court.

POWER COMPANY RIGHTS

In connection with the claim of the Sierra Pacific Power Company to riparian rights on the West Walker river for irrigation of its holdings of 2634.74 acres of swamp and school land in the Antelope Valley district Price held that the company is entitled to:

"... the reasonable use of the water of the West Walker river and its tributaries for the irrigation of four hundred acres of land lying above Antelope Valley out of the land specifically described in the answer of said defendant."

He based this finding on the fact that the company and its predecessors in ownership of the land had diverted water sufficient to irrigate but four hundred acres of land prior to 1901 and had not increased the quantity of land under irrigation since that time.

RIPARIAN CLAIM

Price does not recognize the riparian ownership claim of the company, stating:

"It appearing under the California doctrine the riparian right to the water of stream is a part and parcel of the land through which it flows and not a mere incident to the land, it follows that in the case of the swamp lands (994.74 acres acquired under the Swamp Land act of Congress of 1859) the riparian rights of the Sierra Pacific Power Company attaching to such lands dated from the passage of the swamp land act (Sept. 28, 1850); that in the case of the school lands held by the company the riparian rights relate to the date of the school act (March 3, 1853), and that in case of the school lieu lands the riparian rights attach as of the date of the selection by the state of California and the approval of the selection by the secretary of the interior (June 25, 1896, June 15, 1898, and January 2, 1902).

NEVADA LAW

"But we have to consider also the law of Nevada. An early de-

(Turn to Page Two)

SCHURZ INDIANS

WATER RIGHTS

LIMITED

(Turn to Page Three)

cision in Nevada recognized the common law rule of riparian rights.

"Later decisions, however, definitely determined that the doctrine of appropriation and not the doctrine of riparian rights prevailed in Nevada.

"The two doctrines cannot be reconciled. If the doctrine of riparian rights as construed by the courts of California be applied in this case to the lands of the Sierra Pacific Power Company its rights at least for the greater portion of its lands would be superior to the rights of the water users lower on the river. If, on the other hand, the doctrine of appropriation as construed by the courts of Nevada be applied the rights of the water users in Nevada would be superior to the rights of the Sierra Pacific Power Company. . . .

"There is little precedent to assist us in determining the question presented. . . . The question, then, is what basis of apportionment will be equitable under the facts?

"It appears that water from the West Walker river and some of its branches has been applied to between three and four hundred acres of said defendant's land. . . . An equitable apportionment would be to allow the Sierra Pacific Power Company water for use upon four hundred acres of land out of the lots described in its answer and cross complaint to the extent of an amount reasonably necessary for the irrigation thereof."

DUTY OF WATER

In a stipulation entered into by the parties to the suit during the hearing the duty of water was fixed at .016 cubic feet of water per second per acre of land irrigated during the irrigation season. The irrigation season was fixed to conform to the decree entered in the case of the Pacific Livestock Company vs. T. B. Rickey, known as decree No. 731, with the exception of the lands in the Bridgeport valley on the East Fork of the Walker river and all points above the Coleville gauging station of the west fork of the river, where the irrigation season was set to cover the period starting March 1 and ending on September 15.

HAWLEY DECISION

In his report, Mr. Price discusses at length the questions involved in the government's contention that in withdrawing the land from entry to establish an Indian reservation it impliedly reserved, for the use of the Indians, water from the river for the irrigation of lands within the reservation. Mr. Price recognizes this contention, citing the decision of Judge T. P. Hawley in the Winters case in connection with the Ft. Belknap Indian reservation in Montana. The Hawley decision was later affirmed by the United States supreme court. Judge Hawley was a member of the Nevada supreme court before being appointed a federal judge.

Mr. Price in his report also recognizes the government's contention that the Walker river Indian reservation was created on November 29, 1859, when the department of the interior issued its first withdrawal order, although the presidential executive order withdrawing the land was not issued until March 18, 1874.

The decree prepared by Mr. Price embodies the priorities and acreages of the white settlers as determined in the Rickey decree and as stipulated between the attorneys for the various parties during the hearing. The decree also includes the same administration provisions of the stream system as outlined in the Rickey decree.

Copies of the decree and other findings were placed in the hands of the various attorneys today by Mr. Price. A hearing date will be set to correct any errors of fact and the report will then be submitted to Judge Louderback.

The federal judge will conduct hearings at which the attorneys for the interested parties can enter objections. His final decision and decree can be appealed to the circuit court of appeals and possibly to the United States supreme court.

First Residents Of San Joaquin Valley Were Most Interesting Race

Contradicting the conception that the San Joaquin valley Indian was the lowest form of the primitive races, F. F. Latta, of Tulare, yesterday told members of the Fresno Rotary club at the Hotel Californian that Valley Indians were so far above the predatory tribes, even by our standards, that there was no comparison between the two.

"The San Joaquin valley," Latta declared, "was once occupied by one of the most interesting races of people. It was the largest of any of the Indian groups in language and blood groups and covered a territory from the Sacramento river to the Tehachapi mountains and from the Sierra to the coast ranges. In this group there were, it is estimated conservatively, between 35,000 and 45,000 people, divided into 52 sub-tribes. The large group has been given the name Yokuts, which in their own language, means people, and the Indians are pleased with the name, because it is as though you were to call them 'every one.'"

"Throughout this group a common language prevailed, and over the entire territory the Indians could understand each other. This was unusual, because in other sections there were sharp cleavages in language in short distances. Sometimes a distance of eight miles would mean an entire change in language.

"The primitive cultures of these Indians were maintained intact as late as the late '40s, but now there is relatively little left. Careful investigation has shown that the average pioneer knew little about the Indians, and after talking to more than 600 pioneers, I have found but two who knew anything about their life. One of those was a man who had been raised by the Indians after his mother had died.

NAMES PRESERVED

"Among the tribes that belonged to the group were the Wahtoke, the Mokelumne, the Tuolumne, the Kaweah, which became extinct last year, the Tache, and the Watchumna. John C. Fremont was responsible for the preservation of many of these names, because when he came through this territory with Kit Carson and others, he obtained the names of rivers and tribes from the

Demonstrates Basket Weaving



Mrs. Ada Ichu, gave a demonstration of Indian basket weaving at the meeting of the Fresno Rotary club at the Hotel Californian yesterday, illustrating a talk by F. F. Latta of Tulare. She is shown here, working on a basket, while other baskets, many of which she made, are near her. Her husband, Henry Ichu, is with her. The couple, members of the Watchumna tribe, were guests of the club.—Republican Photo.

Indians and put them on his maps. Otherwise they might have been lost. Very little that is authentic has been written about these tribes, and the idea that these Indians exemplified the lowest form of Indian life is one of the mistakes that only scientists can correct.

"The plain Indians here wore only a breech clout and a gee string. Many of these tribes had no word for any foot covering and, as the Valley in those days was much like a velvet carpet, there was no need for moccasins. In this they differed from eastern tribes in their dress. The men wore their hair gathered in coils over their ears, and decorated with beads. Perhaps they had a hole in one ear where they carried a reed pipe. The women wore only a small apron in front and behind, and had their cosmetics tattooed on. They may have had their noses pierced and a piece of bone placed in the hole for decoration. The men and the unmarried women sometimes wore a few feathers in their hair, but there were none of these trailing head-dresses you see in the movies. An Indian would have cut his throat before he would have put one of those on.

LANGUAGE INTERESTING

"The language was interesting. The Indian language has guttural sounds which are difficult for the white man to reproduce. The Indian has no difficulty with the English language, because the sounds are simple. That is one thing our civilization has done. It has simplified our language, although it has complicated most everything else. Our language was similar 10,000 years ago, back in the stone age. The Indian language is descriptive. "Swoop" is the word for hawk, and the name of the billy owl is the sound he makes.

"Although the Indian is taciturn when near white men, among themselves they are the noisiest people on earth. They play jokes on each other; jokes that would be fatal if played on us, and they had many games. They had football, and a game like golf, played with golf clubs cut from trees and roots. They "teed" off, and had a hole in which to sink the ball, and golf clubs were common in every Yokut house. They played "shinny on your own side," and that is one game that was common to Indians all over the continent. In this they didn't use a tin can, but a little round oak ball, and the ball was buried in the ground and had to be dug out with the sticks before it was put in play.

"They were skilled in the working of stone and the making of arrow points. This last was one of the trade secrets, and the man who could make arrow points didn't want other members of the tribe to know his business, any more than we want other people to know ours. This applies also to the making of beads. The conception that arrow points were made by heating the stone and applying a wet stick is wrong. No one has ever made an arrow point that way. But many people have made them by taking a piece of obsidian, holding it against the thigh, and striking it with a piece of fossilized ivory. The direction of the blow determines the line of cleavage. I have seen good arrow points made in four minutes, and a point had less value than a good straight shaft.

BASKETS VARIED

"The making of baskets was the thing that forced the study of Indian customs. There are three types of baskets, including twined work, and stitched coil work. The Yokuts used cotton wood instead of willow. They claim it lasts longer. Other materials used are tops of bunch grass, swamp grass root, the outside wood of the red bud tree, and the root of the sword fern, which can be dyed. Basket designs are always conventional, and snake designs are common. The story is that there was once a bad rattlesnake and the ants ate him up.

This story was told in design on a basket, and every time a basket was made in which design, there was a man in the tribe who inspected the basket to see that the design was accurate. If not the basket was thrown in the fire. That is the way the designs were kept intact. Other designs include the arrow point, and the Brandt goose design. It takes more time to prepare the materials than it does to stitch a basket. Some of the larger baskets take six months and more to make.

"The Indians don't make baskets for the money in it. A basket which required approximately 1,440 hours will sometimes sell for \$20. You can figure out how many cents an hour the weaver got. She could make more money working in the harvest, but they make the baskets to satisfy the creative, artistic instinct. The Indians will not make baskets to order, and I think there can be no question but that it is not commercial at all."

Latta showed samples of Indian

basketry, and Henry Ichu and Mrs. Ada Ichu, his wife, of Three Rivers, members of the Watchumna tribe, were guests of the club. Mrs. Ichu gave a demonstration of basket weaving.

It was announced that there will be no meeting next Monday, Washington's birthday.

FRESNO, CALIF.
REPUBLICAN
FEB. 21, 1932

Latta To Speak At Six Hanford Meetings

HANFORD, Feb. 20.—F. F. Latta, San Joaquin valley historian, will speak the Hanford high school on six Wednesday evenings, as the feature of the "Pleasant Wednesday Evening" programs, beginning February 21, it has been announced by Mrs. Clara Coldwell, director of adult education.

Geological and archeological remains, Indian and Spanish relics, maps and pictures will be presented in connection with the talks.

HANFORD, CALIF.
SENTINEL
FEB. 27, 1932

LATTA TO LECTURE UPON AND WITH INDIANS HERE

"San Joaquin Valley Indians" will be the subject of F. F. Latta at the high school auditorium next Wednesday night, as the second in a series of lectures sponsored by the adult education department of the high school.

Mr. Latta's remarks will cover the period when there were 35,000 Indians in this portion of the valley, and their habits and their treatment by the white will be an interesting part of the lecture. A number of the remnant of full-blooded Indians will accompany Mr. Latta here and baskets and other Indian relics will be on display.

The first lecture covering the early history of the valley was attended by a large audience.

HANFORD CAL. JOURNAL
FEB. 27, 1932

LATTA TO DISCUSS INDIANS WED. NIGHT

"San Joaquin Valley Indians" will be the subject discussed by F. F. Latta, Valley historian, at the second of a series of talks to be given at the Hanford high school next Wednesday night.

Some of the few remaining Indians of the Valley will accompany Mr. Latta next Wednesday night. These people are the remnants of the 35,000 Indians who at one time lived in this territory. Indian baskets and other articles also will be displayed.

Nearly 100 adults, many of them having lived in Kings county for 40 years, attended Mr. Latta's first lecture last Wednesday night. All adults of the community are invited to attend the five remaining lectures, which begin at 7:45 o'clock each Wednesday night. No admission is charged.

The lectures are being given under the direction of Mrs. Clara Coldwell, director of adult education at the local high school.

FRESNO, CALIF.
REPUBLICAN
FEB. 29, 1932

Latta Will Talk In Hanford Wednesday

HANFORD, Feb. 28.—"San Joaquin Valley Indians" will be the subject discussed by F. F. Latta, Valley historian, at the second of a series of talks to be given at the Hanford high school Wednesday night.

Some of the few remaining Indians of the Valley will accompany Mr. Latta. These are the remnants of the 35,000 Indians which at one time lived in this territory. Indian baskets and other articles also will be displayed.

HANFORD, CALIF.
SENTINEL
MAR. 1, 1932

INDIANS COMING WITH LATTA HERE TOMORROW

Moving pictures taken by himself, will be featured by F. F. Latta of Tulare in his lecture on "Indians of the San Joaquin Valley", scheduled for tomorrow night at the high school auditorium. In addition to the pictures, there will be exhibited Indian baskets and other relics of the tribes that once roamed the valley.

A number of Indians will accompany Mr. Latta here and figure in his lecture. The lecture is one of a series sponsored by the adult education department of the high school. Admission is free and the public cordially invited to attend.

HANFORD CAL. JOURNAL
MAR. 2, 1932

LATTA SPEAKS TONIGHT

F. F. Latta will give the second of his series of lectures on the history of the San Joaquin valley at the Hanford high school tonight.

Mr. Latta will be accompanied by San Joaquin valley Indians and he will display a number of Indian baskets and relics. He also will show motion pictures of the Indians.

LATTA TELLS OF INDIANS IN VALLEY, THEIR LORE, WAYS

The habits, customs and modes of living among the Indians of the San Joaquin valley were comprehensively explained in the lecture delivered at the high school auditorium last night by F. F. Latta of Tulare, a recognized authority on Indian lore. The lecture was attended by a large audience.

The lecturer had with him Mr. and Mrs. Ichow, members of the Watchumna tribe of Indians, who now live near Lemon Cove. The intricacies of basket weaving was revealed by Mrs. Ichow, who prepared the material and did some real weaving on the stage. Moving pictures were shown of the Indians as they live at present in their camps along the Sierra foothills. Most interesting was their method of grinding acorns, grains and other seeds and their preparation for food.

Seven Tribes Once

In the years before the advent of white settlers to the San Joaquin valley, there were seven distinct tribes in the territory reaching from old Fort Tejon on the south to the northern part of the valley. The number of Indians was estimated at from 35,000 to 50,000. The camps of the Indians, said the lecturer, mostly followed a chain of lakes beginning at Kern lake now in Kern county thence to Buena Vista, Goose and Tulare lakes and then along Kings river toward Kingsburg and north to the San Joaquin river.

Only a few of real fullblooded Indians now survive, said the speaker.

Vanishing People

He told something of the coming of the military forces of Mexico and later of the white settlers. He declared that the Indians were forced to give up their lands by the government forces under Major Savage, and that the coming of the whites and a widespread pestilence that swept the valley were largely responsible for the rapidly dwindling of the Indian population.

A variety of basketry was on display, and its manufacture and use was explained by the speaker.

WATCHUMNA INDIANS ACCOMPANY SPEAKER AT HISTORY SERIES

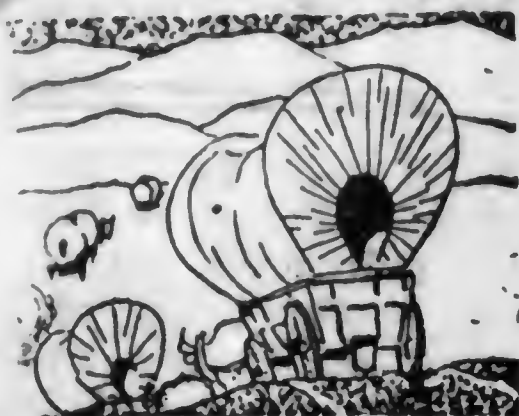
Bringing with him two members of the Watchumna tribe of Indians, Mr. and Mrs. Ichow of Lemon Cove, F. F. Latta of Tulare, Valley historian and writer, addressed a large audience at the Hanford high school Wednesday night.

Mr. Latta illustrated his lecture with basket weaving which Mrs. Ichow did on the stage and with motion pictures of the Indians who reside along the Sierra foothills.

Latta recounted that before the time of the white man there were seven distinct Indian tribes between Fort Tejon and the north end of the Valley, totaling between 35,000 and 50,000. Today only a very few of the full blooded tribesmen remain, he said.

Early invasions by troops from Mexico and later eviction from their lands by U. S. troops under Major Savage, together with a severe pestilence, were largely responsible for wiping out the Indians, Latta said.

MAY 27, 1932

PIONEER CALIFORNIA SKETCHES

By H. C. BAILEY

Compiled and Copyrighted 1930-31.

By F. F. LATTA

THE DIGGER INDIAN, HIS GENERAL APPEARANCE AND HOW HE LIVED.

The American Indian, like the buffalo, is fast passing away. Not many decades will pass until the Indian in all his tribal relations will be a thing of the past. The Indian has gone forth to be a white man or die.

As their numbers decrease and extinction approaches, the interest in their history, habits, tradition, religion, and in fact in all that in any way appertains to Indians seems to increase in an inverse ratio.

From my earliest recollection, I have felt the keenest interest in the Indian stories as told by the actors on one side of the scene, many of which showed him in his best light.

To the present time I have read and often reread all the literature treating of the Indian regardless of the pros and cons discussed. After all my studying through all kinds of literature and nearly twenty years of close observation and intimate contact, I feel free to say I don't believe the primitive family has had a fair shake.

Their worthlessness and cussedness have been overestimated while their virtues (for they had some, if not abnormally developed, the germ was there) minimized.

There are several strikingly developed characteristics in the Indian makeup that seem so far as I have ever read or observed, that are common to all the tribes.

All are stoics of the extreme order and are almost without nerves. Consequently they suffer less from the same cause than most of the tribes of the earth. They seem almost if not entirely devoid of sympathy for another's suffering. I have seen their medicine man practicing his art in a way that caused intense pain and of the most nervous kind, and when his patient would squirm a little he would laugh as though it was the funniest thing in the world.

The family bond is strong and their generosity in their way profuse. When the squaws came around the house and one was given a biscuit all had a piece of it regardless of the number present.

I don't think our government dealt with the Indians along the best lines for either parties.

They seemed to instinctively regard the white man as an enemy and would never fully trust him until, by the best possible evidence, they were convinced to the contrary. But once their confidence was fully gained, I never had one to deceive me or misuse my confidence.

I never knew but one but what used both whisky and tobacco. Of all men when their sprees are over they hate worst the man who sells them whisky. And of all the inhuman, beastly sights in human form, a drunken Indian takes the cake. He is absolutely beyond conception, and repulsive beyond description.

When I went to Grand Island in '53, there were on the river three rancherias of 500 or more Indians each. They were still in their primitive state and to a raw tenderfoot were a sure enough revelation. We had seen on the Isthmus in the way of

The primitive squaw was, don't know what, just a squaw and nothing else. There was nothing else like her or even approaching a resemblance.

Her average height was no more than five feet, five inches and more likely to come under than go over.

They had heavy heads of coarse hair, cut bang fashion to an inch above the eyes, the back hair hung to just below the base of the skull when not done up. They dressed their hair something after the Elizabethan style except when they strove for width instead of height.

The hair was dressed with some substance resembling tallow and was made turban shaped flat on the top and extending an inch or more all around and so covered the head that no hair was visible.

The cheeks were covered with the same substance as the hair from the eyes to the corners of the mouth, some solid and other stripes. The chin was striped with a different color, generally a bright green or yellow a half inch wide, equal spaces between.

They had big black eyes with a large white circle, huge mouths were always laughing; and weren't they daisies! I never found out how long a done up head lasted or whether it was for ornament or utility.

The young squaws, most of them, had shapely hands, arms and feet. I have seen a few hard to surpass in shape and symmetry. But at 20 years of age the last vestige of shapeliness had disappeared and flesh began to accumulate. Fairly fat squaws were the rule.

Truly they were nature's children when uncontaminated by their white brother but whose contact soon brought distress and rapid extinction.

But under this rough, almost repulsive outside there were hidden some good traits possible of developing astonishing results.

I always had a warm place in my heart for the Indian and close contact failed to destroy it.

Next Chapter: The Diggers—What They Lived On and How They Got It.

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When I went to Grand Island in '53, there were on the river three rancherias of 500 or more Indians each. They were still in their primitive state and to a raw tenderfoot were a sure enough revelation. We had seen on the Isthmus in the way of costumes, some pretty scanty clothing, but none in fig leaves. The Sacramento Digger had not advanced to the fig leaf stage when we came, at least the male contingent.

DIGGER INDIAN CUSTOMS

The female dress consisted of a kind of skirt of two parts, made of wild hemp, reaching not quite to the knees and plaited in a knot at the waist. It was allowed to hang loosely before and behind with ample space between the two sections, the front being used for a cushion when sitting.

In the rancheria the men dressed in the Georgia Meyers uniform, minus the necktie and spurs, though to their credit they always dressed up when they went visiting their white neighbors. Their dress consisted of a very abbreviated loin cloth made of the same material. The children dressed in nature's uniform, fine and simple.

There was one thing noticeable about Indians; they were much more uniform in size than white people. The men were seldom more than five feet, ten inches, and seldom under five feet, eight inches and very uniform in flesh. I never saw a fat buck in a rancheria or a lank rawboned one.

Their muscular strength was not great but their endurance was incredible. The distance an Indian could carry without rest or stop, a load which was all they could stand under is hardly credible to one who has never seen it. They carry all loads on the head or forehead band, never on the shoulder.

The squaws did all the carrying except game. They always used the forehead band and carried a pointed basket, inverted cone shape, 18 inches deep and same in diameter across the top of the load.

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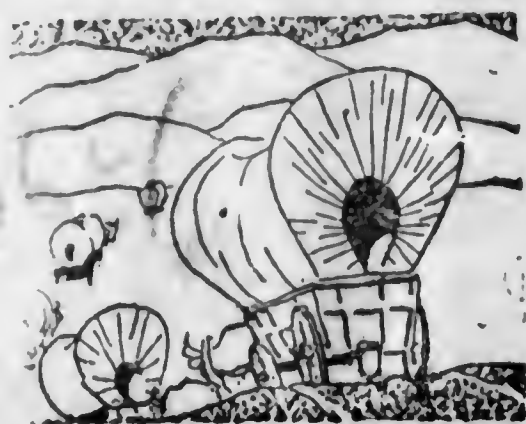
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Next Chapter: The Diggers—
What They Lived On and How They Got It.

JUNE 17, 1932

PIONEER CALIFORNIA SKETCHES



By H. C. BAILEY

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By F. F. LATTA

THE DIGGER INDIAN, HIS RELIGION, SUPERSTITIONS AND BURIAL RITES

The American Indian remains a problem almost as much today as when he was first discovered. The archaeologists are far from a unit in their conclusions and can only give individual theories regarding his origin, distribution and different degrees of savagery or civilization.

None of his traditions reach to a beginning. The best of them only reach an undefined pass where all is lost. He has left many relics of his past history by which we may formulate a fairly probable theory, but his hieroglyphics where found remain unsolved.

There is a marked unanimity in many of the characteristics of all the tribes. And none more marked than his religion. And their religion approaches nearer the theology of our Bible than any other heathen people when found in their wild state.

The Indian theology had the same two elements of rewards and punishments as ours. But as is common to all heathens their ideas were crude and poorly defined, yet in substance were identical with ours, and their simple faith in some instances is pathetic.

A well authenticated incident which is the prototype of many others of a like character, occurred when the great Northwest was an unknown country. A white man and Indian were together in unknown regions and for three days and had had nothing to eat. Though they were in a game country, no game had been seen. At last the Indian said he was going to make a sacrifice and invoke the Great Spirit.

After the ways of his people he prepared a sweat house, an altar and his offering. When all was prepared he entered and commenced his devotions and at the proper time offered the following prayer:

"Oh Great Spirit, hear us, thy children, we have gone long without food. The deer and the turkeys are thine. Oh, let us not die. Thou knowest how I love tobacco and how hard for me to get it yet here I offer to thee all I have. Oh, hear us and give us food."

The idea of sacrifice attaches to all Indian theology in some sense. The Sacramento Indian had no religious rites unless their fiestas were in some way a religious affair.

Their creed was plain and simple. If an Indian was good at death he entered a place with all the good things of the Indians' ideal of good. If bad, according to their code of good and bad and their code differed from ours in many particulars, he was banished to a place where he suffered all the ills and hardships of Indian life without respite.

At the death of an Indian all his belongings were buried with him and a season of mourning was kept up for a stated time. As to noise, it was sure enough mourning and was kept up by relays. Five or six in number would sit on top of a log and at intervals send forth the most lonesome and dismal prolonged howls.

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"Oh Great Spirit, hear us, thy children, we have gone long without food. The deer and the turkeys are thine. Oh, let us not die. Thou knowest how I love tobacco and how hard for me to get it yet here I offer to thee all I have. Oh, hear us and give us food."

The idea of sacrifice attaches to all Indian theology in some sense. The Sacramento Indian had no religious rites unless their fiestas were in some way a religious affair.

Their creed was plain and simple. If an Indian was good at death he entered a place with all the good things of the Indians' ideal of good. If bad, according to their code of good and bad and their code differed from ours in many particulars, he was banished to a place where he suffered all the ills and hardships of Indian life without respite.

At the death of an Indian all his belongings were buried with him and a season of mourning was kept up for a stated time. As to noise, it was sure enough mourning and was kept up by relays. Five or six in number would sit on top of a log and at intervals send forth the most lonesome and dismal prolonged howls.

A round hole was dug and the body was doubled as near into a ball as possible by bending the back and drawing up the knees and wrapping rope around so to confine the body in the least space possible.

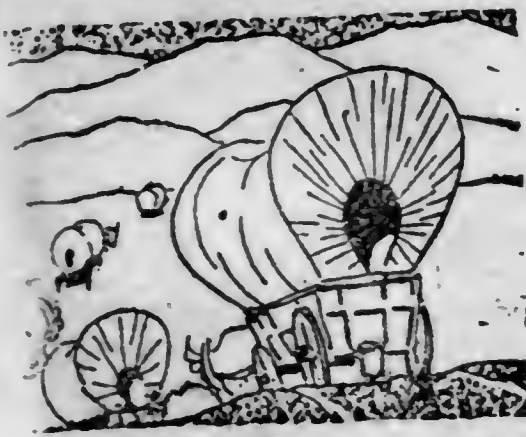
All of their belongings were buried with them. Every bead was believed to give protection one day on the way to the happy land. While the beads held out the spirit was safe from evil. It was a kind of abbreviated purgatory minus the third party. Until corrupted by contamination with the whites they were a harmless, happy people.

They were simple in their habits, and, so far as I ever saw, kind and affectionate and free from the cruelty generally supposed to be attached to the race.

In many things they were far different from the tribes along the state line and in Mexico. The countries are so different that a forced difference was a necessity. In the one it was a hard fight to live, while in the other food had only to be gathered, and all parts of the year had its abundance of special supplies.

Next week's sketch: The Downfall of the Digger Indian.

PIONEER CALIFORNIA SKETCHES



By H. C. BAILEY

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By F. F. LATTA

THE DIGGER INDIAN, HIS DOWNFALL

When I try to recall at this time the Indians of the Sacramento valley as I first saw them nearly fifty years ago and as I last saw them fourteen years later, the wreck and ruin of so short a time is far from pleasant to recall.

Though unpleasant and almost repulsive to look at, a closer acquaintance and observation showed there was more good in them than outward appearances indicated. As they discarded their aboriginal habits and ways of living and assumed those of the white man, they were doomed to early extinction.

As soon as white women began to come and the squaws saw their way of dressing they, with the exception of a few very old ones, discarded the primitive hemp skirt and adopted the others which were made of most any kind of material that came to hand. They also adopted the shirt waist. If not exactly after the present pattern, it was the best known at that date and all things improve with age and familiarity, except possibly a bad temper.

With the ability to supply their wants from the stores, they soon ceased to produce many things deemed indispensable in their wild state. By the use of money easily obtained they were able for a small sum to procure what would require much labor and time to produce. They also became more and more negligent in gathering their wild food supplies. As wheat and barley fields extended, they depended more and more on cleaning the fields and threshing floors.

The men followed along the same lines. In a very few years most all had shirts and an Indian without some kind of pants was rare.

Clothing was easily obtained from town, and from the ranchers they received cast off garments that the owners were glad to get rid of, if no better motive moved them to help clothe the Indian families.

It was often amusing and entertaining to see some of the Indians after an excursion to some of the towns. A buck would be dressed in all the shirts he could get; one on top the other so long as he could get them on, regardless of cloth or color. Some of cotton, some wool and a few biled shirts for variety and pants worn after the same plan, and possibly a plug hat to top out with. So togged out the average buck was ready in his heart to repeat:

"Some may be blest, but I am glorious

O'er the ills of life victorious."

Heap big Injun; and so he was in bulk and his own estimation.

After women got fairly plentiful the squaws often made a more ludicrous appearance than the bucks, by putting on a number of dresses intermixed with shawls and any other cast off female apparel. They preferred carrying them on their backs rather than in a bundle.

This silly and often ludicrous and apparently harmless practice, was to the simple Indian as destructive as opium to John Chinaman.

It was destructive along several lines. First, they had no idea of regulating their dress to climatic conditions. A hot day would find them dressed three or four layers deep and a colder one in nature's uniform.

Were it possible an Indian would gamble his soul away. They were inveterate gamblers during all their idle time. When two bucks sat down to gamble they may have been both clothed four layers deep but when they quit one had on all the duds. Such practices soon began to tell on their health. The squaws suffered less along this line than the bucks, but met more dire and sure destruction along worse and more certain lines.

Loathsome and to them incurable diseases in a short space of time swept from existence the whole band at Colusa, except a few that had been incorporated into the white homes. In a short time they had so nearly gone that their homes were burnt by the whites, and no attempt ever made to rebuild them. The few left joined the other two rancherias.

Colusa was the head of navigation on the river and was filled with teamsters, Mexican packers, and the usual floating frontier population. The two rancherias lower down the river suffered little if any from the same cause as the others, but more from whiskey.

It was the same old story of all our Indian care and protection. It is a sad, pathetic story—the decline and almost entire extinction of the American Indians. But such seems to be the order of the universe. "Take the one pound from he who has none and give it to he who has ten." The world needed their lands for a civilization beyond their ken or ability to adopt.

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I think more than 60 per cent of the deaths were from lung troubles. A band would come to the house and sit around, according to their way of visiting, and talk, while several would be coughing a little and looking drowsy. In a few months they would cease to come. Inquire for them—gone, was the answer, with a mournful cadence and a look pathetic to see.

They seemed to realize they were doomed and each and all only waiting for the call. The interruption and abandonment of their aboriginal habits, and the attempts to adopt the white man's methods proved their ruin.

By some perverse law of nature the wild tribes always adopt the worst feature of a civilization to the exclusion of the better. With one exception, all the Indians I ever came in contact with were lovers of whisky and tobacco. They will go to any extreme for whisky when once they get a taste. The large profit on the whisky trade by bad men has been a large factor in the Indian's destination regardless of law or right.

In the great flood of '62-3, the smallpox entered among the remnant left and killed more than half. Their suffering was terrible. My boy, Lopez, told us the whole story.

Eighty or ninety per cent of the valley race died in attempting to escape disease. Many left their huts and camped as best they could where a high piece of land could be found. Of course, the disease soon revealed itself. So the poor wretches shifted around from place to place, the number diminishing all the time, until by April, when bad weather and smallpox were gone, less than 200 Indians were left.

When I went onto my ranch it had skulls and other human bones scattered over a good part of it with a tradition of a great battle. I don't doubt the truth of the fight—only the participants. Instead of Indian against Indian, it had been Indian against smallpox.

The Sacramento Indians were as harmless, contented, happy a set of people as ever lived. They were as peaceful as sheep and never even fought among themselves.

WILL ROGERS



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There were only two ways to solve the problem—intermix or destroy. The Anglo-Saxon chose the latter and the Latin, the former. In existing conditions in North America and South Amer

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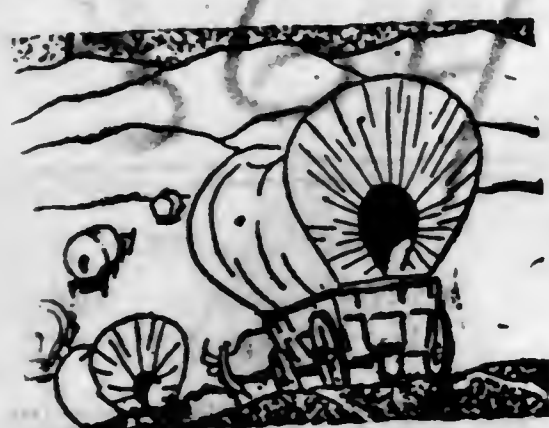
WILL DOUGHERTY

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By F. F. LATTA



One more Indian story and I will leave the valley Indians and may be tell something about the southern plains and mountain tribes along the state line and Mexico.

Charley was a Truckee Indian, an entirely different tribe from the Sacramento tribes.

Jack Long, a cattle dealer, and at the time quite wealthy, while driving a herd of cattle from Missouri, bought Charley from his tribe on the Truckee river in the early 50's for a pair of blankets.

He was about ten years old and a very bright and light colored boy. He was the only Indian I ever knew to abandon his Indian instincts and remain content with the whites. I am inclined to attribute that to his far removal and inability to ever see or communicate with his tribe.

However this may be, Charley ignored all Indian ways and Indian folks, even to tabooing of all the Indian boys even more so than the white boys of the country did. He was fond of playing with the white boys and entered into all their games with all the gusto of a real boy. He was somewhat a favorite with his play fellows and injected into some of their sports a strain of the Indian sports. The mountain tribes were far different from the valley river tribes along that line.

I had a nephew, Walter, living near Charley's home and they were great chums at all boy's sports—fishing, wrestling, etc. We were on a visit there when Walter was about seven years old. His cousin three or four years older, was about the same age of Charley. During mid-summer he took his cousin to have a good day's fun up and down the river.

How it happened, we never found out. But by some mischance, Walter fell over the bank, which was about 20 feet high, into the river and near the bottom caught under a root extending into the water. He would surely have drowned in a short time but for Charley's quick conception and diving ability. He instantly comprehended the situation and acted as quickly. He dove for him, broke his hold and soon had him on the bank, and, in a few minutes, as well as ever, except for his wet clothes.

They had determined to keep it a secret and it took an hour or more to get dry before coming home.

It was sometime before any of us heard about it. After we did I felt more interest in Charley and valued his friendship. He soon got big enough to vaquero and felt much elated on a good horse with leather leggings, riata and spurs. Mr. Long was fleshy and too old to ride and had a nephew named Galbraith who did most of his riding.

Galbraith and Charley were seldom parted long at a time. They spent most of their time in the saddle and were great chums. To all appearances, had they been brothers the attachment could not have been closer.

As time went on, Long got sick and began to droop and made considerable demands on Walter and Charley's time. They were not so often seen together on the range.

Mr. Long continued to droop and ere long took to his bed, so one of them had to stay at or near the house all the time. As was the general issue of the times when one went to bed he went there to die, and this was no exception. Mr. Long died and left the two alone.

Not long after the death of Mr. Long, Walter got married and all surroundings seemed bright. But the future had trouble in store.

From different causes the property began to dwindle away and though Walter and Charley made a hard fight with their stock, which was their only source of income, the country had become overstocked; prices went down, with the stockmen still holding for better prices.

The range had become so overstocked the cattle could not get fat enough for beef in the summer and the death rate in winter exceeded the increase in summer.

The result was that despite their best efforts, they soon found themselves on the border of poverty, and soon passed the border and entered into full possession.

Now Charley shows off in his best light. Instead of deserting his old friends in their misfortune, it only strengthened the ties. He hired out at anything he could get to do and turned in all his wages to the common fund, buying only his clothes.

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On inquiry, we found he had no parents. Both parents were dead and his uncle had charge of him. We asked his guardians, Old Lewis and Sue, to give him to us. That they were only too glad to do, and told that his name was Lopez.

We went home an Indian richer and with one more added to the household. It did not take long to crop his hair, give him a general scrubbing and get some clothes on him (though neither tailor cut nor made) after which we had a happy, contented Indian. By giving him plenty of food, pills and quinine, we soon had a sleek, fat, shiny, happy boy all our own, for the present at least.

Lopez grew and flourished apace, and soon, with his store clothes and boots, began to put on airs with his old chums. When they came around he shunned them as far as he could. After a few visits to the rancheria, as far as he could, he turned his back on the whole tribe and started out to be an Americano.

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Teaching him to shoot a shotgun and ride the horses added greatly to his content and pride. The second winter I put him to playing and never saw a boy prouder of his achievements than he.

He now felt so far above his old comrades he would not talk to them when he could help it. I was congratulating myself on my acquisition, as he was worth about twenty dollars a month, and I now felt fairly secure in my possession.

But, "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee, and leave us nought but grief and pain for promised joy."

All went well for about two years. He then periodically wanted to go to the rancheria, at first a month or two between visits. I had no objection to this as he always went on Sunday morning and came home in good time to do his chores. I didn't know Indians then as I did later. He soon wanted to go Saturday evening and come home Sunday evening. And then Monday morning and maybe Tuesday. The Indian microbe in him was working with a sure result in the near future.

I had to go after him twice and had trouble to find him the last time. But he came peacefully as ever. At last one Monday morning he failed to appear.

I waited two days and went to look him up (I was stuck on that Indian) but the other Indians would not tell me where to find him. Wednesday afternoon I found him with a band of young bucks. When I hailed him and told him to get on my horse behind me, he started to run. I soon caught him on my horse and a few good strokes of an oak limb stopped him and brought him to terms.

But I knew he was a goner and tried to make a compromise. I told him if he would stay till I could get done plowing I would give him a new suit of clothes, a little money and good will. He stayed a few days and left. I did not see him for more than a year.

One evening, about dark, he and his Mhala (named Sue, something of a belle) came in drunk as sailors, and in a wonderful good humor. He was going to work for me and milk while Sue worked in the house.

They were the only good humored drunk Indians I ever saw, as usually they were ugly.

We told him to go into an old dry cellar to bed and in the morning we would see about it. Instead of the cellar they went into the hen house and located

Well, if they were not a sight to see, I give it up. Nor did they need any extra perfume to make their presence known. Poor creatures, we could not but feel sorry for them, they looked so humiliated and forlorn.

They soon left. That was their last visit to our home. But his training was quite a factor in his future life. Lopez never lacked a job if he wanted it. He was a good farm hand along all lines. He was trusty and could handle horses as well or better than many white hands did.

My wife visited our old home about ten years later and saw Lopez and Sue. They had a good, rough board house fairly furnished; a cook stove and sewing machine.

Lopez had just sued the justice of peace of the township for wages due him and had beaten him and received his cash. He had not lost all his American ideas. He was well liked and conducted himself as well as the average citizen.

I learned from him and other cases, which came under my observation later, that it is just about as easy to change an Indian's color as his nature. It makes no difference under what conditions they grow to maturity, or how young they are separated, when the time comes they are about as sure to turn out to be a genuine Indian as a tadpole is to grow into a frog.

I never knew but one exception and he was a Truckee Indian brought in from Nevada.

I knew two girls stolen from Clear Lake, sixty miles west of where we lived. They were raised almost from infancy by wealthy people and had all they wanted.

In 1858 the people left and came to Colusa. About a year after they came, one morning the girls were gone, and had got about half way to Clear Lake before they were overtaken and brought back. But it was no use; the Indian was beginning to assert itself and no inducement could keep them. Though they had always been well dressed, I

have no doubt that in two days after they reached their old home they were as dirty and greasy as any one in the Rancheria.



By F. F. LATTA

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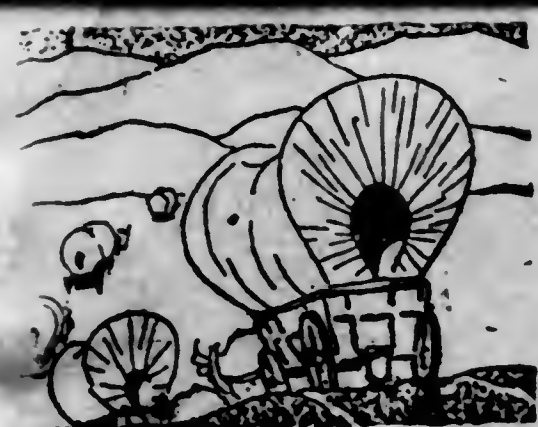
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Teaching him to shoot a shotgun and ride the horses added greatly to his content and pride. The second winter I put him to playing and never saw a boy prouder of his achievements than he.

He now felt so far above his old comrades he would not talk to them when he could help it. I was congratulating myself on my acquisition, as he was worth about twenty dollars a month, and I now felt fairly secure in my possession.

But, "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee, and leave us nought but grief and pain for promised joy."

All went well for about two years. He then periodically wanted to go to the rancheria, at first a month or two between visits. I had no objection to this as he always went on Sunday morning and came home in good time to do his chores. I didn't know Indians then as I did later. He soon wanted to go Saturday evening and come home Sunday evening. And then Monday morning and maybe Tuesday. The Indian microbe in him was working with a sure result in the near future.

I had to go after him twice and had trouble to find him the last time. But he came peacefully as ever. At last one Monday morning he failed to appear.

I waited two days and went to look him up (I was stuck on that Indian) but the other Indians would not tell me where to find him. Wednesday afternoon I found him with a band of young bucks. When I hailed him and told him to get on my horse behind me, he started to run. I soon caught him on my horse and a few good strokes of an oak limb stopped him and brought him to terms.

But I knew he was a goner and tried to make a compromise. I told him if he would stay till I could get done plowing I would give him a new suit of clothes, a little money and good will. He stayed a few days and left. I did not see him for more than a year.

One evening, about dark, he and his Mhala (named Sue, something of a belle) came in drunk as sailors, and in a wonderful good humor. He was going to work for me and milk while Sue worked in the house.

They were the only good humored drunk Indians I ever saw, as usually they were ugly.

We told him to go into an old dry cellar to bed and in the morning we would see about it. Instead of the cellar they went into the hen house and located just under the roosts. Next morning just after sunup they came out of the hen roost, the worst cowed and shamed couple I ever saw.

Well, if they were not a sight to see, I give it up. Nor did they need any extra perfume to make their presence known. Poor creatures, we could not but feel sorry for them, they looked so humiliated and forlorn.

They soon left. That was their last visit to our home. But his training was quite a factor in his future life. Lopez never lacked a job if he wanted it. He was a good farm hand along all lines. He was trusty and could handle horses as well or better than many white hands did.

My wife visited our old home about ten years later and saw Lopez and Sue. They had a good, rough board house fairly furnished; a cook stove and sewing machine.

Lopez had just sued the justice of peace of the township for wages due him and had beaten him and received his cash. He had not lost all his American ideas. He was well liked and conducted himself as well as the average citizen.

I learned from him and other cases, which came under my observation later, that it is just about as easy to change an Indians' color as his nature. It makes no difference under what conditions they grow to maturity, or how young they are separated, when the time comes they are about as sure to turn out to be a genuine Indian as a tadpole is to grow into a frog.

I never knew but one exception and he was a Truckee Indian brought in from Nevada.

I knew two girls stolen from Clear Lake, sixty miles west of where we lived. They were raised almost from infancy by wealthy people and had all they wanted.

In 1858 the people left and came to Colusa. About a year after they came, one morning the girls were gone, and had got about half way to Clear Lake before they were overtaken and brought back. But it was no use; the Indian was beginning to assert itself and no inducement could keep them. Though they had always been well dressed, I

have no doubt that in two days after they reached their old home they were as dirty and greasy as any one in the Rancheria.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL.
CALIFORNIA
FEBRUARY 18, 1933

LATTA SPEAKER FOR WASCO CLUB

Shafter Educator Lectures on
Indians at Meeting of
Exchangites

WASCO, Feb. 18.—"San Joaquin valley was once inhabited by approximately 50,000 Indians," stated Professor Frank Latta in his address before members of Exchange Clubs and their ladies Thursday evening at the Congregational church, when the Wasco Exchange Club was host. Professor Latta, an instructor in the Shafter High School, who has made an intensive study of the history of Indians in the San Joaquin, told many interesting facts that he learned in his travels. The entire valley was inhabited by one of the largest groups of Indians in the early days. Plagues of 1833 and 1850 reduced the numbers by thousands. The speaker included in his talk the beliefs of the Indians, their art, methods of living, crafts, and stories of their adventures. Handiwork of the Indians and basketry were exhibited and the designs explained.

OCTOBER 18, 1933

Indian Life, Art to Occupy

Frank Latta, Mrs. Hugh Allen Will Be Speakers at Monday Meeting

THE American Indian, how he lives, his art and handcraft, his music and what his prospects for the future are, will be presented to the Bakersfield Woman's Club members next Monday afternoon by speakers, in music, in motion pictures, and in an exhibit of Indian art, it was announced today by Mrs. Harold Burt, program chairman. Mrs. Kenneth W. Rich, president, will conduct the business meeting that will open at 2 o'clock. A meeting of the board of directors will be held Thursday morning at the clubhouse to prepare the business slate.

Well-Versed Speaker

Frank Latta, a member of the faculty at Shafter High School, who has delved extensively into the history of the San Joaquin valley, will be the chief speaker Monday on the subject of "The Art and Handcraft of the Indians."

Mr. Latta spent the greater part of his life in Tulare county and for more than 15 years he has made a study of Indian life. While personally investigating Indians of the valley, he used as his guides Smithsonian Institution reports, Bancroft histories and many rare and valuable volumes now out of print, including some source material to be found only at the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles. Mr. Latta has known how to use this material to his advantage in his considerable personal exploring and visiting among the tribes. He has done what is not easy, but what is absolutely essential to obtain first-hand information, he has won and holds the confidence and loyal friendship of the Indians.

To Show Picture

Mr. Latta owns a large library of his own on Indian lore, as well as a choice collection of Indian relics, baskets and other articles of their craft. Just recently he has been making motion pictures of the California Indians, which he will show Monday and which will add greatly to the color and interest of his lecture.

Mrs. Hugh S. Allen, chairman of Indian welfare for the club, will be program chairman for the day, and preceding Mr. Latta's talk, she will speak

OCTOBER 24, 1933

F. Latta Describes Valley Indian Crafts Before Club

Mrs. Hugh Allen Tells of NRA Aid; Fine Musical Program Included

THE Indian woman with her arts and crafts was one of the greatest forces that made possible the exploration and settlement of the United States," Frank Latta, student of and authority on Indian lore, told the members and guests of the Bakersfield Woman's Club at the meeting on Monday afternoon. After a general survey of the Indian tribes of the San Joaquin valley and touching briefly on their history, the speaker proceeded to dilate on the Indian women's craft, chiefly basketry which he illustrated with many fine specimens from his personal collection.

Local Tribes Studied

The speaker first pointed out the importance of the San Joaquin valley tribes, whom, he declared, are the subject for more scientific study than all the rest of the Indian tribes of the United States, because their tribal haunts and habits have been least disturbed by the white man.

The speaker, who followed an exceptionally fine program of Indian music, described various Indian musical instruments, the flute, musical bow, drum, clapper, and rattle. He pointed out that many habitats of the Indians on the West Side of the valley were wiped out by pestilence in 1833 and by the hounding of the cavalry during the decade 1850-60. The three types of Indians in the valley he said are the Tule or Lake type, well-known in Kern county, the river type, and the plainspeople who when they acquired use of the horse became known as the "horse-thief Indians."

It was the resource and intelligence of the Indian woman who frequently acted as guides to the earliest exploring parties who taught the frontiersmen how to adapt themselves and survive in the environment in which they found themselves, Mr. Latta said.

The speaker described the duties of the Indian housewife and detailed her special craft of basket making, telling how the basket materials are gathered, special uses made of the baskets and he interwove with natural humor some of the tribal customs which he has discovered in his friendly contacts with Indian families.

Indians and NRA

The speaker was introduced by Mrs. Hugh Allen, program chairman for the afternoon, and chairman of Indian welfare for the club, and is herself well versed in Indian affairs. Earlier in the afternoon, Mrs. Allen told the club members what the NRA is doing for the Indians and the reorganization of their life and the reclaiming of millions of acres of ground. Mrs. Allen said that \$6,000,000 has been appropriated by Congress for this work and explained the organization of the Indian work camps in which

LAST OF HER TRIBE



When Yoi-Mut (left) of Hanford, the last surviving member of the Chunut and Wowol Indian tribes, dies the language of the two once-powerful tribes of the San Joaquin Valley will die with her, because she is the only person in the world now who speaks them. F. F. Latta, Shafter High School teacher and student of Indian and early California lore, has been occupied recently making a dictionary of the languages in co-operation with Yoi-Mut, who is 79 years of age and who was born near Visalia. The other pictures show a Tache Indian in tribal costume and a group of her Tache Indian friends.



Two Indian Languages Will Die With Last Of Wowol, Chunut Tribes

HANFORD (Kings Co.), Dec. 18.—Thirty years ago the Smithsonian Institutions reported in an ethnological bulletin that the Wowol and Chunut tribes of San Joaquin Valley Indians were fast vanishing and would soon become extinct. That prediction is almost fulfilled.

To-day there appears to be but a lone survivor, a Hanford woman, whose Indian name is Yoi-Mut and in whose veins flows the blood of her Chunut father, Poh-hass-la, and her Wowol mother, Tee-tsay-wee-kut.

"They're all gone now," sadly remarked the niece of a former Chunut chief. "I alone am left. And my time won't be long now." She is 79 years old.

With her passing will also go the spoken Wowol and Chunut languages.

Down at the foot of South Phillips Street, in the humblest of huts, Yoi-Mut was found living with her only child, Mrs. Marcelino Baga, and the latter's husband. With them also is a grandson, Frank Baga, intelligent youth who spent twelve years in a Chimakua Indian School in Oregon.

Here in this household the aged grandmother sat trying to warm her chilled bones beside a cook-stove. She had a bundle of cotton in her lap and was separating the seeds as she spoke. The cotton would go into yarn and stockings later.

"Hello, stranger," she said, and immediately acknowledged that she had met the "stranger" before.

Her eyesight is not so good as it once was. She said her eyes began getting dim about eight years ago. She worked in the fields until then. She did not complain of her hearing, but said she has "one bad ear." Otherwise she felt quite well, except for a stiffness in the bones that comes to one of her advanced age.

Speaks Spanish, Wowol, Chunut
Yoi-Mut spoke English fluently, just as she also spoke Spanish, which she had learned from her Spanish husband, and in addition to her native Wowol and Chunut she likewise knows the language of the Taches with whom she has lived a considerable time on the rancheria southeast of Lemoore. Her Spanish name is Josie Alonzo.

Was Niece Of Chief Mah-Tay
The Indian princess talked of her father, and of her father's brother, Mah-Tay, chief of the once important Chunut tribe, a branch of Yokuts, or Mariposans, that occupied the entire area be-

fore the present Hanford Lake in what is now Kings County. They lived in long communal houses built of tule, the Tulare Lake rushes. But Yoi-Mut did not know this habitat. Before she was born the tribe had ceded their land to the United States in the treaty of June 3, 1851, and were moved first to the vicinity of Buena Vista Lake. Later they had a rancheria near Visalia, and it was in this Indian village where Yoi-Mut was born in 1855.

"I remember my uncle but only as if in a dream," she said, tapping her forehead with her fingertips.

Indian Lore Neglected

Indian lore began to be neglected even then, she related. In consequence, she learned practically nothing of basket-making, beading, pottery, weaving and other crafts of the Indians. Her mother washed for a living, and she, too, when old enough, went out washing. She also worked in the fields, picking grapes and cotton, or whatever she could find to do.

Her Wowol mother, whom the white people called Susie, lived with her tribe in the country northeast of Tulare Lake until they also were moved out by the United States cavalry. Some of the members probably found their way eventually to the Tule River Reservation, ten miles east of Porterville, but as far as is known, the last remnant has vanished with the exception of the Wowol-Chunut descendant in Hanford.

The dialects of both tribes are similar and faintly resemble that of the Taches, who lived north of Tulare Lake and to this day maintain a small village on their ancient camping ground between Lemoore and Stratford.

Languages Recorded

For the preservation of the dying languages of the Wowols and Chunuts for archeology, a vocabulary is being made by F. F. Latta, San Joaquin Valley historian, from words learned from Yoi-Mut. Specimens of words in ordinary conversation were told by her to this correspondent.

"Hee-yih" is the Chunut word of greeting, and "hee-yook" that of the Wowols. "Lee-hink" is Chunut for good-bye, and in Wowol it is "ka."

"noh," and in Chunut "he-yum-nah eet-tal-hee." One must give the Teuton or Spanish aspirant to the "h" in "ah-hen-me-hutk," meaning "Come and eat." That is all, thank you! and thank you is "in-seece."

Life One Of Hardship

Helping to support the aged woman is her son-in-law, Baga, who is part Navajo and part Apache and claims to be a grandson of a chief. A son and a daughter of Yoi-Mut died as small children. There are three grandchildren, Frank Baga, who is at home; Bernard, who is working with the Indian Emergency Conservation Corps in the Tule River Reservation, and a married granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Thomas, who lives with her family at the Lemoore rancheria. The Bagas also lived there formerly, but have been in Hanford about a year.

The members of the family work at whatever they can find to do, and Baga and his son want employment now. They are backward at asking for help, but when asked if the family was in need of anything, Frank spoke up:

"We don't ask anything for ourselves, but I wish 'Comeecha' (grandma) could have something warm to wear and warm bedclothing."

Well, there's a Christmas suggestion for somebody.

Original Defective



Pioneers of the San Joaquin

Written and Copyrighted 1935 by F.F. Latta

Can you imagine how it would be to know two languages which no one else in the world knows how to speak, or to be the last survivor of your race? Those are the rare distinctions of Yoi'-mut, 80-year-old Yokut Indian woman who lives at Hanford.

Yoi'-mut was born on the outskirts of Visalia in 1855, her mother a Wo'-wole and her father a Choo'-noot. Both of these tribes belonged to the Yokut group. The Wo'-wole lived on Atwell Island in Tulare Lake, where the town of Alpaugh is now located, and on the mainland to the east.

The Choo'-noot occupied the northeast shore of the Tulare Lake where the Tule River and the several branches of Kaweah River enter. They ranged up these streams to about where the Golden State Highway crosses them.

Yoi'-mut is the last full-blood Choo'-noot. She naturally speaks the Choo'-noot tongue, as it was used exclusively within the family. She also learned the Wo'-wole tongue. There are a few mixed breeds who speak a smattering of both languages, but with her will go both of these spoken languages. She also speaks fluently both English and Spanish and several of the surrounding Indian dialects.

Is Rare Story Teller

It is a sad experience to know Yoi'-mut as well as has this writer and to think how tragic it is that such simple, honest people had to

Continued On Page 4-C)



Yoi'-mut, last survivor of the Choo'-noot Indians and last historian of her tribe. She is also the last person to speak the Choo'-noot and Wo'-wole tongues.

they had on the way consisted of a few fish the Indians were able to catch and a few green tule roots that they dug while being prodded along by the sabers of the cavalrymen. Several babies were born along the way.

Newspaper Accounts Vivid

There are several written references to the movement of the lake Indians. Contemporary newspapers at Mariposa paint a sorry picture of the methods used and the suffering endured by the Indians. Several pioneers who were on the Tulare Lake at the time have given eyewitness accounts and brand it as one of the most infamous acts ever committed by our government. Readers of these sketches will remember that Uncle Bud Akers of Sanger told about the affair.

A few months after the Indians had arrived at the reservation they were actually starving in great numbers. There was nothing to be done but to allow them to go their way. Settlers had made impossible the return of the Choo'-noot to their old country so the parents of Yoi'-mut went to the old Ta'-lum-nee village on the southeastern outskirts of Visalia. It was here that Yoi'-mut was born.

Visalia in 1855 was a small village built around a log stockade. This stockade was torn down before Yoi'-mut was old enough to remember it, but she does remember a similar one which stood at the Blankenship ranch adjoining the Ta'-lum-nee village where she was born.

Hair Bobbed In Mourning

When Yoi'-mut was about 6 years old her father died and was buried at an old village three miles south of Farmersville on what was called the Fish Rice Ranch. In accordance with the ancient Yokuts custom, her mother bobbed her hair in mourning and went into seclusion until the time for the annual public mourning festival about five months later.

During the period of mourning no solid food was eaten

WOMAN IS LAST OF ANCIENT TRIBE

(Continued From Page 1-B)

go. It would be difficult to find among a cultured white race her equal at telling their old-time folklore stories, at singing their old songs and dancing their dances. The only compensating thought is that if it had to be, how fortunate we are it fell to Yoi'-mut to be the last historian of her tribe.

It is interesting to know how Yoi'-mut came to be born at Visalia. In 1854 the Tulare Lake Indians were rounded up by United States cavalry and driven to the Kings River Reservation near the present Centerville. The terms "rounded up" and "driven" express the idea exactly, except that they were not handled as humanely as cattle would have been. Many of them were actually killed because they would not go and others died of starvation and exposure on the way and after they arrived at Kings River.

The Indians were allowed no time in which to prepare food for travel and the cavalymen had made no preparation to feed them. Almost a week was consumed in rounding up the Indians. During this time they were held in a band, almost entirely without food. Three days more were required to drive them to Centerville. The only food they had on the way consisted of a few fish the Indians were able to catch and a few green tule roots that they dug while being prodded along by the sabers of the cavalymen. Several babies were born along the way.

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During the period of mourning no meat or solid food was eaten and no recreation of any sort was indulged in. The cheeks were coated with pitch and ashes and a constant crying was kept up.

The annual public mourning ceremony was known among the Yokuts as the Lo-nee'-wis. It followed a set program and lasted for six days and nights. The finale consisted of the burning of clothed images of the dead, followed by a washing ceremony. After the washing all taboos were over and the bereaved could again take part in all affairs.

Yoi'-mut gives the following brief description of the Lo-nee'-wis which ended the period of mourning for her father: "My mother washed after my father's death at a big Lo-nee'-wis at the Fish Rice Ranch. She bought new clothes for my father. She bought them at Sweet's

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"My mother made a man of tules and dressed it up in the new clothes. She burned the figure at the big Lo-nee'-wis. I just remember that time. I was about 7 years old."

Yoi'-mut is frank in her discussion of the old-time customs of her people and the writer remarked that such a practice was quite expensive and not necessary. She agreed that her mother had worked hard for many months washing clothes for the Blankenships to earn the money to buy the new clothes.

Then Yoi'-mut challenged me directly, saying, "You people do the same thing. You dress dead people in good clothes, you buy expensive coffin. You spend lots of money to bury your father, mother, maybe your wife. You put everything in the ground and all decay. We burn good clothes and they go to the hereafter so our dead person always has good clothes to wear. What do you think?"

The writer is still thinking.

It is a great disappointment to Yoi'-mut that her own tribe was never allowed a small piece of ground in their old locality. The lake shore from Waukena to Angiola was settled very early and they could not stay there. A great epidemic of measles broke up the old village of Wa'-tot shoo'-lool at the Blankenship ranch near Visalia.

From the Visalia village a part of her people went to the Burris ranch on the Kings River and part to the Fish Rice Ranch near Farmersville. By the time these last villages were broken up only a remnant of the Choo'noot remained. Says Yoi'-mut, "We went from one ranch to another chopping wood and washing clothes until I am the only one left.

"Now my daughter and her Mexican husband are working in the cotton between Tulare and Waukena. Cotton, cotton, that is all that is left. Indians can not live on cotton. They can not sing their songs and tell their stories where there is nothing but cotton."

SHAFTER, CAL. PRESS

MARCH 19, 1936

Shafter Author Makes Valuable Addition to State's Indian Literature

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"California Indian Folklore" is the title of a volume that makes a valuable addition to California Indian literature, just off the press. It is the work of a Shafter man, F. F. Latta, local high school instructor, who is recognized as one of the state's most reliable authorities on California Indians.

The book has a total of 300 pages and carries 34 Indian folklore stories, each illustrated with a half-tone illustration occupying a full page. Each story was told to Mr. Latta by an Indian survivor of the particular tribe with which the story deals.

The introduction to each story tells something of the story-teller, and each tale is accompanied with a vocabulary of the Indian words used in it.

The work represents 14 years painstaking effort on

the part of Mr. Latta. It has been read in manuscript form by the state's most competent judges, and all attest it to be a most valuable piece of work. In fact, the state board of education has formally approved it, and a number of counties have adopted it as a supplementary textbook to be used in the schools.

The text of the book is printed on a heavy vellum-finish paper; the half-tones are printed on a highly calendared paper, and the book is substantially and attractively bound in heavy boards covered with a tan fabrikoid.

The book was produced entirely in the plant of THE SHAFTER PRESS, including composition, make-up, presswork and binding; and, being the work of a Shafter author, is a 100 per cent Shafter product.

SHAFTER, CAL. PRESS

JANUARY 30, 1936

LATTA SPEAKER BEFORE MANY ORGANIZATIONS

364
Unusual interest in early day Indian legend, lore and history is being evidenced by the people of the San Joaquin valley by their recent demand for talks by F. F. Latta, Shafter high school instructor, considered a pre-eminent authority on these subjects.

On Wednesday evening, January 22, accompanied by Mrs. Latta, he went to Hanford where he lectured before the Wednesday evening adult class of that city, his subject being "Folklore of the Valley Indians."

At Fellows last Friday evening he lectured on "Indian Folklore" and made a talk on the early oil history of the valley before the Fellows Men's Forum. On Saturday evening he was the guest speaker before the San Joaquin Valley Chapter of the California Greeter's Association at their annual banquet in the Bakersfield El Tejon Hotel. His subject was "Indian Basketry."

On Sunday, with Mrs. Latta he participated in the meeting of the San Joaquin Valley Chapter of the League of Western Writers in Fresno. During the previous week Latta addressed the Friendly Indians at Wasco, talking to the embryo Boy Scouts on "Indian Folklore of the Community."

Longevity

1908 - 1931, n.d.

Indian Chief Dies Aged 111.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., April 27.—Chief Jose of the San Manuel reservation above Highland was found dead in his shack. He was 111 years old, according to the mission records, and was celebrated among the pioneers throughout the section as a mighty hunter. Chief Jose simply dried up. News of his death was brought to town by his squaw, who asked for a box in which to place his remains. He was found by her in a chair in her cabin, and when removed by the coroner resembled dry leather. As far back as the pioneers can recollect Jose was the white man's friend. Many of the older hunters here he trained in hunting bear. Once he fought with a bear to save a white boy, finally dispatching the bear with a knife, though not until he had been badly torn, scars he then received disfiguring him all his life.

Wash. Star - April 27, 1900.

STOCKTON, CAL. RECORD.
September 27, 1924

Indian Brave of Calaveras Crosses Divide

Joe Onitt, Indian patriarch of the Calaveras Big Trees, is dead. He has followed his squaw, Sally, to the Happy Hunting Ground.

Burial was held a couple of days ago, according to Edgar Whiteside of the Big Trees hotel, in an Indian cemetery about five miles above the resort. It was a real Indian burial, all Joe's worldly possessions being interred with him. Jeff Davis, an Indian of Sheep Ranch, officiated.

Joe, who was a familiar figure to vacationists at the Big Trees, was believed to be close to 100 years of age. In a confidential mood he once told Whiteside that when a young boy his tribe massacred a train of immigrants to Hermit valley. He was known as a medicine man among his people.

Onitt possessed a good singing voice and a number of years ago some phonograph records were made of his tribal songs.

Joe will be missed at the Big Trees.

ANGELS CAMP, CALIF.
CALIFORNIAN, 188
October 2, 1924

INDIAN CENTENARIAN CROSSES GREAT DIVIDE

Joe Onitt, an Indian supposed to be over 100 years old, and a familiar figure around the Calaveras Big Tree grove, died last week and was given a real Indian funeral.

All his wealth and possessions were buried with him in an Indian cemetery about five miles above the Big Trees.

He was a big "medicine man" in the days when the redskin was the boss of all this country.

STOCKTON, CAL. RECORD.
October 2, 1924

Susanne, Indian Woman 102 Years, Joins Her Fathers

CARSON HILL, Oct. 2.—Susanne, aged Indian woman, is dead. She died yesterday afternoon, victim of paralysis. Susanne was generally credited with 102 years. Perhaps she was older. She was born near Mokelumne Hill, but had lived near this place for more than sixty years. One son Charles survives. The funeral will be held this afternoon at 3 o'clock. Burial will be made in the Indian cemetery.

Age

Fig-Tree John of Yuma said
to be 130 yrs old.

Elsinore Lake Press, April 16, 1925.

QUINCY, CAL.—INDEPENDENT
SEPTEMBER 16, 1925

Notokoiyo

**AGED INDIAN WOMAN
DIED MONDAY MORNING**

Mary Hamilton, an aged Indian resident of American Valley died at her home on the 13th inst., of tuberculosis. She was about 85 years of age and lived most of her life in this section of the country. Her husband passed away last spring, and since his death she has been unable to move about without assistance.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
EXAMINER
DECEMBER 21, 1925

**Indian Woman, 120
Years Old, Is Dead**

HEALDSBURG, Dec. 20.—Sally Castillo, Indian woman residing at the Demostene ranch, declared by her relatives to be 120 years old, died after a long illness. She had lived with her son, Frank Castillo, but had several other children.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
EXAMINER
Age JANUARY 6, 1926

**Squaw, 115 Years
Old, to Get Pagan,
Christian Burial**

CLOVIS (Cal.), Jan. 5.—"Squaw Jim," aged Mono Indian woman, whose relatives say she was 115 years old, died yesterday at Sycamore Indian village.

She will be buried with both Christian and Indian rites. For more than a century of her long life "Squaw Jim" was a bitter foe of the white man's religion. She attacked the missionaries and adhered to the old tribal ways.

Four years ago, however, she was converted. She rose to her feet at a missionary meeting and briefly announced that she had decided the white man's God is "right." She was baptized and the missionaries will give her a Christian burial.

But after the minister has gone the grave will be re-opened, the mourners will gather about and with ceremonies used by the Monos for hundreds of years the Indians will say farewell. One by one, the mourners will jump over the grave, believing that all who accomplish this feat will avoid death for twelve months.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
EXAMINER
JANUARY 21, 1926

**AGED 'MEDICINE
WOMAN' BURIED**

CLOVIS, Jan. 20.—Today the body of Mrs. Jim Roan, 90-year-old "medicine woman" and magic worker of the Ahwahnee Indians, lies beside that of her brother, Peter Westfall, last chief of the tribe. She was buried yesterday in the Indian graveyard here and took with her to the grave the solution of a little mystery surrounding Chief Westfall's death two years ago.

Before he died Peter Westfall became religious and joined a church against the wishes of his old sister. She felt that he should die as he had lived, an Indian. He sickened soon after joining the church and as death neared him he called a council of the Ahwahnee tribe. It gathered in the Indian roundhouse and the chief's sister made "medicine" to drive away ghosts.

A tradition of the Ahwahnees is that it was the duty of "medicine" workers to bring death to all who threaten bad luck to the tribe. Mrs. Roan had been heard to declare that her brother's conversion meant bad luck to his family and the tribe. And out of that the legend grew that she had cast a fatal spell on Peter Westfall. Few of the Ahwahnees are left but they retain the old superstitions and believe the legend.

WOODLAND, CAL.—MAIL
JUNE 27, 1926

**Indian, 104 Years
Old, Speaks Tonight**

Tonight at eight o'clock, Big Chief Horse Eagle will speak at the First M. E. 1/4 church, this being an opportunity for Woodland people to hear one of the picturesque figures of present day American life.

Big Chief Horse Eagle is 104 years of age and is a member of the Osage tribe, and comes from Oklahoma where oil was discovered on his lands some time ago, bringing him a fortune.

He has traveled extensively in America and Europe and has met the leading citizens of both countries. That he has been known by every president since Lincoln is one of his boasts and he has met a large number of the crowned heads of Europe.

He recently spoke at Camp Curry in the Yosemite Valley and there won the approval of all who heard him. He has spoken before the Chamber of Commerce body of San Francisco and for the past week has been in Sacramento speaking daily.

Horse Eagle is the chief of over five hundred Indian tribes of America and graduated from Yale with the class of 1871. For a time he was a preacher and so will be at home in the pulpit. He will appear in full Indian regalia.

CALIFORNIA INDIAN LIVED FOR 150 YEARS

364
The visit of Chief White Horse Eagle, who is 104 years old, to Petaluma naturally calls to mind some mystery regarding distinguished Indians of California. John Sales states that "Old Gabriel" an Indian chief of California, lived to be 150 years old. Mr. Sales has furnished the following for the Courier relative to Old Gabriel:

"Gabriel lived long enough to acquire title at least for a little while of being one of the oldest inhabitants. He was a native of the soil; descendent of some tribe that inherited Northern California. Before California climate ever became advertised it appears to have been very conducive to longevity; or at least Gabriel found it so, for he had survived one hundred and fifty-one long, sweet, sunshiny, summers of the Golden West. When it came to age he surpassed everybody and almost everything about the tepee or camp; unless it were some of the mortars, arrow heads, and similar family heirlooms that may have been preserved for many generations; and of the Indian legends he might have been the originator of quite a number himself; he had sufficient time in his little sojourn among those that appreciated and enjoyed legends.

After Gabriel had gained some little reputation for being old after he had passed the allotted time of old, that is three score and ten, by fifty years; people began to investigate. One of the investigators was Samuel D. Cassidy, for many years the estimable editor of the Petaluma Argus. He stated that after looking carefully over mission records that he believed that at that time our aged and venerable Indian was one hundred and twenty years of age. Gabriel loved his native soil he still remained; he did not depart for the happy hunting grounds until thirty-one years later.

Gabriel claimed a religion and a

baptismal record, from which he said he could prove his age was not exaggerated. He was converted, and joined the Mission church at Monterey, one of the first neophytes. knew it or not, but he lived under the glorious flag of Castile; one that the Spanish Grandees had fought and triumphed under for centuries; one that Columbus carried across the ocean to New Spain; later on, the Mexican flag, with its eagle, stripes and various insignia; later on, he lost his flag with its proud eagle and he found himself under a flag with a bear on it for a change. He survived under the Bear flag, that fluttered and floated in the balmy breezes of the Pacific for Twenty-five days at Historic old Sonoma. The Stars and Stripes did not worry him into an early grave, for he still lived on and became a good citizen under Uncle Sam. There may have been other flags, since Mexico frequently changed rulers and during those changes in government there may have been changes in their flags. During all these changes, in war time and peace, our venerable oboriginee took his daily bath and in addition he carefully scraped himself with a knife instead of using a bath towel. These habits of personal cleanliness it is said that he religiously adhered to throughout his lengthy life.

"Gabriel was a good Indian; one of exemplary habits; he used no liquor or tobacco. Besides the language of his tribe he spoke Spanish and English, but in his last three years he spoke neither Spanish nor English, claiming that he had forgotten both and could understand no language but the language of his youth and his younger days. Perhaps his mind reverted to scenes that were more dear to him than those of later days. He longed for the freedom of the West as he saw it before the advent of the Dons and the Americans; the Golden West appeared to him more beautiful in its simplicity and undeveloped state; he saw not progress; he saw only Gabriel as chief of Tulare Tribe; he retained one blessing, one relic of the good old days to the last—his native tongue."

S. F., Cal.
EXAMINER
FEBRUARY 21, 1927

Oldest Indian in 364 California Passes

LAKEPORT, Feb. 20.—Charles Riggins, said to be the oldest Indian in California, died at Upper Lake this week at the age of 108. His wife, who died a few months ago, was 112 years old.

Allen's Clipping Press Bureau

SAN FRANCISCO.
LOS ANGELES.
PORTLAND, ORE.
CLIPPING FROM

S. F., Cal.
EXAMINER
FEBRUARY 18, 1927
FEB 21 1927

Oldest Indian in California Passes

LAKEPORT, Feb. 20.—Charles Riggins, said to be the oldest Indian in California, died at Upper Lake this week at the age of 108. His wife, who died a few months ago, was 112 years old.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—SEE

APRIL 2, 1927

INDIAN, REPUTED 126, IS DEAD

Placer Tribes Will Gather For Rites At Clipper Gap

AUBURN (Placer Co.), April 2.—Indians from Placer, Nevada and El Dorado Counties will gather at Clipper Gap Reservation Sunday for the funeral rites of an aged Indian woman, known to the white residents of the district as "Mandy Johnson," and commonly reputed by her Indian friends to have been between 126 and 127 years of age at the time of her death. She died yesterday.

The official death certificate of Dr. Theodore Snapp of Auburn is now in the hands of Coroner Colin B. Hislop of Placer County, and Hislop has entered her age as "about 126 years" upon this document.

Born In 1800

Hislop states that Edward Enos, Indian, and spokesman for the tribe to which the aged woman belonged, and with which she has resided fourscore years, told him yesterday the Indians believed the woman was born in the year 1800, the month of year being uncertain.

He stated the woman has always fixed the date of her birth by the fact that her parents resided near what is known as McCortney Bridge, in the Wheatland district, at the time when a Russian settlement was started in that territory, then a vast wilderness inhabited by Indians only. This is estimated to have been in 1806 or 1807, and

the aged woman claimed to have a girlhood memory of these whites which stayed with her until shortly before her death.

Outlives Her Grandchildren.

The aged woman is said to have outlived all her children and grandchildren, but is reputed to have many more distant relatives in existence, with the result that nearly the entire Indian reservations from above Nevada City, Nevada County, and from near Diamond Springs, El Dorado County, as well as Placer County Indians, will be in attendance.

The remains are to be taken to Nevada County for interment. It was stated yesterday by Hislop. He stated a modern casket had been purchased by the Indians, and that the funeral ceremonial will be under the direction of Jimdick, chief of the Indian reservation.

Wash. Star

April 3, 1927.

INDIAN SQUAW, 126, DIES.

Remembered Russian Settlement
on Coast in 1806.

AUBURN, Calif., April 2 (AP).—With an age of 126 years registered on her death certificate, an Indian squaw known as Mandy Johnson will be buried by her tribesmen at Clipper Gap tomorrow. Coroner Hislop said as nearly as could be learned from old Indians, the woman was born in 1800.

Mandy claimed to have remembered a white settlement near Wheaton, where a Russian settlement was attempted about 1806.

APRIL 3, 1927

Indians To Hold Rites for Woman 128 Years of Age

Clipper Gap To Be Scene of Tribal Ceremonies for Mandy Johnson.

AUBURN, April 2.—Several hundred Indian residents will gather at Clipper Gap tomorrow for the tribal funeral rites over the remains of Mandy Johnson, reputed to have been the oldest Indian woman of California and the west. They will come from Nevada, Placer and Eldorado counties, wearing their ancient tribal costumes, to participate in the services.

The aged woman, who claimed to have passed her 128th milestone, died at Clipper Gap today after a long illness. It was a tribal legend that Mandy had been born in the Wheatland section, north of Roseville in 1801, the year the Russians pushed their colonization east from the Sonoma section to the uninhabited plains of the lower Sacramento region. On many occasions, members of the tribe report, she had described the activities of the Russians and gave such intimate details of their habits and colonization that there seemed little doubt of her claim.

The services will be conducted by Jim Dick, chief of the Indian reservation at Long Valley, where the woman resided for more than a century. Following the tribal rites, the body will be removed to Nevada for burial.

STOCKTON, CALIF.

RECORD

MAY 14, 1927

Picturesque Indian, Over 100, Who Saw Fremont Come Over the Sierras, Passes to His Fathers

ANGELS OFFICE STOCKTON RECORD, May 14.—"Calaveras Walker," Indian, and Calaveras oldest resident, died recently at his place near Murphys. Walker, whose exact age is unknown, was well past the century mark.

The deceased was a member of a tribe of diggers which held forth in this section. During his younger days he was the tribe's runner, and was noted for his speed. He often told how the Washoes from Nevada would come over and stage races with the local tribe. The diggers were in poverty because the Washoes always won. They would take back all the tribe's horses, hides, beads and everything of value that could be bet on the races. To refuse to race would mean war, and the diggers were not strong for fighting.

Walker remembered when Fremont crossed the Sierra Nevada mountains on his first trip to California. As a young man he hid behind a clump of trees and

watched Fremont and his band of explorers go by.

On a recent occasion Walker was reported dead. The undertaker ordered a grave dug and made all preparations for a funeral. When he called at the Walker cabin to get the supposed dead man, Walker sat up with a start. "Ugh! What's matter? Can't Walker sleep? Go way! Indian no dead!" was the greeting handed out by the ancient one.

Walker was well known throughout this county. A few years ago he was a familiar sight plodding along the highways packing a heavy load on his head in customary Indian fashion. He was proud of his name and often would stop tourists and introduce himself.

"You know me? Me great Injun Walker. You takum picture. Fo' a bit, takem Walker picture." He derived considerable money in this way, as he was a picturesque sight and many a tourist gave him money out of sympathy.

SUSANVILLE, CAL.
ADVOCATE
SEPTEMBER 16, 1927

Aged Indian Resident Passes Away at Doyle

364
Mollie Jim, an aged Indian resident of Lassen County, passed away at the home of her husband, Buffalo Jim near Doyle, Wednesday afternoon.

Dr. Dan Coll and Coroner Dave Edenholtz were called and an autopsy was made to determine the cause of death. Peritonitis was learned to have been the cause of the death.

Interment was made at Doyle the same day.

RED BLUFF, CALIF.—NEWS

NOVEMBER 1, 1927

INDIAN WOMAN AGE 107 DIES ON RESERVATION

364
Anne Brown, reputed to be the oldest person in northern California, is dead at the ripe old age of 107. She was the widow of an old Indian chief, who had made her home with a few surviving members of the tribe. Her funeral took place Sunday at the Grindstone reservation in Glenn county, near the Tehama county line. For twenty-four hours members of the tribe continued to wail. Her remains were buried in an Indian mound on the rancheria.

When Anne Brown was little more than a girl she was captured by Spaniards and was taken to Sonoma county as a slave. She escaped, however, and returned to her people. When she became critically ill about two weeks ago an attempt was made to take her to the county hospital at Willows, but she declared she wanted to die among her own people. Her eyesight was good until the last and there was no stoop in her shoulders.

PLACERVILLE, CALIF.

~~PLACERVILLE~~ DEMOCRAT

NOVEMBER 4, 1927

HENRY VAN SICKLE,

364 AGED INDIAN, DIES

Coroner J. B. Blair was called to Lake Tahoe Saturday night by a report of the discovery of a man found dead in his bed at Al Tahoe. Investigation of the case disclosed the fact that the man was Henry Van Sickle, an Indian of Gardnerville, Nevada. He had been on a fishing trip for white fish, together with other Nevada Indians for the past three weeks this being the time that they make their annual trip to the Lake Tahoe section.

The funeral was held at Carson City, Sunday afternoon.

Longevity

Believed Oldest Person in World



(Photo by Wide World)

Nah-Nee-Num-Naj-Skuk, full-blooded Pottawatomie Indian, 118 years old. This ancient brave, who was born where Chicago now stands, has been married five times and it is said his descendants number thousands.

Boston Traveler, Nov. 16, 1927

Longevity

AUTO KILLS INDIAN, 108.

SHELTON, Wash., November 19 (AP). —Jon Dan, born 108 years ago in a canoe crossing a stream, died yesterday from injuries received when he was struck by an automobile. He is survived by a brother, David Charley, aged 111.

Partially blind and deaf, the aged man, while crossing a street to his automobile, stepped into the path of another car.

The Dan brothers are Skokomish Indians.

Wash. Star, Nov. 19, 1927

INDIAN, 108, KILLED.

Correspondence of The Star.

ILLAHEE, Wash.—Duckabush Indians, typical Northwest tribe, live to ripe old ages. When funeral services were held for Joe Dan, 108, the chief mourner, his brother David, 111, walked briskly alongside the bier. These two brothers were born in canoes anchored on Puget Sound, which custom was common a century ago. It was believed that the Great Spirit thus endowed infant boys as master marines and lucky fisherman. Joe Dan, expert canoeist, was killed while trying to dodge an automobile on Hoods Canal Highway.

Wash. Star
Dec. 27, 1927

RICHMOND, CALIF.
INDEPENDENT
FEBRUARY 6, 1928

110 Years Old



He's 110 years old, has never seen a movie, but has acted before the camera. Diego Conejo, Southern California Indian, appears in an Indian massacre scene of an historical production not yet released.

RIVERSIDE, CAL., PRESS
MAY 29, 1928

Oldest Indian



The gold rush of '49 and other stirring events are as recent occurrences to Jennie John, a Klamath River Indian residing at Crescent City, Cal., whose 104 years make her California's oldest Indian.

STOCKTON, CALIF.
RECORD
JUNE 1, 1928

AGED INDIAN DEAD; VICTIM OF SNAKE BITE

Tuolumne Resident Dies
in Hospital at
Sonora

SONORA OFFICE STOCKTON RECORD, June 1.—Bitten by a rattlesnake four or five days ago, Tom Woods, a resident of Cherokee Indian reservation near here, died shortly after being brought to the county hospital yesterday. He was a California Indian, 75 years of age.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow afternoon under the direction of W. B. O'Beirne. Burial will be in the Indian cemetery at the Cherokee reservation. Deceased is survived by a brother and a sister, both residents of the reservation.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—BEE
JUNE 4, 1923

364 SNAKEBITE FATAL TO BAREFOOTED INDIAN

SONORA (Tuolumne Co.), June 4.
(AP)—Tom Wood, an Indian living on a reservation near Tuolumne, died here Saturday as a result of a rattlesnake bite several days ago. Wood, 75, was in the habit of going about the reservation barefooted, it was reported, and was struck on the big toe by the snake.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., UNION

JUNE 9, 1923

NEVER MARRIED INDIAN DIES AT 101

Death yesterday brought to an end the life of Angel Quilp, 101-year-old Mesa Grande Indian, who lived so long because he never married, according to tradition.

His body was found in his little "hogan" at the reservation, according to Coroner Schuyler C. Kelly. Back in 1843 the 16-year-old Angel fell in love with a beautiful Indian princess, who died before they could be married. Quilp, broken-hearted, pledged to live the rest of what resulted in a long earthly sojourn in bachelorhood. His body will be buried in the historic cemetery near Mesa Grande.

Allen's Clipping
Press Bureau

SAN FRANCISCO.

LOS ANGELES

PORTLAND, ORE.

CLIPPING FROM

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—BEE

JUNE 25, 1923

INDIAN WOMAN OF REPUTED AGE OF 120 YEARS DIES

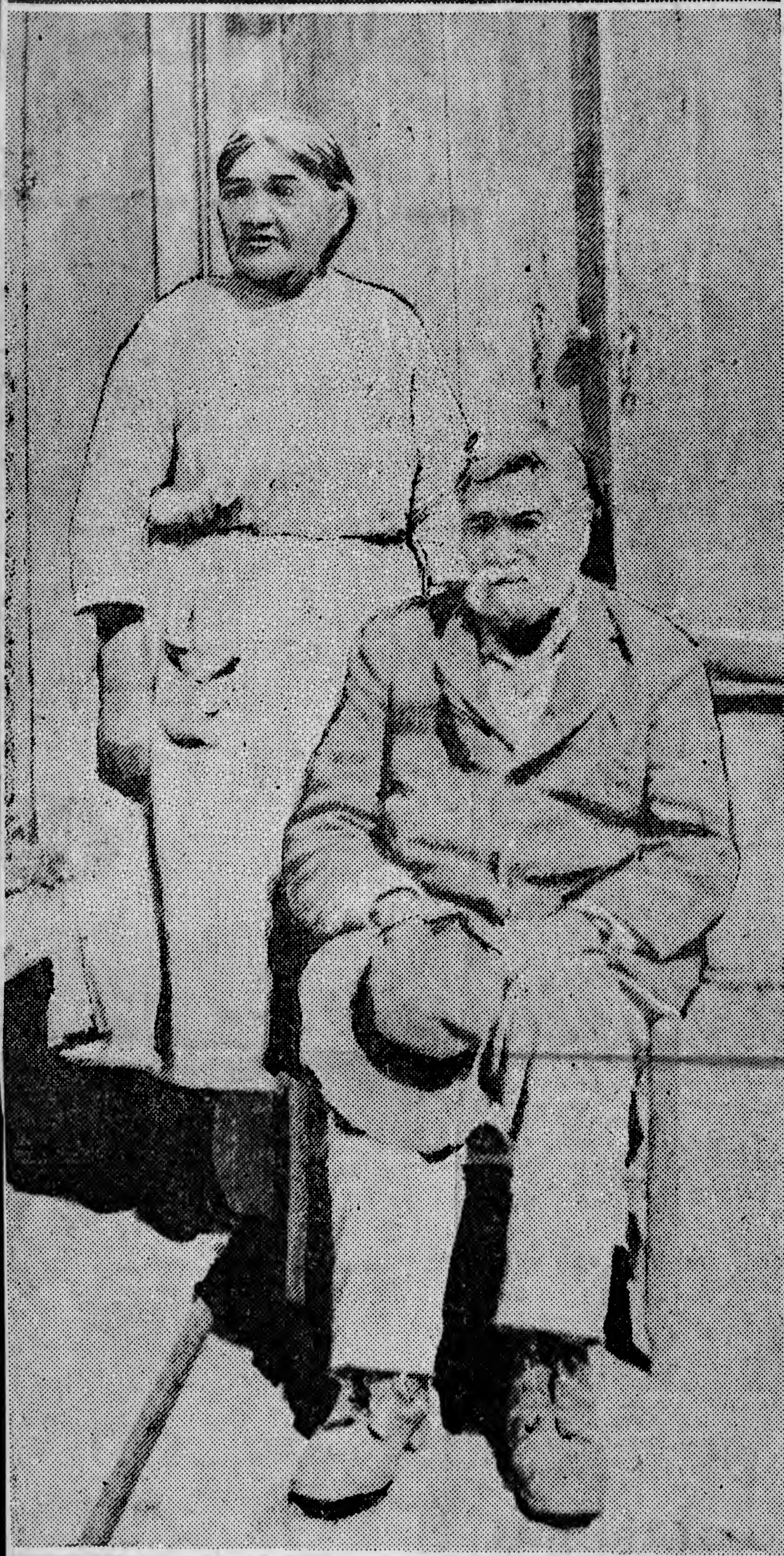
NEVADA CITY (Nevada Co.), June 25.—Reputed by members of her tribe to be 120 years old, "Eliza" is dead at her home in the Chicago Park District, Nevada County.

She was a Digger Indian and the oldest member of the tribe.

JULY 11, 1928

They Laugh at Time

The fact that both have forgotten their ages, known to be past the 100 mark, bothers CHIEF BIG ROCK and his wife, WHITE FAWN, not a bit. They are completing their existence with serenity at the Laytonville Indian reservation.



Chief, Past 100, Lives in Contentment on Reservation

WILLITS, July 11.—Presumably happy in his dreams of a departed tribal splendor, Chief Big Rock, said to be the oldest living California Indian, lives a tranquil existence with his wife, White Fawn, on the Laytonville Indian reservation.

No one knows the exact age of Chief Big Rock. Even he does not know it. It has been variously placed at 110 and 120 years, with the former considered most likely. Old timers of this district remember the chief always as a full grown man.

Despite the years that have passed over his head the chief is as active as a man of 40 years younger, his admirers declare. None of the senility characteristics of his white brothers has been visited upon him.

An ardent sportsman in his youth, the chief still retains a suspicion of his former muscular attributes.

Chief Big Rock was born about six miles west of Laytonville. His wife was born on Ten mile river, on the west coast of Mendocino county. She, too, has long since forgotten her age, although she remembers well her wedding day, and declares, a trifle naively, that some 65 summers have since passed and they are quite happy and contented with one another.

The aged Indian is well entitled to the title of chief, pioneers of the district aver. He has been ruler of his tribe for more than 60 years, and even today his word is considered law among the comparatively few members of a mighty group of redskins that roamed this section many years ago.

INDIAN, 130, IS NEARING DEATH

364
Chief Manuel Tortes Very
Ill at Residence of
His Son

After a life that has extended over 130 years, Chief Manuel Tortes of the Santa Rosa Indians is descending into the Valley of the Shadows. The elderly Indian, believed to be the oldest man in California, is desperately ill in Hemet at the home of his son, Alec. Until two weeks ago he scarcely had been ill a day in his long life.

Tortes has tribal documents to prove that he was born in 1798. During all the years he has resided in the tiny Santa Rosa reservation high up in a remote spot in the mountains, 40 miles southeast of Hemet. Only 50 of the tribe are left, and seldom do they leave their hilltop fastness to visit the cities of the valley.

For more than 100 years Manuel Tortes has ruled the gradually diminishing tribe. Despite his great age he has retained full possession of his faculties and has farmed a tract on the reservation. When he was stricken a fortnight ago he was immediately removed to his son's home.

The patriarchal chief has four sons and 16 grandchildren.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1928

SANTA ROSA CHIEF NEARING DEATH AT AGE OF 130 YEARS

Captain Manuel Tortes, 130 years old, chief of the Santa Rosa Indians, is critically ill at the home of his grandson, Raphael Tortes, at Valle Vista. He is believed to be America's oldest living Indian chief. Records of the Santa Rosa tribe, carefully kept by himself and the chiefs before him, fix the year 1798 as that of his birth.

Relatives and members of the Santa Rosa tribe from many sections of Southern California have been called to his bedside.

Chief Tortes has four living children—each of them nearing 100 years of age—13 grandchildren and 40 great-grandchildren.

The present serious illness of Chief Tortes is the first he has ever known—until three weeks ago he worked every day with his people on the Santa Rosa reservation.

For many years Chief Tortes has been attempting to be heard in the Bureau of Indian Affairs at Washington regarding the need for an adequate water supply for his people on the Santa Rosa reservation. He has brought the matter to the attention of many friends of the California Indians, but so far has been given no definite assurance by the Washington authorities that anything will be done.

This week he expressed the hope that he might live to see this ambition for his people realized.

The Santa Rosa tribe of which Captain Tortes is chief has been reduced in numbers until now only 50 live on the reservation, high in the mountains southeast of the Hemet-San Jacinto Valley. The reservation is one of the most inaccessible in the country.

Alec Tortes, a grandson of the chief, arrived last Friday from Redlands. Other relatives have been arriving daily. Fifteen years ago Alec Tortes was one of the best known semi-professional baseball players in Southern California. His brothers, Raphael and Juan, both of Hemet Valley, were also prominent athletes.

ARLINGTON, CAL., TIMES

SEPTEMBER 28, 1928

INDIAN 130 YEARS OLD, IS NEARING DEATH

After a life that has extended over 130 years, Chief Manuel Tortes of Santa Rosa Indians is near death. The elderly Indian, believed to be the oldest man in California, is ill in Hemet at the home of his son, Allec. Until two weeks ago he scarcely had been ill in his long life.

Tortes has tribal documents to prove that he was born in 1798. During all the years he has resided in the tiny Santa Rosa reservation high up in a remote spot in the mountains, 40 miles southeast of Hemet. Only 50 of the tribe are left, and seldom do they leave their hilltop fastness to visit the cities of the valley.

For more than 100 years Manuel Tortes has ruled the gradually diminishing tribe. Despite his great age he has retained full possession of his faculties and has farmed a tract on the reservation. When he was stricken a fortnight ago he was immediately removed to his son's home. The patriarchal chief has four sons and sixteen grandchildren.

OCTOBER 4, 1928

OLDEST LIVING MAN PASSES AWAY

Indian Chief Dies at Age of
130—Strange
Rites

The oldest known person in California passed away at Valle Vista Saturday night in the person of Manuel Tortes, chief of the Santa Rosa Indians. He had almost double the allotted three score and ten for he was 130 years of age having been born in 1798 according to tribal records.

Saturday night and Sunday night following his death Indian ceremonials were held in the little Indian settlement south of Florida Ave. and near the Wilson home. Here the body lay in state in a little house at the Indian camp. Messages had been sent to the various reservations of the death and soon there were 50 representatives present from the various tribes. The entire death ritual of the Indians was gone through lasting the entire Saturday and Sunday nights. The mystic rites appealed to the Great Spirit for acceptance of the soul of the departed, imploring that the Pass to the Happy Hunting Grounds be made easy. The chanting of the creation of the earth, then the formation of the hills and running of the rivers, then the creation of Man, then the history of the Indian and particularly of the dead man's family was chanted for many generations. Food was served to all, the food serving for refreshment to the living and symbolically for the dead during his journey to the spirit lands. As the Indians have embraced the Catholic faith, Father Henry of this city was present to pray for the departed. The body was prepared by Roulston & Harford. After the ceremonials here it was taken to the Santa Rosa reservation where the funeral was held Monday attended by Indians from many points in Southern California for all the Indian funeral rites were again observed.

The chief lived all his life on the Santa Rosa reservation until about 3 years ago when he came to Valle Vista to the home of his grandson, Raphael Tortes.

He is survived by four children, all of whom are said to be over 100 years of age and 13 grand children and 40 great grand children.

OCTOBER 5, 1928

LA. ^{Outside} TRIBAL TRIBUTE PAID CHIEF

Manual Tortes Summoned at Age of 130 Years

364
Fifty Santa Rosa Indians, all that remain of a once powerful tribe, gathered in the little cemetery on the reservation high in the mountains above Hemet Monday night, and buried their chief, Captain Manual Tortes, 130 years old, with full tribal honors. An Indian priest chanted the burial intercession as the aged chief was lowered to his grave. Members of the tribe remained at the graveside throughout the night.

Chief Tortes died Saturday at the home of his grandson, Raphael Tortes, at Valle Vista. His criti-

cal illness was announced in The News two weeks ago. The body was removed to the Roulston & Harford Funeral Home and then taken to the Santa Rosa reservation for the funeral service and burial.

Born in 1798, according to tribal records, chief Tortes was at the time of his death believed to be the oldest living Indian chief in America. He is survived by four children, all declared to be over 100 years old; 14 grandchildren, 40 great-grandchildren, and several great-great-grandchildren.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., UNION

OCTOBER 25, 1928

INDIAN, 100, LIFTS MOTORCYCLE; CLEARS SELF OF 'VAG' CHARGE

364
There is a distinctly human side to occurrences at central police station. Then there are rules and theories.

If you can walk a straight line and say "przemysl" without dislocating your tongue, you are not intoxicated. This is a rule.

If you are 100 years old and can lift the rear end of a 450-pound motorcycle, you are not a vagrant. This has been merely a theory. It is now a demonstrated fact.

The "theory" was put into practice yesterday when Joe Doran, chief of police, released Juan Martinez, 100-year-old Indian, after he had been arrested by M. C. McLaren, patrolman, and booked at the city jail on a charge of "vagrancy, refusing to work." Juan

was arrested at Third and Island streets after the Indian is said to have refused to abandon his home, a crudely improvised affair, on the water front.

The aged Indian convinced Chief Doran that he was healthy and capable of work, although 100 years old, by lifting the rear wheel of a motorcycle off the ground. He was in jail only a few minutes.

Boys then taken to the
Oakland Detention Home until
their parents could be notified.

Remnant Tribe Attends Rites Of Indian, 107

Survivors of Sacramento Valley Race Mourn Death
of Aged Woman.

1928.

WILLOWS, Nov. 1.—(AP)—Less than 100 Indians, the scanty remnant of a race that once numbered 10,000 in the Sacramento valley, gathered yesterday near Newville to mourn the death of Ann Brown, 107 years old, the oldest Indian woman in the Sacramento valley, according to her claim before she died.

The aged woman, who saw the ranks of her people depleted through four generations, was buried with her ancestors in the family mound near Newville. Death took place at the Grindstone rancheria, where she had lived.

After Century of Life

With the Indian old age is a tradition and INDIAN PETE of Willits proved no exception. Pete, who was a familiar character about that city for many years, died recently at the official age of 120, but old timers of Mendocino county declare that the aged man had lived many years longer.



Indian Pioneer, 120 Years Old, Succumbs at Willits

WILLITS, March 31. — The "happy hunting grounds" had today conferred its greeting upon Indian Pete, Mendocino Indian who claimed 120 years before his death. Pete, presumably California's oldest resident, died last week at the rancheria of the Shibalny Pomos at Cahto, near Laytonville, and was buried with tribal rites.

Pete was born during the term of James Madison, fourth president of the United States, and while Robert Fulton was engaged on his steamboat experiments. When Abraham Lincoln was assassinated he was well along in middle age.

Though Pete's exact age was undetermined, old residents near here support his claims that he had seen 120 summers and winters go by. When the first settlers in

northern Mendocino county saw him he was an old and wrinkled man.

Jim White, 60, said that in his boyhood days he knew Indian Pete as "the old man of the 'Pompos.'" Sam Pinchez of Laytonville said that when he first saw Pete in 1871 he was then well advanced in age.

The aged Indian was presumably born within six miles of the spot where he died. A wife, almost as old as he, and three children survive him.

Among Indian Pete's memories were tales of the days when elk were as thick in California as cattle are today. He hunted over the state when it was a total wilderness and, in his middle age, packed supplies for the earliest adventurers who visited the coast.

INDIAN TALE FINDS ECHO IN OKLAHOMA

Member of Shawnee Tribe,
William Little Axe,
120 Years of Age.

A news story appearing recently in the Press-Telegram about a 110-year old Indian living near Compton finds an echo.

"I know an Indian older than that," writes Miss Louise Holman, whose address is Healdton, Okla. "Near the town of Shawnee, Okla., is a Shawnee Indian, named William Little Axe, who is 120."

Miss Holman's letter is verified by an Oklahoma newspaper clipping telling that when the census enumerator went to the Indian's two-room farm house, the aged man fled. He was lured back by an interpreter and the promise of a cigar.

William Little Axe was born in a Shawnee Indian village on the South Canadian somewhere between the cities that now are Purcell and Wauwata. He thinks he was born in 1810, two years before the War of 1812 and the siege of New Orleans.

William Little Axe enlisted in the Civil War in 1861. He had grown children and was the "old man" of his troop of cavalry. He remembers riding the ranges hunting buffalo, deer, turkey and other wild game.

The Indian drinks nothing stronger than water, smokes a pipe nearly all the time, and lives largely on pork.

STOCKTON CALIF. RECORD

JULY 10, 1931

Aged Indian Dies at Home of Son

SONORA OFFICE STOCKTON RECORD, July 10.—Jim Bill, Indian, 90, resident of the Groveland section for a long time, died yesterday afternoon at the home of his son, Jack Bailey, at the Indian reservation near Tuolumne. The funeral, in charge of W. B. O'Beirne, was held at the Indian reservation at 4 o'clock this afternoon. Burial was made in the Indian cemetery at Cherokee.

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.,
ENTERPRISE
JULY 14, 1931 44

Aged Indian Is Found Dead in Bed of Stream

Modern eyes are not trained for ancient Indian smoke signals, and for that reason, officers believe, an aged Indian died alone yesterday in the San Jacinto river bottom—his attempts to summon aid by smoke signals of distress were futile.

The body was found by a rancher in the sands northwest of San Jacinto near the Ryan ranch. Undersheriff W. W. Walrath and Deputy Sheriff E. J. Burr, investigating officers, said there were ashes of two fires, typical smoke signal fires, near the body.

The aged Indian, who has not been identified, apparently died of natural causes, officers said. His age was estimated at 90 years.

MARTINEZ, CALIF.
GAZETTE
SEPTEMBER 28, 1931

Indian Aged 104 Attends Tulare Fete

Indians, one of them 104 years old, were among the guests of honor on Pioneer Day at the Tulare fair last Wednesday, according to Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Wright of Mt. View, who were also among the honored guests.

The more than a century-old Indian, whose name was not learned, was hale and hearty and very interested in the celebration, Mrs. Wright reports.

All of the pioneer guests were residents of Tulare prior to 1881. Ten who were residents prior to 1848 formed a court of honor to Governor James Rolph, Jr., who attended the out-of-door luncheon.

J. R. Wright of Mt. View accompanied his parents on the trip to Tulare.

SACRAMENTO CAL. BEE

JULY 15, 1931

WOMAN WHO PANNED GOLD 50 YEARS DIES

REDDING (Shasta Co.), July 15. (P)—Sarah Green, 90, Indian native of Shasta County, who had earned her living for the last fifty years by panning gold in the streams near her home at Whiskytown, died yesterday. Funeral services will be held Thursday.

GLENDORA, CAL. GLEANER 170

NOVEMBER 6, 1931

Age 92
Among the registrations for labor filed with Secretary Jorgensen is an Indian 92 years old. The fact that he is the father of 26 children adds interest to this remarkable circumstance.

Indian Dies at Age of 120 Years

REDDING, April 27.—Tom Delta, a Wintoon Indian, died near Antler at the age of 120 years. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that he died from lack of nourishment and care and that his age was "about 120 years."

Chronicle Ap. 28.

Lower California

1927 - 1930

CARMEL INDIAN KIN WILL TAKE PART IN FETE

—364—
Descendants of First Red-
skins to Be Seen in Serra
Festival in September.

MONTEREY, Aug. 27.—Direct descendants of the first Indians baptized in Carmel Mission 150 years ago by Fray Junipero Serra, founder of California Missions will be honored at the Serra Pilgrimage here September 9, 10 and 11, when the Onesimo family of two sturdy parents and four stalwart sons will supply a picturesque group for the fiesta.

Since the days of Serra, members of the family have been cared for by Serra's successors, and to-day finds Father Ramon Mestres of Monterey and Carmel missions looking out for the spiritual and often physical needs of present members of the old family. Just as their ancestors lived in close proximity to the old mission, the Onesimo family, with traits characteristic of their race, live in an humble dwelling a stone's throw from the last resting place of the old Spanish padre who walked among their forebears, tilling just enough of the soil to supply bodily needs and asking little of things worldly. The parents are in their seventies, while the sons range in age from 25 to 40.

Sunday morning, September 11, the family will accompany the pilgrimage in the way of the cross from Monterey to Carmel headed by Monsignor Mentres, walking in the same trail that their ancestors so often trod with their beloved Serra.

The route of the pilgrimage, marked with 14 crosses of virgin pine, will follow the easiest course over the hills to Carmel Mission, and was laid out with meticulous care by Fray Serra. Through the years the original trail has been preserved by Father Mentres.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF., UNION

AUGUST 28, 1927

Teacher Says Old Baja California Indians Were Lax on Cultivation

Indians in Lower California in the past lived entirely on the wild products of the land and did not cultivate anything, according to Peveril Meigs, a teaching fellow in the department of geography, who has just returned from a field trip in the northwestern mesa area of Lower California, covering 250 miles south of the border.

Meigs was studying the natural landscape, including the climate of the area, the land formation and the vegetation, as well as the effect of the different cultural groups on the land. The country rises in a series of marine terraces up to 2000 feet, he says. It is greatly cut up by canyons, though

part of it is still smooth, and it has a foggy, desert climate.

The first of the cultural groups was the Indians. They had a very low culture and left little except heaps of shells along the coast and even 20 miles inland. They carried shellfish with them for food. Some heaps were found as high as 2000 feet in the mountains, says Meigs.

The Indians also depended greatly on wild seeds and roots for their food. Cactus fruit was highly prized. Mesquite and the "Mescal" plant were other sources of food. The latter is very similar to the century plant. The Indians roasted the trunks in pits, a process which took three days, Meigs says. A few arrowheads indicated that the Indians probably shot some quail and rabbits, which are plentiful there.

Meigs talked with people who knew the old Indian language, and, judging from it, he thinks that the Indians who once inhabited that section belonged to the Yuman language group.

The next culture group to come was the dominican padres. Their activity was largely confined to a few valleys in which there was water. They had seven missions and about 1000 Indians to each mission. Meigs made a study of the missions, though they were practically in ruins, having been made of adobe. Junipera Serra built his first mission in Lower California over 250 miles south of the border and then crossed over to San Diego, where he built his second, says Meigs.

The land is now in the possession of Mexican frontiersmen, who engage in cattle ranging on the dry plains and mesas, Meigs says. There are a few little villages scattered at great distances and confined to the valleys. The people are friendly and hospitable, Meigs found. The worst element is right around the border, he says.

The most important sources of the wealth of Lower California today is the sea products along the coast and on the nearby islands, Meigs found.

OAKLAND, CALIF.—TRIBUNE

MAY 21, 1928

Indians' Theory of Creation Obtained By Two U. C. Men

BERKELEY, May 21.—There have been many theories advanced as to the creation of the world, but the latest to come to light is the weird history of the "beginning of things" which is the belief of the Akwa'ala Indians of Lower California.

The Akwa'ala version of creation has just been obtained by Dr. R. H. Lowie and Dr. E. W. Gifford of the University of California anthropology department from an aged "shaman," or doctor, of the tribe, known only as "Jackrabbit."

INDIANS.

His story goes thus:

"There was nothing but water in the beginning, and there were two men swimming under the surface searching for land. As one of them reached the surface land came up from the bottom of the sea. This man's name was Mitipa. The other man opened his eyes too quickly and was blinded by the salt water. He sank to the bottom of the sea, and thus the affliction of blindness came into being.

"Mitipa made four men and eight women. These were of different tribes—Mohave, Yuma, Maricopa, and Cocopa. Each man had two women. After these four

men and eight women were completed, the creator Mitipa mentioned the north, then he mentioned the west, so that those living in the mountains could use the wild foods, the seed of which were thrown to the west, so the people could use them. Then he mentioned the south. People were created in the north. In the south the same food was thrown as in the west, seeds, all kinds of seeds. He threw seeds to the east just as he did in the west, wild seeds for the people.

MAKES MOON, SUN.

"The creator had a moon. He made it in the west. Then he made the sun in the east. He put the moon in the west and told the people he had made it. He said the moon would go down, but there would be a new moon. He named the months. After that he made the sun.

"Moon was made, but first was taken out and put on the hand to show to men. 'This is the moon.' Then he took it up in the air and left it there. The creator had the sun on his hand in the same way. When people see it in the east, they know it is sunrise; when in the west, they know it will soon be dark and time to go home."

MAY 21, 1928

RELATE OLD INDIAN STORY OF CREATION

Another version of the creation story, explaining how the earth and its inhabitants came into existence, as believed by the Akwa'ala Indians of Lower California, has just been published by Dr. E. W. Gifford, curator of the University of California museum of anthropology, and Professor R. H. Lowie, of the anthropology department, from information furnished by an aged shaman of the tribe, known as Jackrabbit.

According to the Akwa'ala explanation as given by Jackrabbit, there was nothing but water in the beginning and there were two men swimming under the surface searching for land. As one of them reached the surface land came up from the bottom of the sea also. This man's name was Mitipa. The other man opened his eyes too quickly and was blinded by the salt water. He sank to the bottom of the sea, and thus the affliction of blindness came into being with man.

Told By Indian

In Jackrabbit's own words, then, "Mitipa made four men and eight women. These were of different tribes—Mojave, Yuma, Maricopa and Cocopa. Each man had two women. After these four men and eight women were completed, the creator Mitipa mentioned the north, then he mentioned the west, so that those living in the mountains could use the wild foods, the seed of which were thrown to the west, so the people could use them. Then he mentioned the south.

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Made the Moon

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"Men were made like dolls, which after a while became like men. Each was given the name of his tribe and lineage."

Told Through Interpreters

Professor Lowie and Dr. Gifford met with Jackrabbit while making a study of the Cocopa tribe. They persuaded him to accompany them to the Cocopa camp near Somerton, and there held conversation with him through two interpreters, a Cocopa Indian translating the Akwa'ala into Yuma, and a Yuma translating it into English. Jackrabbit also furnished more in-

formation concerning shamanism and other customs and rites of his people. These have been published in bulletin form by the University Press, under the title, "Notes on the Akwa-ala Indians of Lower California."

That good coal. Whitney and
Whitney. Berkeley 687. Adv.

CHICO, CALIF. ENTERPRISE

JAN. 14, 1932

Meigs Speaker At Lions Club

Peveril Meigs, assistant professor of geography at the teachers college, addressed the Lions club today with an illustrated lecture on the Indians of Lower California.

Meigs spent several summers in that region representing the departments of geography and anthropology of the University of California. He studied Indians of the interior who have never been studied by white men.

The speaker spoke of the language, food, houses, and culture of the Indians, and told of their legends and folk lore, illustrating his remarks with lantern slides.

Dan Webster was fellowship chairman. Harry Deirup presided. H. D. McCabe was inducted into membership in the local organization.

Seri

Explorer Tells of Mexican Expedition

S. H. Parsons, 1069 Peralta Street, scientist and lecturer who has just returned from directing an expedition among the Seri Indians in Mexico, was the speaker at the quarterly luncheon of the Major Clubs of the Armstrong College this noon at Pex.

The Seri Indians of Tiburon Island are considered by the bureau of ethnology as the most primitive type remaining in North America. For nearly 400 years they have resisted all attempts to civilize them or to bring them under the control of the Mexican government.

Parsons said: "The interior of Tiburon Island is absolutely unexplored and unknown to the outside world, having been visited by not more than half a dozen men since the Seris were first discovered by the early explorers of the west coast of America.

"There are records of several attempts to invade this jealously guarded homeland of these Indians by men who have lost their lives in their desire to search for the gold which is reported to exist in the interior.

"Tiburon is the largest island in the Gulf of California, with an area of something over 500 square miles. It lies 180 miles south of the mouth of the Colorado River and is separated from the mainland of Mexico by a narrow, tempestuous channel, called significantly by its discoverers, 'Estrecho Infernillo' (Straight of Little Hell). Excepting after a rare rainfall, there is not one drop of running water on the whole island."

The Seris have always been reputed cannibals but Parsons says that none of the present tribe indulge in this kind of diet.

Twenty-two years ago Parsons was commissioned by the military governor of Sonora to negotiate a peace treaty between the Seris and the government. During the negotiations he spent several months with the Indians, a part of which time he was accompanied by Mrs. Parsons who was initiated into the Tuttle Clan with an elaborate ceremony.

On Parsons' recent trip to the Seris he conducted a party to study their history, ceremonies, language and myths which have never before been recorded. The whole party was invited to witness an ancient ceremony which was a plea to the fish gods to send them food. The singing and dancing continued for four nights.

For more than a month not a fish had been caught but the day following the conclusion of the dance every canoe came in loaded with giant sea bass, he said.

Parsons is contemplating another trip to the Seris in the near future when the great feasts of these Indians will take place.

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.,
PRESS
FEBRUARY 6, 1936

VARIED JOBS FOR INDIAN WORKERS

Large Number of Improvement Projects Being Undertaken

Recent heavy rainfall in the jurisdiction covered by the Mission Indian agency has required much work by Indian emergency conservation employes on reservations in Riverside and San Diego county, it is disclosed in reports for January on file in the office of Supt. John W. Dady.

A mile of truck trail had to be repaired on the Soboba reservation, east of San Jacinto, and 979 rods of fencing were required to be repaired on the Cahuilla reservation, on the south side of the San Jacinto mountains. Seventy-five rods of new fencing were also constructed on this reservation during the month.

New Fence Built

New fencing constructed for the month on various reservations totaled 2361 rods, in addition to the repair of 979 rods.

New work included the construction of 9.8 miles of horse trails, 3.84 miles of truck trails, and 7.34 miles of firebreaks. In truck trail maintenance activities, 16 miles were covered. Nearly a mile and a half of trailside clearing was accomplished and 5 miles of firebreak cleared.

Three new springs were developed, a work that has been in progress ever since the ECW work was carried on over an area of 64 acres. set up. Fire hazard reduction was carried on over an area of 64 acres.

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.,
ENTERPRISE
FEBRUARY 7, 1936

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OAKLAND, CAL. POST-ENQUIRER

FEBRUARY 25, 1936



Silly Indians

They All Want to Die

Anthropologists bring back from Sonora, Mexico, the story of the Seri tribe of Indians, apparently bent on race suicide.

Once it was a great warrior tribe, proud of its courage and fierce conquests. But now war and the disease that follows war have reduced it to a small, weak band of discouraged Indians, and they have decided that they might as well stop breeding and so bring the tribal story to an end.

The rest of the human race, moving toward the next world war, each nation so proud and fierce, might remember the Seri Indians.

Medicines + Medicine Men

1918 - 1931

ALLEN'S

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Clipping from
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
BEE

December 31, 1918

INDIANS CLAIM CURE FOR INFLUENZA IN DOXIE ROOT

Nevada Tribes Claim None
Have Died Who Have Been
Treated With Herb

CARSON CITY (Nev.), Decem-
ber 31.—The Indians here-
abouts have a natural root
remedy for the influenza
which is being given a tryout
by local physicians, and from de-
velopments so far it has been par-
tially demonstrated that it con-
tains curative qualities.

The local physicians have not
yet classified the root or herb and
have sent samples of it to the uni-
versity at Reno and the authori-
ties at Washington for determina-
tion.

Indians Call It Doxie.

The Indians, however, call it
"doxie," or something like that,
and say it is found in various
places throughout the valley re-
gion.

The root, which it is said
shoots out only a sparsity of stem
and leaf, develops very close to
the surface of the ground, and
grows to the size of a good-sized
parsnip. It is more or less spongy,
and when fresh exudes on pressure
a sort of oil. In taste it is peppery
and has a bitter, though not un-
pleasant, flavor.

No Indians Have Died.

The Indians say that here and
in Mason Valley not an Indian has
died who has used the remedy,
and that it is not only a cure for
the influenza but for pneumonia,
tuberculosis and throat trouble.

The doctors are now applying it
in several cases of influenza in
this city and are very diligently
watching its effects.

In giving it to the patients it is
served in the form of tea, though
the Indians chew it as they would
food.

DECEMBER 2, 1923

DEC 2 5 1922

VISIT OF SANTA IS FOLLOWED BY THAT OF SHERIFF

Lingering Stragglers Of Fierce Fighting Monos Have Two Visitors

SHARITY, LAW AND ORDER

Following The Trial Of The Good Saint, Sheriff Seeks Justice

Santa today paid a visit to 2000 Indians in the hills behind Fresno. They are the remnants of the once fierce tribe of fighting California Indians—the Monos.

Tomorrow, or as soon thereafter as he can reach the mountain retreats to which the advent of the white man has driven the few remaining stragglers, Deputy Sheriff S. B. Williams will visit them, but for a different purpose.

Old Santa went armed with Christmas gifts for the fast-disappearing tribe and carried the word of Christ's birth 2000 years ago and baptized a score of Indian children into the Baptist church. Deputy Sheriff Williams has been delegated with orders to search out an old medicine man and probe a reported "murder" due to doctoring by tribal custom.

Civilization is making fast progress among the younger generation of the old tribe; but the sages of other days and the wrinkled old squaws and bucks hold to their ancient custom. Their grandchildren they permit the Rev. J. A. Brendel, Clovis Indian missionary and head of the California Baptist missionaries, to convert to the white man's religion and customs.

But for themselves different tales have drifted in to Sheriff W. F. Jones. That is why Deputy Sheriff Williams, a rancher living near Toll House, and himself a worker among the Indians, is now en route to their last stand.

When they become ill the old medicine man "cures" their fevers with his ancient incantations, and in extreme cases resorts to more hazardous methods to supplement his witchcraft.

At least one death among the venerable chiefs up above Sycamore the past few weeks has resulted from "bleeding." Influenza has made an inroad into the elders of the tribe, which is scattered among five separate settlements, living in makeshift huts partially buried under the snow.

To relieve the fever the aged medicine man penetrates the jugular vein of his patient and permits the "god of badness" to flow freely from the victim's system. When this "god" is entirely released the flow will stop, according to tribal tradition.

In the reports to Sheriff Jones there was an undue amount of badness in the dead patient. His blood did not cease to flow until the blood ceased to exist in the wrinkled old body. This, the Indians report, was not the fault of the medicine man's logic but the wrath of another ancient deity who had waited for his time of vengeance on the victim.

The clash of tribal beliefs and of occidental customs has given Sheriff Jones a problem.

Under our laws the medicine man is a murderer.

Under his tribal laws he is the victim of a patient whose past deeds have overtaken him.

Because of his knowledge of the Indians and the Indian customs, Deputy Sheriff Williams volunteered today to follow the trail left by Santa Claus in getting to the tribes. Whether he will bring back the old medicine man for American justice or accept the verdict of tribal custom is left to Williams.

The Rev. Brendel has been working among California Indians for 30 years and has played Santa and patron of the passing tribes for that many Christmases. This year clubs and churches throughout the San Joaquin united in filling his Christmas pack for them.

There were trees, feasts and religious services held at Auberry, Dunlap, Table Mountain, Toll House and at Sycamore for the tribe.

JUNE 24, 1928

Medicine Man Lived Dangerously

Indian Doctor Forfeited Life By Losing Patient

Pioneer Saved Tollhouse 'Healer'

O'NEALS (Madera Co.), June 23.—George J. Crammer, 77, who recalls vividly many incidents of the stirring days when the San Joaquin Valley was being settled by white men and who participated in various expeditions undertaken by the white men to pacify the restless Indians, in a reminiscent mood here the other day pointed out that the life of the Indian doctor of those times was not what a modern insurance company would term a reasonable risk. In fact, he says, it's safe to say that no insurance company would take a chance on insuring a medicine man.

To corroborate his conclusion, the old timer relates how, as a boy of eighteen, while working on the John Williams ranch near Tollhouse in 1869, he was instrumental in saving the life of old Dr. Charley, who

gained more or less of a precarious livelihood by administering to the physical ailments of his tribesmen in that vicinity. Crammer isn't quite sure just what the red man's law was on the matter but knows that after losing one or more patients a medicine man's life was worth less than nothing.

Accordingly, came Dr. Charley one day to the Williams ranch in much haste seeking sanctuary. One too many of his patients had died and the tribe was out for his scalp. Williams detailed young Crammer as bodyguard for the venerable Dr. Charley and Crammer says he didn't have much trouble with his protege who esconced himself in the darkest corner of the deepest cellar on the ranch and abided there until the excitement had abated. The tribe got tired of looking for their intended victim and forgot about their plan for vengeance in the course of time. Dr. Charley quit doctoring.

OKLAHOMA INDIANS ARE ON "WARPATH"

Wash. Star Feb. 20, 1927

Fight Bill Banning Use of Peyote for Religious Cere- monies.

By the Associated Press.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla., February 19.—Oklahoma Indians are on the "war path." Peyote, the sacred herb that is the foundation of their native religious ceremonies, is at stake.

The war, however, is markedly in contrast with the primitive methods used a half century ago. Technical experts, legal representatives and eloquent orators have supplanted the ambush and the massacre.

The Indians say the issue is peyote versus Christianity.

White proponents of the bill that would prohibit the use of the herb in Oklahoma say the only question involved is the physical effect on its users.

Peyote, a small bean imported from Mexico, is the sacrament used in ceremonies of the native American church, founded a number of years ago to perpetuate the aboriginal religious rites of the Indians. Alfred Wilson of Weatherford, Okla., a Cheyenne Indian, is president of the church.

He says it is administered under the regulations of the church, and that each communicant takes four beans at a ceremony. Wilson denies that the bean, which is chewed and swallowed, has any permanent pathological effect.

State Senator A. E. Darnell of Clinton, author of the anti-peyote bill, says the bean has an exhilarating effect on the user, causing him to "see heaven." The after-effect, he asserts, is stupefaction, during which the subject may be easily persuaded to part with his possessions.

FEBRUARY 25, 1929

She'll Scalp the Germs



VIOLA HUMPHREYS, though you'd never know it from her name and hardly from her looks, is an Indian maid of the Karock tribe up in the Siskiyou. Her ambition is to return to her town as a public health nurse.

War Whoop May Resound In S. F. Hospital Wards

If a war-whoop—or even so much as one tiny ki-yi or yip yip—comes floating out of St. Luke's Hospital any day from now on, Superintendent Howard Johnson is going to know just where to look.

He'll start right after Viola Humphreys. For it might be Viola, talking the language of her ancestors!

Though it isn't likely that Miss Humphreys will retrogress to such an extent. She is a very modern young Indian maiden, and she's going to be a nurse.

If you started looking over the January class of probationers out at St. Luke's you probably couldn't pick out this daughter of the Karock tribe of the Siskiyou mountains. For Viola, after all, is half white. Both her father and mother are half Indian, but her

grandmother is a true Karock.

This young lady who is determined to be a nurse has a fair skin, although her hair is black. Her marcelled bob looks just like that of the other probationers. Yet all her life has been spent in the mountain country near Happy Camp.

G. R. Humphreys, her father, is postmaster.

She is very happy in the hospital, she assured Miss G. M. Kennedy, superintendent of nurses. And some day she hopes to go as a nurse among her own people.

"There is no doctor in Happy Camp," she said. "My mother is always called when there's a baby born, or any one is ill. It's my ambition to be a public health nurse, back in the town where I grew up."

RIVERSIDE, CAL., PRESS
MARCH 12, 1929

UNCLE SAM GIVING T. B. CARE TO WARDS

364
California's first residents, the Indians, will be treated for tuberculosis for the first time in history as part of a serious effort to prevent extinction of the race.

Such is the intention of the California Bureau of Tuberculosis of the state department of public health, according to Mrs. Edythe Tate Thompson, chief.

More than 1000 Indian children in the Sherman Indian school will be examined in the traveling X-ray clinic maintained by the bureau.

"This is the first time our Indian wards have had the benefit of this advanced class of preventive practice," Mrs. Thompson declared. "When the examinations are made they will be followed with provisions for adequate care and treatment."

"It is hoped that eventually this sort of treatment may be extended to all our Indian wards, among whom tuberculosis is making great inroads."

FERNDALE, CALIF.
ENTERPRISE
MARCH 15, 1929

INDIAN EQUIPMENT FROM HUMBOLDT SENT TO UNIVERSITY

Bringing back memories of the days when the Wiyot Indians of Humboldt Bay, California, cured their ills by sucking them through a tobacco pipe or dancing and singing, according to the mystic rules laid down by their ancestors, a complete, remarkably well-preserved medicine man's outfit has just been acquired by the University of California Museum of Anthropology.

In place of the black bag, shiny instruments, and years of scientific study with which the modern physician equips himself, the Shaman or doctor of the Wiyot Indians wore a pair of feather dusters draped on each side of the head, and carried a bundle of condor feathers, an elk-hide belt, and a pipe.

E. W. Gifford, curator of the museum, explains that among the Wiyot, unlike the modern custom, doctors were chiefly women. Some of them diagnosed the ills of their tribespeople by dancing or singing, others sucked out the pain through their magic pipes. The condor feathers were pushed down the throat, much as a sword swallower would handle a knife.

This particular Shaman's outfit is an authentic one, used many years ago by the grandmother of Mrs. Ed. Buckley, a Wiyot Indian woman now living at Humboldt Bay. Arrangements for the transfer of the relics to the museum were made by Mrs. George Herrick of Loleta.

COLUSA, CALIF. SUN
APRIL 5, 1929

MEDICINE MAN EXECUTED BY BOWS, ARROWS

SACRAMENTO, Apr. 5 (United Press)—The skeleton of an Indian medicine man, executed 400 years ago by a primitive bow and arrow squad because his power over evil spirits had failed, has been unearthed by B. H. Hathaway, California curator.

The find was made in an Indian mound buried six feet deep on the Edison C. Shrader ranch in the delta district.

Lodged in the breast bone and the vertebrae were seven gem point arrow heads, mute testimony of the fate of the tridesman.

The relic will be placed on exhibition in the museum room of the state library building here.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—BEE
MAY 24, 1929

Death Of Indian Child In Ukiah Starts Probe

Investigators Believe Girl Victim Of Ancient Custom Of Torture To Drive Away Spirits

UKIAH (Mendocino Co.), May 24 (AP)—Whether the Indians of this district have been invoking a centuries-old tribal custom of torture to drive evil spirits from the persons of their tribesmen was being investigated by government agents today as a result of the death of Katherine Williams, 8 years old.

Miss Lucy Keenan, government Indian nurse, announced last night that lacerations covering the upper part of the little girl's body had been found shortly before her death in a hospital here.

Sister Also Dies.

The little Indian girl died just a week after her 18-year-old sister, Geralline Williams, succumbed to tuberculosis. Geraldine Williams had been widely known as an Indian beauty.

Miss Heenan declared that the younger Williams girl had been treated by tribal medicine men who had used rites several hundred years old. The nurse also asserted that torture often played a prominent part in the tribal attempts to treat disease, and that she feared the younger girl had been a victim of this custom.

MAY 25, 1929

INDIAN MAIDS HELD VICTIMS OF ANCIENT PAGAN RITES

Child Mistreated to Rout Evil
Spirit, Investigator Charges
As Two Inquiries Open

Brutal Ceremonies Revealed as
Officials Launch Drive to
End Rule of 'Medicine Men'

UKIAH, May 24.—Pagan rites, as practiced by Indian medicine men before the first "palefaces" came to America, were linked in an official report today with the death last Sunday of 6-year-old Katherine Williams.

Medicine men of the Yokaho tribe, according to the report, sought to cure Katherine, the daughter of Chief Tall Mountain.

But their incantations, conducted with all the shocking and brutal ceremonials of tribal witchcraft, were futile and the child died.

REPORT FILED.

And tonight two investigations, one under the auspices of the Federal government, and the other directed by the State Department of Health, were being made at the reservation here. As a result of the two inquiries, it was declared, the authorities hope not only to fix the blame for the death of the little Indian girl, but to stamp out for all time the practice of "magic" and "torture healing" among the Indians of California.

Principals in the investigation of the amazing story of alleged aboriginal sorcery in Twentieth Century California, as it developed today, were Miss Lucy Keenan, government Indian nurse, who filed the report stating that she believed Katherine died after "treatment by a medicine man," and Col. L. A. Dorrington, California director of the government Indian Bureau.

WILL HOLD QUIZ.

It was to Colonel Dorrington that Miss Keenan submitted her report. He arrived tonight in Ukiah, to personally direct the investigation.

Geraldine Williams, 18-year-old sister of Katherine and a widely known Indian beauty, died a week ago Sunday, according to Miss Keenan. When she visited the house she saw that Katherine was ill, and came back on Monday to see her. The girl had tuberculosis.

On Friday Miss Keenan returned, and it was on this visit, according to her report, that she witnessed

by an envious member of the tribe. The Williams family is one of the most prosperous of the tribe and its home one of the most modern and best kept.

County authorities have taken no action in the case as yet, it was revealed tonight, pending the final report from State and Federal investigators.

The case of Katherine will result in airing the entire problem of "medicine men" and Indian torture methods in treating the sick, according to a statement by Colonel Dorrington.

"I intend to confer with State health authorities," he said, "and ascertain what legal powers they have to curb the practice of cruelty by tribal medicine men."

BELIEF SUPPORTED.

"Barbarous treatment of sick persons to drive out 'evil spirits' is unquestionably going on among the Indians, despite every effort to eliminate their tribal superstitions by education. Medicine men are still practicing in the various Indian communities throughout the State."

The bruises and lacerations found on the Indian girl's body, Colonel Dorrington said, support the belief that she had suffered harsh cruelties before Miss Keenan removed her to the Mendocino County Hospital here.

Details of Miss Keenan's findings, Colonel Dorrington said, will be withheld until completion of the investigation. If it is definitely established that she was subjected to inhuman treatment, he declared, evidence will be turned over to the county authorities, with a request for prosecution.

Despite Miss Keenan's report, and the Indian agent's admission that age-old rites are being practiced among the tribes in California, efforts were made today to make it appear that Katherine's injuries were the result of a fall from hammock.

Death Sifted



GERALDINE WILLIAMS, 18-year-old Indian beauty, who died two weeks ago, and sister of Katherine, whose subsequent death is blamed upon "Medicine Men."

WIFE TO FLY, HUSBAND OR NO

State, Government Open Investigations of Pagan Rites Practiced by Medicine Men

(Continued from Page One.)

the rites being practiced on the young sufferer.

"Although it was a very hot day, little Katherine was wrapped up in heavy blankets," said Miss Keenan, "and there was a great fire burning in the room. The mother was lying on the floor on one side of the child, and a woman witch-doctor of the tribe was on the other side.

"The Indians place great store in the healing powers of the Earth Mother, and in sickness the patient invariably is placed on the floor or ground.

"The girl's throat and body were bruised as though she had been bitten about the throat and beaten upon the body. Her mother admitted to me that she had called in the medicine man of the tribe in an effort to cure her daughter."

Miss Keenan took the girl, blankets and all, to the hospital, where she died on the following Sunday. According to the nurses, the barbarous tribal tortures to which she had been subjected were to a large extent responsible for her death.

Dr. S. L. Rea, who treated Katherine when she was brought to the county hospital, declared tonight that the marks on the child's body were undeniably made by a medicine man. He said, however, that he was not certain that the treatment in itself might have caused death.

PAIN INFLICTED.

The "medicine" of the California Indians, it was pointed out, includes the infliction of pain on the sufferer, on the theory that the pain will drive out the demon of sickness. In the case of Katherine Williams, this alleged "torture cure" was declared to have brought on an internal rupture which hastened the child's death.

Mrs. Keenan declared today that there are three medicine men in the vicinity. These are Toney Metock, 80-year-old "practitioner;" Topsy Petit, aged Indian woman, and a third, unnamed. She said it was not known "for sure" who administered the treatment.

The girl's father, Chief Tall Mountain, is also known as W. D. Williams. Katherine's sister, Geraldine, was known for her beauty throughout Northern California. In April, 1927, she was chosen by the Northwestern Pacific Railway Company to represent the Yokaho tribe at the christening of the "Mendocino," one of the company's new auto ferry boats.

Adhering to the beliefs of his forefathers, Chief Tall Mountain today said he believed his little daughter's death was the result of "an evil charm" placed upon her by an envious member of the tribe. The Williams family is one of the most prosperous of the tribe and its home one of the most modern and best kept.

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MAY 25, 1929

The American Indian Problem

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

Reference has been made in previous articles to the present-day influence of the medicine man among practically all tribes of Indians. A few illustrations of the difficulties which are fully confronting the medical department of the Bureau in its endeavors to care for the sick and needy Indian, will be enlightening.

Again quoting from Dr. Guthrie's article: " 'Treatment' varied according to the individual prowess of the medicine man employed in any particular case and consisted of depositing prayer sticks, a plea to the patient's totem, the use of 'sings', of rubbing, kneading, and blowing tobacco smoke on the patient.

tobacco smoke on the patient, together with other ceremonial observances and rites. Commands and exhortations, the shooing away of evil spirits, have been and are popular forms of Indian medicine. Extraction of the cause of disease by strong sucking with the mouth is often practiced. When this form of treatment has been employed, the spitting from the mouth of the medicine man of an insect, a worm, or frog shows the credulous patient and his friends and relatives the tangible result of such skilled procedure."

"This is the type of competition which has to be met by the physician and nurse who minister to Indians on the reservations today. A failing competition, it is true; but the Indian medicine man is still altogether too influential . . . he opposes the introduction of sanitation and resists, so far as possible the spread of modern doctrines as to the origin and dissemination of disease and their many instances, his own efforts at proper treatment among Indians. In the treatment of the sick have the effect of propagating rather than limiting infection. Too often the medicine man 'officiates' until his Indian patient is in extremis at which time the Indian Service physician is called in as a last resort or to accept the burden of responsibility for a case beyond all human aid."

"While individual instances of refusal of the services of modern medicine and Indian Service hospitals are many, in relatively few cases, fortunately, are such refusals encountered for an entire group or tribe. The following instance will serve to illustrate a group refusal and shows how the situation is sometimes met: A trachoma (a chronic infectious eye disease, very prevalent among the Indians) specialist at an Indian pueblo in a southwestern State was prohibited from performing any examinations for the detection and treatment of trachoma by the tribal governor and his coterie of Indian medicine men. The physician then directed his ministrations to the inhabitants of a near-by pueblo, more friendly and cooperative in their attitude. He hoped that the effect of example and beneficial results in the friendly pueblo would in time win over the objections of the recalcitrant group. Thus far, however, his efforts have failed."

"The Indian field nursing service is considered of major importance in public health measures among Indians. Through this agency there is being taught something of the value of sunshine, fresh air, cleanliness of person and home, a proper dietary, and particularly the care of infants and small children. It is not an uncommon sight to find an Indian home, a teepee, a wickiup, or a hogan, with a dirt floor and no window, with lack of ventilation and perhaps with an advanced case of tuberculosis living therein. Spitting on the floor under such conditions is common, and infants crawl around in the dust. . . Under such conditions is it not surprising that epidemic diseases exact a heavy toll. Intestinal diseases are far too prevalent, and massive infection from tuberculosis prevails in many households.

The characteristics of these different Indian groups vary exceedingly. The Navajo of the desert lands of Arizona and New Mexico presents a different problem from that of the Sioux Tribes of the Dakotas. Likewise the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico leads a different existence from

that of the nomadic Navajos. One is a community existence, the other is extremely individualistic."

(Concluded)

(Contributed by the Hayward Department of Health)

MAY 26, 1929

INDIAN AGENT FORBIDS CHILD TREATMENT BY MEDICINE MEN

Aged 'Doctor' Nods Head in
Solemn Pledge to Observe
Ultimatum of White Father

Inquiry Into Weird Case Con-
vinces Authorities That Brutal
Rites Sped Child From Life

By ETHEL BOGARDUS.

Examiner Staff Correspondent.

UKIAH, May 25.—Tony Metock, oldest and most revered of Indian medicine men in the Ukiah valley, has laid away his charms. His incantations will be heard no more among the rancherias.

The white father has given his warning, and Tony must obey. It was because little Catherine Williams died that the order has come, forbidding Tony Metock to practice the rites taught him by his ancestors.

For it was Tony, 82-year-old medicine man and one time chief of the Taddo tribe, who "treated" Catherine when she was ill with tubercular peritonitis on the Guidville rancheria. Tooth marks, and bruises on the child's throat and body were found.

AGENT DELIVERS MANDATE.

Col. L. A. Dorrington, Indian agent, with Mrs. Lucky Keenan, public health nurse for the Indians, went today to visit the little girl's family. Billy Williams, part white father of a family that once numbered nine, and the once comely, Indian woman who is his wife, had gone to work in the hop fields.

There the visitors found them. The mother, garbed in a shapeless gingham dress, and with a faded handkerchief over her head remained crouched by the vines she was training.

"We had the Indian doctor," she admitted, in response to the Colonel's questions. "He tried to cure the disease, but it was too late."

WHITE PEOPLE'S DISEASE.

"But you must not have the medicine man for the children," insisted Mrs. Keenan. "Perhaps the medicine man could treat the Indian diseases, but they do not know about the white people's diseases. You must call the white doctor."

"The sickness comes," he said,

Heap Sorry



GIRL'S DEATH STIRS U.S. BAN ON SORCERY

Ancient Indian Medicine Man
Loses Stoicism, Shows His
Sorrow; No Charge Likely

(Continued from Page One.)

and sometimes the white doctors do not know what to do."

Twenty-five miles away, in Potter Valley, live Tony Metock and his 77-year-old wife, Louisa. Colonel Dorrington and Mrs. Keenan found them there.

In honor of the visitors, Tony donned his gala garments—clean overalls, an ancient, rusty frock coat and a headdress of chicken feathers and dried moss. One time Tony was a chief. "Me Talk," they called him—and the name has clung to him in the "Metock" of his present surname.

OLD MAN AFFECTED.

"Look here, Tony!" and Mrs. Keenan put her hands solemnly on his shoulders. "You must not make charms again for the little children. Catherine died. You did not kill her—but you hurt her."

The old man's lips quivered. Colonel Dorrington turned away.

"I do not care if you make medicine for the grown-up people—understand—big people, like you and me," she went on. "But for the children—no. If you hurt the little children, we must send you to jail. You must not do it, Tony." She finished gently for all the suffering of his race darkened the somber, fading eyes of the old man.

"He won't do it again," she said to the colonel, as they drove away.

NO ACTION PLANNED.

The agent said he contemplated no action against Metock or Katherine's parents. The girl's death has reopened the whole subject of the practice of tribal magic among the California Indians, however, Colonel Dorrington said, and it will be the starting point for a new campaign to abolish the age-old customs.

TONY MEBOCK (Chief Me Talk), Potter Valley Indian medicine man, who tried primitive redskin methods to cure Katherine Williams, 6, Indian girl who died of tubercular peritonitis, but whose death was hastened by the medicine man's treatment, Lucy Keenan, government nurse, charges.

Paraguay, Bolivia to Exchange Prisoners

WASHINGTON, May 25.—(AP) Between Paraguay and Bolivia, the hostilities of the last December have been agreed upon.

Enforcers warned by their college youth of blameless D FACTS inform the spirit of McCay catches the spirit of the news of the day.

Medicine Man, Heap Sorry



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MAY 27, 1929

Mystery Death Witches Facing Grand Jury Probe

UKIAH, May 26.—Possibility of a grand jury investigation of the circumstances surrounding the death of Katherine Williams, 8-year-old Indian girl, alleged to have been tortured by tribal medicine men and witch doctors, loomed here today.

Miss Lucy Keenan, government Indian nurse, who reported the girl alleged to have been played by Indian witch doctors, will demand that the matter be laid before the grand jury, which convenes tomorrow. District Attorney Lilburn Gibson will be asked to have the grand jury investigate, it is stated. If he consents the body will be exhumed.

Another development today was the issuance by Colonel L. A. Dorington, head of the Indian welfare bureau for California, of an edict to all Indian tribes of Lake, Mendocino, Modoc and Sonoma counties that the harsh practices of medicine men and women on children must cease.

MAY 28, 1929

JURORS CALL TRIBE IN GIRL DEATH INQUIRY

Mendocino Indian Case Sifted
by Official Group; Action
Against Medicine Men Looms

UKIAH, May 27.—Mendocino county's grand jury today officially took cognizance of the death of little Katherine Williams, alleged to have been "treated" by tribal medicine men.

The jury called before it an entire Indian tribe, subpoenaed Mrs. Lucy Keenan, government nurse whose investigation led to uncovering contributory causes for the girl's death; Colonel L. A. Dorington, head of the Indian welfare bureau in California, and numerous other doctors.

ACTION LOOMS.

What action the grand jury would take was problematical, although Mrs. Keenan declared today that she believed there was sufficient grounds for asking criminal action against the medicine men.

After hearing witnesses during the entire day, the jury adjourned to consider the case again tomorrow. Today's witnesses were twelve Indians living on the rancheria, including the child's parents. Mrs. Keenan also testified.

She said that no one has claimed that the treatment of medicine men actually killed the little girl, but she added that such treatment of children must stop and is going to stop at once, and that the medicine men and women have been warned of this.

INDIANS WARNED.

Mrs. Keenan added that Colonel Dorington, head of Indian affairs for California, has made it clear to the Indians that in the future any one calling upon a medicine man or medicine woman to treat a child will be held equally responsible with those who administer the treatment, and that the reputable doctors will not tolerate the interference of medicine men or women.

The dead child, the daughter of Tom Williams, known also as Chief Tall Mountain, had been under treatment for tuberculosis, but the mother, despairing of the girl's recovery, is said to have sent for Indian medicine men.

NOVEMBER 16, 1931

Indian Doctor's Plea Under Fire

364
SACRAMENTO, Nov. 16.—(AP)
— William Jennings Conway, Chico herb "doctor" who has been investigated by the state medical board, may not succeed in incorporating himself and members of his family into a company.

Conway asked the state corporation commissioner to sanction his issuance of a stock to incorporators, none to be sold to the public.

State Corporation Commissioner Edward M. Daugherty asked Attorney U. S. Webb the extent of his powers in investigating applicants. Daugherty informed Webb he believed Conway wanted to incorporate because of his clashes with the medical board.

Webb replied Daugherty's department could investigate and use its discretion in refusing any application.

NOVEMBER 17, 1931

'INDIAN DOCTOR' MAY BE DENIED STATE PERMIT

SACRAMENTO, Nov. 16. —

Trouble loomed today for William Jennings Conway, Indian herb 'doctor' of Chico, in his attempt to incorporate himself and members of his family into a company.

It appeared probable that the state division of corporations may refuse a permit to the Arrowhead Indian Remedies Company, Inc., of which Conway is the president.

Conway asked for permission to issue the company's stock to the incorporators, none to be sold to the public.

State Corporation Commissioner Edward M. Daugherty, in a letter to Attorney General U. S. Webb, expressed the opinion that the formation of the company was attempted solely because of Conway's frequent brushes with the state board of medical examiners as an individual.

Attorney General Webb informed the division of corporations that it is within the province of the office to investigate an applicant for a permit, and may use its discretion in refusing to grant him the right to issue stock.

Case Closes Abruptly on Technicality

The trial of J. W. Conway, Indian "doctor" accused of practicing medicine without a license, came to a sudden end this afternoon when an objection of Allison Ware, a defense attorney, was upheld, resulting in a motion by Assistant District Attorney J. M. McPherson that the case be dismissed. A similar charge against Conway on August 14 also was dismissed.

The matter came to a head when McPherson made his opening address to the jury in which he pointed out that he was prepared to prove violation of the medical act by Conway on August 14. Ware immediately objected, declaring that Conway was in court on a charge dated September 1 and asked that the case be dismissed.

After an argument between opposing attorneys, Justice of the Peace L. E. Newton suggested that the best thing to do was to dismiss the case, whereupon McPherson made a motion to that effect, including also the charge of August 14, on the ground that the trial on the latter charge would be impossible because Conway already had been in jeopardy on this charge.

Indications that the case will be bitterly fought came this morning when the trial of W. J. Conway, local Indian, on a charge of violating the state medical act, opened before Justice of the Peace L. E. Newton.

Conway was arrested September 1, 1931, by J. W. Davidson of the state board of medical examiners. It is charged that he diagnosed, treated and prescribed medicines for human ailments without a certified license.

Due to the large number of witnesses and spectators, the court convened in the council chambers of the Municipal building when it was found the police court chambers were too small to accommodate all.

The entire morning session and part of the afternoon session was consumed in selecting a jury with at least 24 persons examined before the jury was accepted by both sides.

In the questioning of prospective jurors it was apparent that the defense will contend that Conway did not violate the provisions of the medical practice act because he did not pretend to diagnose ailments of his patrons and merely sold them "Indian herb remedies" much as a "storekeeper dispenses herbs and remedies from his shelves."

The prosecution will contend that Conway did attempt to diagnose diseases and ailments much after the manner of licensed physicians and did prescribe and administer remedies for specific ailments assumed to have been detected by the practitioner and that he had

(Continued on page 2, column 2)

Individual Chicken Pies.
Cakes, 25c to 65c; Doughnuts,
at home kind but made by a
ordinary kind and reasonably price
We want to impress on the p

Descendants of proud old families are decadent. Well, they've been descending for several hundred years.

As Con...

(Continued from page 1)
no certified, unrevoked license to
so practice. Guilty

Pleads Not Guilty
When the case was called, Conway was arraigned and pleaded not guilty. Here are defending

Ware & Ware are defending Conway while J. M. McPherson, assistant district attorney, and J. W. Davidson, special investigator for the state medical board, are conducting the prosecution.

In the selection of jurors the opposing attorneys argued at some length as to what constitutes a violation of the state medical practice act, the prosecution holding that the sale of remedies for specific maladies was in violation of the act, while the defense took the opposite view. Ware's objection to McPherson's question was sustained by the court.

The jury hearing the case is as follows: Harry Harring-

James O. Bentz, Harry Harrington, Eugene F. Kennedy, Mrs. Ida D. Ball, Benjamin F. Welch, Adeline Keller, Mrs. Allie Bergman, Ray L. Stalling, Mrs. Nellie M. Churchill, Charles L. Dugger, Mabel E. Inman, Newton Hanson.

NOVEMBER 19, 1931

Warrant issued for Conway

WAY

'Doctor' and Son Charged In Complaint

Charging W. J. Conway and his son, Dewey, with violation of the state medical act on October 17, 1931, a new complaint was signed this morning by J. W. Davidson, representing the state board of medical examiners, and warrant was issued for their arrest. Conway and his son could not be located this afternoon and will be taken into custody as soon as their whereabouts become known.

The warrant was issued by Justice of the Peace L. E. Newton.

The new complaint came following the dismissal on a technicality of two charges against W. J. Conway yesterday when the trial of the Indian "doctor" suddenly came to an end through protest by Attorneys Ware and Ware, representing the defense.

The state had prepared to prosecute the charge of August 14 but discovered that the charge of September 1 was contained in the case before the court.

Davidson said this morning that he has evidence against Conway that the concoctions he uses in treatment of patients cannot, "with the wildest imagination, be construed as Indian or any other kinds of herbs." One is a "garlic stew," Davidson declares, and another a mixture of ammonia water prescribed as snuff.

Davidson declared that while in Chico he has learned that considerable influence of business men has been used in behalf of Conway because "he brings business to Chico."

"If the residents of this city want business brought in by this method they should open the saloons, gambling houses and redlight district," Davidson said. "They are just as legal."

Refers to Brother Isaiah Colony

Referring to the state's position with reference Brother Isaiah's colony near Oroville, assuming Isaiah has confined himself to practice of religion, Davidson said:

"If prayer can be regarded as practicing medicine and as an immunity, the medical practice act allows every person—man, woman or child—such immunity, and the right to pray for the sick and afflicted, and that is the only way that disease can be treated by prayer. Whether such treatment avails anything is not for us to say, but the privilege of practicing such treatment or such supplication is granted and allowed to all. The Scripture abounds with instances which, if accepted, tend to show that prayer in the treatment of disease was deemed efficacious and helpful. In the Epistle of James it is said: 'Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord.'

"Those who believe that Divine Power may be evoked by prayer believe also that God is all powerful. Patients receiving their ministrations know this, and therefore no fraud or injury may be practiced upon such persons by reason of any lack of skill by the healer in determining the nature of the diseases to be treated."

MARYSVILLE, CALIF.
APPEAL-DEMOCRAT
NOVEMBER 20, 1931

CHICO INDIAN DOCTOR FACES NEW CHARGES

Dismissal of two charges on a legal technicality was followed Thursday by the filing of a new charge against W. J. Conway, widely known Chico Indian "doctor." Conway's son, Dewey, was accused with him in the new complaint.

J. W. Davidson, agent of the state board of medical examiners, swore to the complaints against Conway and his son, charging them with violating the state medical practice act on October 17, 1931.

The new charge against Conway is one of many which he has faced during the last two years. Conway has numbered among his patients many Yuba and Sutter county residents.

Conway was on trial at Chico Wednesday on a medical act violation charge when his trial suddenly came to an end through protest of the defense attorneys. The state had prepared to prosecute him for an offense alleged to have been committed August 14, but it was discovered that the charge contained in the complaint named September 1 as the date of its commission. The technicality resulted in dismissal.

Davidson, as he signed the new complaints at Chico, said that he had evidence against Conway that the concoctions he uses in treatment of patients cannot, "with the wildest imagination be construed as Indian or any other kind of herbs."

One concoction, Davidson declared, is a "garlic stew," and another is a mixture of ammonia water prescribed as snuff.

CORNING, CALIF.
OBSERVER
NOVEMBER 21, 1931

WHY FIGHT FAKE HEALERS?

Every now and then some fake "doctor" becomes the quarry of the State medical authorities. Prosecution usually results in added popularity of the fake. Their methods always are the same. With them a wen becomes a cancer, a cold is tuberculosis, a pain somewhere in the interior is diagnosed as a deadly, almost incurable, malady. They usually know just what the matter is as soon as the patient steps into the room. They show their knowledge by diagnosing the trouble as the same legitimate physicians have done after months of study. Or they show their superior knowledge by knowing that it is something altogether different, showing that the regular doctors knew nothing at all about it. And the fake is always distinguished by the number of cases "given up by all the doctors" that they cure out of hand.

Is there any use in going after such men? They usually are Chinese, descendants of the wise men of old who prescribed tiger bones for strength, dragon's blood for wisdom, or toad's entrails for persistence. Maybe they are Indians, whose native school of medicine depended upon such herbs as the wonderfully intelligent squaws dug out of the ground where they happened to camp, but whose chief dependence was the Medicine Man who found loud noise, terrifying disguises and massages with clubs most effective in driving away the devils that made trouble. Such fakes are largely patronized, and often their victims die happy in the belief that they are cured, cured of something they never had.

Is there any use in going after such men? Not as long as people believe in foretelling the weather by "goose bones," or put faith in the shape of the shaded portion of the moon in agricultural investment, or fear to set out on a journey on Friday, or take off their stocking if they have put on the wrong one first.

And still there are children to be considered.—Orland Unit.

OROVILLE, CALIF.
MERCURY REGISTER
NOVEMBER 25, 1931

STATE DENIES INDIAN MEDIC STOCK PERMIT

Commissioner Holds Conway Seeking to Frustrate State Medical Board

CHICO—Denied a permit to issue capital stock in the recently organized Arrowhead Remedies Company, attorneys of W. J. Conway, Indian medicine man, were awaiting word from their client Wednesday before further steps were taken.

Conway's request to issue stock in the company, capitalized at \$25,000, was denied by the state corporation commissioner, after he had received reports of Conway's encounters with the law on charges of practicing medicine without a license.

The corporation division stated after its investigations:

"From information that has been obtained from sources outside the application, it appears this corporation has been formed for the purpose of enabling Conway to avoid further difficulties with the state medical board."

Conway is at present facing a charge of practicing medicine without a license, preferred by J. W. Davidson, inspector for the state medical board, after his recent acquittal on two counts in justice court.

Philip Ware, one of Conway's counsel, declared he did not believe the commissioner was within his rights to deny the request without granting a hearing on the matter. What further action, if any, will be taken toward seeking a corporation permit rests with Conway, the attorney added.

Miss McClintock states that there is but one hospital, the building at Soboba Indian reservation near San Jacinto, to serve the 31 reservations of Southern California, on which it is estimated there are 2763 Indians living. There are eight physicians in the territory who attend to the health of the Indians when called, and the one visiting nurse. A dentist also makes annual visits to the reservations. For the fiscal year ending June 30, the sum of \$34,154.89 had been spent by the government for health work among the Indians.

Better housing for the reservation residents is the aim of the health program at present, and some progress is shown, although due to their superstitious ideas many of the older Indians, even though they can afford to do so, either cling to the brush wickiup or to the two-room shack which their forefathers have favored. Some modern homes are now being built by the younger Indians.

The Riverside county clinic, with its snow-white exhibit, at the left of the main entrance in this tent, is calling particular attention to the proper care of infants. Miss Minnie L. Freeman and Miss Alice P. Attride, nurses employed by the clinic, which maintains headquarters at the Community hospital in Riverside, are in attendance at the booth.

Miscellaneous

1868 - 1914

1 of 2

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Simcoe Reservation.

THE SIMCOE INDIAN RESERVATION.—
Through the kindness of General McKenny, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, for this territory, we are enabled to give the following facts in regard to the workings of the Simcoe Indian Reservation, under the very efficient management of Rev. J. H. Wilbur, agent: The crop harvested in the summer of 1866: yielded of corn and wheat, 10,000 bushels; oats, 2,000 bushels; peas, 1,500, with potatoes and all other vegetables in a great abundance. That year the Indians cultivated 1,500 acres of land. The crop harvested in the summer of 1867, which is reported for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, was: wheat, 20,000 bushels; corn, 4,000 bushels; oats, 2,000 bushels; potatoes and other vegetables in quantities exceeding the demand for home consumption. During this year, the Indians have plowed and put into cultivation with their own teams, 500 acres of new lands. They have two Methodist churches—native—with two hundred members; have built 25 houses, 30 barns, and report as belonging to the Indians on the reservation, 1,500 head of cattle and 11,000 horses. The number of Indians on the reservation is given at 3,400. The yield of crops for the present summer's harvest, which will appear in the report ending June 30, 1869, is wheat, 25,000 bushels, and other grains and vegetables in a proportionate degree of increase. These statistics speak a volume for the faithful efficiency of Mr. Wilbur, and we are most happy to hear that he has just received a reappointment for another term of four years. *Sept 26 1868*

form which is believed to be the oldest in Europe. It is represented most perfectly by the remains found at Spy. The characteristics are: uncommon length, moderate width, very limited height, retreating forehead, prominent but depressed supra-orbital ridges and narrowed post-orbital diameter. Dr. Fraipont argues sharply for the genuine ancient character of the Neanderthall skull, and Dr. Schwalbe does not regard that found at Egisheim as a good type. As for modern examples simulating the Neanderthal skull the latter asserts that, while they may resemble it in one or another point, they never present the group of inferior criteria which characterize its measurements.

THE SUPPOSED 'OTTER TRAP.'

DR. ROBERT MUNRO in his excellent work, *Prehistoric Problems*, has a chapter on a curious object found in the peat bogs of Europe, from Italy to Scotland and North Germany. He has recently supplemented that chapter by an article describing further examples. (*Jour. Roy. Soc. Antiquaries of Ireland*, September, 1898.)

The object is a thick board or plank, two to three feet long, in the center of which is an oblong aperture four to six inches wide, closed by one or two valvular doors. The purpose of this arrangement is obscure. Dr. Munro argues that it is an otter or beaver trap, while others have explained it as a boat-model, a sluice-box, a float for lines, etc.

The suggestion which I would offer for its use differs from any I have seen. It is doubtful that the valves could hold firmly an otter or any such animal. The purpose for which it would be entirely suited would be that of the inlet to a fish-weir. The valves, opening inward, would allow the fish to enter and would prevent their exit. Similar, though not identical, devices are in common use.

D.G. Brinton

ical factors of the deficiency, and the physical examination of the subjects.

While the report is very instructive on many individual features, it admits of few general conclusions other than that we need much more extended investigations than have heretofore been prosecuted, in order to reach positive opinions as to the causation and the status of the feeble-minded; and this is Dr. Hrdlicka's own decision (p. 95).

D. G. BRINTON.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND NEWS.

M. VAN TIEGHEM, the eminent botanist, succeeds M. Wolf as President of the Paris Academy of Science, while M. Lévy has been elected Vice-President.

At its meeting on January 11th the American Academy of Arts and Sciences elected Charles Doolittle Walcott, of Washington, an Associate Fellow in place of the late Professor James Hall, and Oliver Heaviside, of Newton Abbot, England, a Foreign Honorary Member.

It is proposed to erect a monument in memory of Fèlix Tisserand, Member of the Institute of France, and of the Bureau of Longitude, and Director of the Observatory of Paris, at Nuits Saint-Georges (Côte-d'Or), his native place. Subscriptions will be received at Nuits-Saint-Georges, by M. Desmazes, Receveur Municipal; at the Observatory of Paris, by M. Fraissinet, and at Dijon, by M. Ragot (rue Colson).

SURGEON-GENERAL STERNBERG is at present in Cuba inspecting the hospitals and arranging for a new yellow fever hospital and a depot for medical supplies in Havana.

THE Permanent Secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. L. O. Howard, would be glad to learn of the address of José de Riviera, who was elected

would be invisible. One of the dealers selling these packages was brought before the Committee and testified that some of the richest people living in Chicago were his customers, buying this substance and knowing that it was oleomargarine, but who desired that the fact of its use by them should be kept secret.

The ethics of coloring butter and oleomargarine was also discussed before the Committee, and it was brought out in evidence that if oleomargarine was colored pink or any other color than butter color its use as butter would be practically destroyed.

Evidence was also given in the matter of making artificial whiskies from cologne spirits, burnt sugar and the ethers of the organic acids, together with the essential oil to give the proper bead. It was developed that the trade in these synthetic drinks was very large, and that the natural products suffer severely in competition.

Much testimony was also given in regard to the adulteration of the ordinary condiments, such as ground pepper, mustard, cinnamon and so forth. It appeared that these bodies were largely mixed with inert matter, so that the purchaser would really get very little of the condiment which he desired. It was shown that ground coffee was mixed largely with chicory and other substances, and that the coffee bean was mixed with an artificial bean or with a certain proportion of the dead or imperfect beans, which were not only useless for flavoring the beverage, but, on the other hand, were bitter and unpalatable.

The session of the Committee in Chicago had for its object the outlining of the scope of the investigation which will be continued during the summer months in other localities of the United States. The final purpose of the Committee is to obtain material on which to base a report in favor of a national pure food and drug bill, having for

its object the regulation of traffic in the adulteration of food in the District of Columbia and the Territories and the control of inter-State commerce in adulterated food and drug products.

AMERIND—A DESIGNATION FOR THE ABORIGINAL TRIBES OF THE AMERICAN HEMISPHERE.

A PART of the proceedings of the Anthropological Society of Washington, at a meeting on May 23d last, seem destined to produce permanent influence on ethnologic nomenclature; this part of the proceedings taking the form of a symposium on the name of the native American tribes. The discussion was opened by Colonel F. F. Hilder, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, with a critical account of the origin of the misnomer 'Indian,' applied by Columbus to the American aborigines; he was followed by Major J. W. Powell, who advocated the substitution of the name *Amerind*, recently suggested in a conference with lexicographers. A communication by Dr. O. T. Mason followed, in which the various schemes of ethnologic classification and nomenclature were summarized and discussed. Contributions to the symposium were made also by Dr. Albert S. Gatschet, Dr. Thomas Wilson and Miss Alice C. Fletcher. At the close of the discussion the contributions were summarized (by President McGee) as follows:

1. There is no satisfactory denotive term in use to designate the native American tribes. Most biologists and many ethnologists employ the term 'American'; but this term is inappropriate, in that it connotes, and is commonly used for, the present predominantly Caucasian population. The term 'Indian' is used in popular speech and writing, and to a slight extent in ethnologic literature; but it is seriously objectionable in that it perpetuates an error, and for the further reason that it connotes

and so confuses, distinct peoples. Various descriptive or connotive terms are also in use, such as 'North American savages,' 'Red Men,' etc.; but these designations are often misleading, and never adapted to convenient employment in a denotive way.

2. In most cases the classifications on which current nomenclature are based, and many terms depending on them for definition, are obsolete; and the retention of the unsuitable nomenclature of the past tends to perpetuate misleading classifications.

3. While the name 'Indian' is firmly fixed in American literature and speech, and must long retain its current meaning (at least as a synonym), the need of scientific students for a definite designation is such that any suitable term acceptable to ethnologists may be expected to come into use with considerable rapidity. In this, as in other respects, the body of working specialists forms the court of last appeal; and it cannot be doubted that their decision will eventually be adopted by thinkers along other lines.

4. As the most active students of the native American tribes, it would seem to be incumbent on American ethnologists to propose a general designation for these tribes.

5. In view of these and other considerations, the name *Amerind* is commended to the consideration of American and foreign students of tribes and peoples. The term is an arbitrary compound of the leading syllables of the frequently-used phrase 'American Indian'; it thus carries a connotive or associative element which will serve explicative and mnemonic function in early use, yet must tend to disappear as the name becomes denotive through habitual use.

6. The proposed term carries no implication of classific relation, raises no mooted question concerning the origin or distribution of races, and perpetuates no obsolete idea; so far as the facts and theories of

ethnology are concerned, it is purely denotive.

7. The proposed term is sufficiently brief and euphonious for all practical purposes, not only in the English but in the prevailing languages of continental Europe; and it may readily be pluralized in these languages, in accordance with their respective rules, without losing its distinctive sematic character. Moreover, it lends itself readily to adjectival termination in two forms (a desideratum in widely-used ethnologic terms, as experience has shown), viz.: *Amerindian* and *Amerindic*, and is susceptible, also, of adverbial termination, while it can readily be used in the requisite actional form, *Amerindize*, or in relational forms, such as *post Amerindian*, etc.; the affixes being, of course, modifiable according to the rules of the different languages in which the term may be used.

8. The term is proposed as a designation for all of the aboriginal tribes of the American continent and adjacent islands, including the Eskimo.

The working ethnologists in the Society were practically unanimous in approving the term for tentative adoption, and for commendation to fellow students in this and other countries.

EXPLORING EXPEDITION TO THE MID-PACIFIC OCEAN.

THE unusual activity now being exhibited by various European governments in scientific exploration of the seas is soon to be supplemented by the United States, for arrangements are being perfected by the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries for one of the most important marine scientific expeditions ever undertaken in this country. The association of the name of Professor Alexander Agassiz with the expedition is a guarantee of its high scientific standing, and the employ-

Starv. PIMA INDIANS DESTITUTE.

June 17, 1900

White Settlers Have Diverted the Water From Their Canals.

PHOENIX, Ariz., June 18.—Eight thousand Pima Indians on the Gila reservation, thirty miles from Phoenix, are destitute and a like number of Papagos are on the verge of starvation.

For generations the peaceable Pimas raised large grain crops, and the Papagos annually flocked north to work in the harvest fields with the Pimas, sharing the crops.

A few years ago white settlers began diverting the water which the Pimas originally appropriated, and by degrees the flow of the Salt river has been entirely preempted by them.

S. H. McCowan, superintendent of the Phoenix Indian Industrial School, has been directed by the Indian department to make an examination into the condition of the Pimas. He declares that the sole salvation of the Indians is in federal appropriation for the construction of a storage reservoir.

"An appropriation of \$33,000," said Mr. McCowan, "has just been made for the relief of the destitute Pimas. Rations will be distributed before the end of the summer, but the appropriation will not preclude a recurrence of the famine."

A Fiction-writer's Indian Policy.

Mr. Hamlin Garland takes a great interest in the so-called Indian problem, and unquestionably from the highest motives. But he approaches it from the point of departure of the novelist and incidentally of the ethnologist, and not from that of the practical man of affairs. A recent novel from his pen shows us the Indians of paint and feathers on their picturesque side—the side that Cooper saw. An article in the North American Review deals with another phase of the subject, the attempt to civilize the semi-barbarous tribes as we find them in those parts of the West where they have been settled by the government on individual holdings of land, as farmers. Mr. Garland wishes to see these Indians gathered into little groups and communities, instead of scattered over a large space, as they needs must be when living each on his tract of 160 acres.

There is no doubt that in a general way Mr. Garland is headed right. He looks forward to the time when the Indians will be less isolated and will enjoy more social life. But he fails to reflect that it takes a people of some accumulated stamina to enter safely into social enjoyment without restraint, especially when they are moving from a condition in which leisure—or, rather, abstention from productive labor—is the rule toward a condition in which labor must be the rule, and leisure and pleasure only the occasional sweetening of the human lot. To the Indian in his present stage of development in the farming West, too close neighborhood with his fellows might present some rather dangerous temptations. A little later, probably, the natural drift of things will bring this about, and he may then be ready to improve by it.

For the present, which is really the period with which we have to deal, the white frontiersman is the best neighbor the Indian can have. The Indian, in other words, does better on his isolated farm, with a white man for his nearest company on either side, than he would do in a village made up of his own race. He has the example of the whites—not always, it must be admitted, the best that could possibly be set before him, but inspiring as compared with the example exclusively of men trained in the same domestic school with himself; he gets the white view of every subject that arises—not strained through the economic philosophy of the universities, of course, but with no small element of common-sense in it; he is, in short, fitting by degrees for the life which he and his children will be compelled to live some time, in a white people's country and under a white people's laws. His posterity may attain such personal pre-eminence as will carry them out of the society of the frontier and into that of the older communities; but just now he is undergoing a discipline which is suited to his needs, and, till he passes out of the stage of development where this is valuable for its temporary effects, he had better have the companionship of men who are a little above him than that of men who are going through the same process with himself.

One of the most hopeful signs we have seen for a long time is the request of the Omaha Indians to have their agency boarding-school closed as no longer a necessity and now a mere expense to the tribe. The Indians do not purpose giving up the attempt to educate their children, but they prefer sending them to the same free schools with the white children, so that the members of the young generation of two races can grow up side by side, speaking the same tongue, accustoming themselves to the same habits of life, and in every way getting ready for the time, not very far distant, when they must join in all the common activities of citizenship. The boarding-school exclusively for Indians may carry its instruction a little higher up the scale, but it keeps the children always conscious that they are Indians and not merely Americans. The white people living among the Omahas apparently desire the proposed change as much as the red people do, so probably it will be made. If the experiment proves successful, it will doubtless be only the beginning of a new era in the history of the Indian, when he will be recognizable as an Indian only by reference to his ancestry, and not by any distinction from the white man in his life or thought or interests.

April 10, 1902
Washington Post

Denver News July 8, 1902
**INDIANS UGLY BECAUSE
DANCE INTERFERED WITH**

GUTHRIE, Okla., July 7.—The Cheyenne Indians near Calumet, in Canadian county, are reported to be holding a council of war, angry over an order issued by Major Stouch, Indian agent, prohibiting them from practicing the tortures, so-called, incident to their sun dance. The Indians are excited, and the whites near Calumet are becoming frightened. Major Stouch has apprised the war department of the situation. About 2,000 Indians took part in the dance last week in celebration of their religious festival, and the tortures were to have closed the doings. This is the first time that the dances of the Cheyennes have been stopped by the government authorities.

designs, are united in awarding to the Indians of California the palm for fine handiwork, ingenuity of weave and artistic feeling in design as well as the application of the ornamentation. The beautiful handicraft seems to have been brought to its highest development under California's sunny skies, helped forward, it may be, by her rich and varied resources, patent to the inquiring eyes of even a primitive folk. The numerous tribes which inhabited the State as far back as history dates appear to have developed their several handicrafts along lines so widely varying, that, if it were not for the similarity of material employed, the uneducated observer might imagine the articles they produced to have come from the antipodes. The beautiful baskets of the Klamath and the Pomo makers, two tribes whose territory is not far separated, differ in weave, form, decorative design, colors and motive. The one seems generally to have aimed at shapes suggestive of utility and durability, making many small articles, but excelling in the production of mammoth baskets notable for their conscientious work. The designs, generally symbolical, the coloring surprising in the almost total absence of glaring tints and the prevalence of soft tones, dear to the eye of the artist. The Pomo squaw, on the other hand, unquestionably surpassing aboriginal or civilized weavers in her work, is always reaching out for the beautiful, weaving often with microscopic stitches, loving delicacy of texture, airiness of form, graceful designs, expressing a passionate love of color, despoiling the red-winged blackbird, the bluebird, the oriole, of their glory to apply their daintiest and deepest dyed feathers in the development of decorative fancies, with the jet-black nodding plume of the mountain quail, and perhaps brodering the whole with barbaric beads. It was a Pomo squaw, an ancient crone bent and crooked, but with undimmed vision, queen of all the basket-makers her tribe has ever boasted, who last year finished what will probably evermore be reckoned the masterpieces of all basketry—that dainty nest of three little baskets, perfectly woven with stitches which ordinary eyes can only count by aid of a strong glass, the largest of which can be passed through a lady's finger ring. These little beauties, "the darling baskets," as Dr. Mason, the eminent ethnologist calls them, are the ones which created such a sensation at the Smithsonian in Washington last winter, and now repose within a glass case in the museum at Golden Gate Park.

California Indian baskets become rarer and higher-priced every year. It is manifest to the most careless observer that the tribes, like all aboriginal races, will soon be extinct, and already old customs and industries are passing. The girls of the present generation have imbibed Occidental ideas and disdain the exquisite art practiced by their grandmothers, preferring employment in hopfield and vineyard during the summer months and a life of idleness in winter to painstaking application to the fabrication of beautiful little articles into which the old squaws wrought the unuttered aspirations and fancies of their meager lives. To-day the handicraft is in the hands of a few old women, and bids fair to be numbered among lost arts when they, too, shall have joined their ancestors.

It was with the thought of rescuing an important and interesting industry from extinction, as well as with the further very natural desire to adorn their homes with the work of their

wards to find their level according to their merits, winning permanent votaries from those possessing special aptitudes, and being dropped and forgotten by those who have followed them aimlessly for diversion's sake alone.

Miss L. M. Barrows, who resides at 733 Bush street, San Francisco, was among the first to learn the rudiments of this important and delightful handicraft, and was the first to bring it to this city. An earnest and progressive woman and an amateur artist of no mean ability, she sees in the new occupation not only a delightful diversion for American women, but a home industry well worth assiduous application, capable of immeasurable development and holding an economic promise. She pronounces the work extremely fascinating and an ideal employment for invalids, who can pursue it in comfortable postures, all the time seeing a beautiful article of permanent value growing beneath their touch, and feeling cheered with the thought that their lives are not wasted. Realizing the general interest felt in the new industry and the desire for information, Miss Barrows kindly permitted some of the pretty baskets of her own manufacture to be photographed, and described the industry in its present stage, as it has been translated from aboriginal methods into civilized usages.

For translated a savage art must needs be when taken up by the dainty hands of white women. Civilization reckons with time, and no sane person would consent to procure from the great woodwardia fern of California's shaded canyons the long fibers forming the center of each stem, which to the Indian women are the basis of the basket, nor would it be a comely thing for an American woman to sit in her parlor, and, holding in her mouth the grasses with which she proposes to make her colored figures, dye them the desired tint by slowly masticating the native root which furnishes the needed dye, the superfluous juice trickling down her pretty chin the while. This is the way of the Indian squaw, but it is not the way of the white woman. In the present somewhat crude stage of the craft in Caucasian circles two materials only are used in the weaving, and these are cheap, convenient and exceedingly easy to procure, consisting merely of rattan of different grades and New Zealand raffia, the long grass which comes in great braided bunches and is so sold by florists at so much a pound, being employed by many for tying fancy packages in place of cord. When colored grasses are desired for the working of fancy patterns, the thrifty woman resorts to ordinary dyes, to be bought at a low price of any druggist; but those who do not observe small economies pay a little more and buy the raffia already dyed to the tint.

The particular weave most popular among white women is very simple and quite as easy to learn as the ordinary crochet stitch, consisting merely of what is called in Indian basket parlance the "one-stick" weave, the grass being alternately wrapped once around the rattan and taught once through the row below. An ordinary darning needle carries the grass. The squaw has never availed herself of this appliance, but, where needed, makes a small puncture with a lit' awl, putting the fiber through without the aid of any other tool. In working out a pattern the colored grass is carried straight along the rattan or "stick," except when it is wished to show it on the outside, when the white grass is carried along the rattan and the colored grass takes its place in the weave.

Miss Barrows' first basket, of which she herself is not at all proud, is really

hands, that a party of women at Santa Monica, in Southern California, last summer determined to learn Indian basket-making. They were bright, cultured women, possessed of ample leisure to carry out their ambitions, and most of them had in their own homes examples of the handicraft for which they had paid a pretty penny. The closest study of these baskets had failed to reveal the secret of their fabrication, nor could they master the intricate weaves from published plates illustrating the manner of the weaving. So they betook themselves in a body to an old Indian squaw in the locality, and bribed her to give them lessons. Had the squaw remained obdurate, like many of her kind in former days, this story might never have been told, but the charm of the ladies' coin and the guile of their tongues won her over. When the summer was ended the white women departed for their homes, each with a new and charming occupation and a new interest in life. The friends who saw them working were eager to learn the craft, and each in turn served as an amateur instructor to a dozen more, until the demand for systematic instruction became so insistent among the women of the South that classes were opened in Los Angeles, which are now liberally patronized. Indian basket-making promises to take its place as a popular fad as a successor of porcelain painting, art embroidery and other fashionable accomplishments, each of which have for a time monopolized the attention of women, after-

a notable production, because of its originality of coloring. Of simple bowl shape and designed merely to hold spoons, she made it in flame tints wholly, working it in irregular bands of golden yellow, orange and golden brown. Without any pretension in the way of decoration or shape, it is a thing of beauty nevertheless, glowing like an autumn leaf in the darkest nook of a room.

Following no set design in subsequent work, it is interesting to observe that this American woman has given an original stamp to each article of her fabrication, a plan of work which suggests interesting future possibilities in her own and other hands. Upon one square bowl the brown ornamentation is traced in an odd zigzag pattern, which might have occurred to the aborigines, but, in point of fact, is unlike any Indian basket in any collection. A waste basket, ornamented in a Greek pattern, has a star with seventeen points on the bottom. A ring of conventionalized human figures, with hands joined, encircles another basket. In another she has created a new stitch by putting her grass twice over between stitches, producing an open-work effect.

As in a good many other accomplishments, the chief difficulty in the weaving of these dainty baskets lies in making the beginning. A false beginning, and it is impossible to make a passable basket. Once fairly and properly begun, and M. Barrows declares that a woman of intelligence will easily master the rest.

FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

INDIAN BASKETRY FOR AMERICANS

S.F. Chronicle
Aug. 24, 1902. (See Pictures on Page 12.)



UNCLE SAM has spent a handsome sum in teaching the arts of civilization to the American Indian, with a view to making of him a useful member of society. It has remained for California women to discover that the Indian has arts of his own which it is well worth civilization's while to acquire. The newest fad among women, the most popular accomplishment among California women

to-day, is to counterfeit, so far as their untrained fingers and cruder materials may, the aboriginal basketry which is the pride of the Pacific Coast tribes and which has made them celebrated the world over.

Although the native tribes of every land have expended their skill and fancy in devising various forms of baskets with attractive ornamentation, collectors who have gathered treasures from the Orient, from the South Sea islands, from Africa, from within the Arctic circle and beneath the burning sun of the equator, and who have made the closest and most discriminating study of the various weaves and decorative

INDIAN BASKETRY AS A HOME INDUSTRY.





Indian Education.

Congress is now in the midst of its annual wrestle with the Indian appropriations, and the same crude notions about the education of the aborigines seem to be manifesting themselves as of old. The government appears to be resolved to go on, year after year and generation after generation, spending money on fine schools for teaching the Indian children fine things, but paying scant attention to the humbler but more solid acquirements.

Every one acquainted with Indian affairs knows that a great deal of the so-called "education" of the race is a humbug. An Indian child is coaxed away from its home by one form of persuasion or another, and entered at a school a long distance off. No people are more jealous of the comfort of their progeny than the red people of the West, and unless the children send home glowing accounts of their life and doings at school, the parents insist on bringing them back again. Hence, as the color of a child's skin makes little difference in his love of luxury and his craving for a good time, the school authorities coddle their Indian charges beyond the last extreme ever practiced in the case of the children of white farmers and laborers, with whose general worldly condition the Indian's most nearly corresponds. When the superintendent of an Indian school is questioned about this policy, his usual answer is that the first great desideratum is to get the Indians to consent to their children's coming to school at all; and that it is wise to make any reasonable concession to keep the youngsters contented, so as to maintain a hold upon them.

Hence, when we see the children from tepees and rough cabins herded together in schools kept clean by hired janitors and supplied with all the modern conveniences; living daily on food which is cooked for them by servants in huge ovens and cauldrons; wearing clothing which is washed and ironed in a big laundry with running water, automatic boilers, stationary tubs, and steam and electric appliances galore, we are expected to admire the generosity of a great and good government. It does not suggest itself to the ordinary mind to inquire to what all this tends. But we may as well be frank when we do pause to ask the question.

Take a little white girl out of a dingy tenement, with no surroundings through her earlier life save those of poverty, and no tradition inherited from her ancestors except a struggle for the necessities of existence; put her into a "select school for young ladies" for two or three years, teach her reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, algebra, history, and what-not, and then—turn her loose? No, send her back to the tenement. What becomes of her? Even suppose, for the sake of keeping up the forms of a practical training, she has been allowed to do some of the superficial work of the school—a little sewing, an occasional table-setting, a turn at the machinery in the laundry; how much does all this help her in her future as a tenement-dweller? She despises her environment. If she is married, it is either to a man whom she has learned to look upon as a clod, or to one who, like herself, has been "educated" out of his sphere and who finds himself a stranger when he goes back to it. Her position is perilous in the extreme. One girl in a hundred has character enough to stand such a strain; the other ninety and nine are likely to succumb.

On the other hand, take the same tenement-child and teach her how to wash at a common tub, press with a flatiron heated on a cook stove, cook well with the appliances of a poor man's kitchen, and you can afford to let the elegances go till the next generation comes along. You have started a new home and a new family on a sound basis, and that is enough for the present.

Yet we expect more character in the aboriginal children than in our own. We fondly fancy, without stopping to think of the absurdity of it, that human nature is absolutely different under a red skin and under a white! *Wash. Post, Jan. 21, '03.*

INDIANS AT FUNERAL.

Wash. Star Nov. 23, 1903
Red Men Eulogize Late Harriett Maxwell Converse.

A dispatch from New York last night says: In the presence of many representatives of the people to whom she had devoted her life, the last rites were performed today over the body of Mrs. Harriett Maxwell Converse, "The Great White Mother" of the Six Nations of the great Iroquois confederacy.

Eulogies were pronounced by the dead woman's pastor and by chiefs of the various clans of the Seneca Nation, by whom Mrs. Converse was adopted when but a little girl, and one of the chiefs performed the ancient rite of "the passing of the horns," which consisted of taking the string of sacred wampum beads, the insignia of office, from the lid of the casket and presenting them to Joseph Keppler, long associated with Mrs. Converse in her work among the Indians, by which act Mr. Keppler was nominated by the chiefs present as the successor of the dead woman.

Mr. Keppler was adopted by the Senecas years ago, and bears the Indian name of Gy-Ont-Wa-Ka, or "The Planter."

In addition to the delegates from the Six Nations there were present representatives from the Hurons, Sioux, Abinaki, Algonquins, Aztecs of Mexico and several other tribes. Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Sill of St. Chrysostom's Chapel, the dead woman's pastor, read the Episcopal services for the dead, after which William Crow, a Seneca warrior, made a brief address in his native tongue, lamenting the death of "The Great White Mother."

SF Chronicle Sept. 27, 1903.

PUT TO FLIGHT BY INDIAN TRIBESMEN.

Braves Resist an Attempt to Take Water Rights Which Have Been Theirs for Years.

SAN BERNARDINO, September 26.—W. F. Plinney recently posted a notice on the small reservoir belonging to the Manuel Indian reservation near here, locating all the water flowing into the reservoir from the spring nearby, and has so stirred the Indians that he has been compelled to flee from his homestead, two miles distant, to save his life. Three days ago the Indians discovered the notice and immediately the entire population of the village swarmed up the mountain to look at it. Later they tore down the notice.

Plinney was seen near the spot and suspected, and that night twenty young braves started for his house. He is said to have heard their approach and barricaded the windows and doors. Late at night he slipped away and has not been seen since. The Indians have owned the water from the spring for twenty-five years. It is their only supply, but numerous attempts have been made by whites to appropriate the flow. Plinney's notice was to-day sent to the Indian agent at San Jacinto by Attorney John Brown.

Mr. J. H. Monteith, of Montana, who represents the government as Indian agent for the Blackfoot tribe in that State, was seen at the Shoreham last evening. Mr. Monteith is here with some representatives of the tribe who had business with the Secretary of the Interior. With the noble red men came White Calf, a famous chief of the Piegiens, who also are classed with the Blackfoot clan. Unfortunately White Calf developed a serious case of pneumonia after he reached the Capital, and Mr. Monteith had him taken to one of the city hospitals.

"White Calf," said Mr. Monteith, "is over eighty years of age, and I fear he will never see Montana again. It is sad that the old chief should come so far to die among strangers, and should that be his fate there will be a sad story for his brethren to carry back to the reservation."

A
TEACHER



SADNESS



SAC-A-JA-WE-A



QUEEN ETNA



AN EDUCATED GIRL

Washington Star - Jan. 30, 1904.

THE INDIAN WOMAN

Where She is the Equal of
Her Sisters.

THE BRAVE'S OPINION

AN INSIGHT INTO THE DAILY
TRIALS AND JOYS.

Summed Up, It Contrasts Pretty Well
With the Rest of the
World.

In one respect the Indian woman is the equal of all other women. The men of her race hold her as their inferior.

No one accepts this standard more readily than the squaw herself. To ride last in parades seems to her as much as a woman should expect; to join with the men in their dances would be a distinction far beyond her; and to wear moccasins with beads upon them—well, that is a form of ornamentation reserved wholly for the braves. The red woman's plain, unbeaded footwear is one mark of her sex.

In the young Indian woman's bearing, however, there is the same freedom and pride as in that of the brave. Her life of constant exercise has been her Delsarte. She has Trilby feet—for nothing harder

she paints upon the top of her head where her hair parts a red stripe.

The Indian girls marry young. Fifteen is the usual age at which they become wives. Daughters are the property of their fathers. The bucks exchange ponies for sweethearts. Although many of the old families of Virginia—among them the Randolphs, who are descendants of Pocahontas—boast of Indian blood, the humblest Indian girl considers it a degradation to marry a white man. By all the tribes it is held a mark of degeneracy to possess the mingled blood of white and red.

Their Marriage Rites.

Few Christian marriages are celebrated on the reservations. Most of the young women prefer to follow the simple rites of their race. These ceremonies are but two. The first one, naively romantic, is the betrothal. The lover goes by night to the maiden's tepee, and sings her a love ditty. She comes out in the moonlight and joins hands with him. Thus the engagement is announced.

The marriage ceremony, however, is more prosaic. Two blankets are spread in the middle of the tepee. The bride and groom sit upon these and they are married. The wedding guests bring presents and heap them up between the couple.

When the Indian maid becomes a wife she obeys and loves her brave. Lift the flap of a tepee and you will often see the squaw, with a look of contentment, tenderly combing and smoothing her warrior's long hair. Her love is not unrequited. I have seen the husband painting with great care upon his squaw's head the adorning vermilion stripe. The red mother is devoted to her children. Of the little girl she is fond. She fashions small boards and flaps in which to tie up her doll-papoose. To the little boy she gives the kind of care that trainers give to their fine colts. In his infancy she takes measures to make the future brave strong and straight. She disciplines him firmly, but gently; no harsh word or blow must break his spirit.

The haughty reserve of the Indian warrior appears in the woman as a most engaging modesty. A girl on the reservation will cast her eyes down, and in pretty English, if she has been to school, answer a

dweller in the city flat. But the red man summons no van. The squaw takes down the tepee, and packs poles, covering and blankets upon ponies. Then leading her pack animals, she follows in the wake of her lord.

In times of peace the squaw goes with her buck upon the chase. The men shoot down the antelope; the squaws do the rest. They skin the animal and cook or dry the meat.

Even in wartime the squaws do their part. They hold the ponies while the warriors go forward to the attack. Or when the braves capture a band of horses the squaws ride them off. They even fight sometimes like the Amazons of old. The Nez Perce squaw of Chief Joseph "fought like men" when he made his famous campaign against the United States army.

The red woman who clasps her blanket on her shoulders, and slings upon her back her baggy-cheeked papoose, bound upon his board like a huge cocoon, is more often now the educated than the wild woman. Why she returns from school, straightway removes her civilized garb and goes back to the blanket, is a puzzle to her white neighbors. However, they know but their own life. She has known both. She makes her choice.

Jennie, the daughter of Chief Pio, graduated from Chemawa, the Indian college near Seattle. When she returned to her tribe she resumed the blanket and her old manner of life. She soon became the squaw and the property of an Indian buck.

Knew When to Talk.

Indeed, it is dangerous now to assume that any squaw one meets is the untutored savage woman. I saw an Indian woman blanketed and with a silk kerchief on her head, in a store out west. When, out of curiosity, I asked her some childish question, she replied: "Thank you, I don't care to talk this morning."

In short, the life of the Indian woman is one unbroken camping out. No one will deny that such an existence holds some of the joys we all covet.

To explain the fascination that untamed nature has for all men, it has been said: "When civilized man goes to the mountains



THE INDIAN WOMAN

Boulder Over Grave of
Indian Chief Tomachichi
Savannah, Georgia



Boulder Over Grave of Indian Chief Tomachichi,
Erected at Savannah, by Georgia Colonial Dames

Boulder Over Grave of
Indian Chief Tomachichi
Savannah, Georgia



Boulder Over Grave of Indian Chief Tomachichi,
Erected at Savannah, by Georgia Colonial Dames

Thomson's Mar - 1904
Home Companion

Proclamation Issued Giving Conditions for Sale of the Lands.

Owing to a conflict of date with the sale of the Chippewa Indian lands at Crookston, Minn., on June 15, Commissioner Richards, of the General Land Office, yesterday directed that the sale of the Red Lake reservation lands at Thief River Falls, sixty miles from Crookston, begin June 20 instead of the date originally fixed. The register and receiver of the Crookston land office will be at both openings to expedite the work.

With the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, the Commissioner of the General Land Office on Tuesday issued a proclamation stating the conditions under which the ceded lands of the Red Lake Indian reservation in Minnesota will be disposed of as provided for in the act for the sale of these lands passed at the last session of Congress.

The lands will include 255,000 acres, and they are to be disposed of under the terms of the homestead law, except that the entryman will be required to pay not less than \$4 per acre, and will not be required to show that he has exhausted his rights under that law. The sale is to take place at Thief River Falls, Minnesota. The sale will be by public auction, and the land will be disposed of in tracts of 160 acres at not less than \$4 per acre. The sales will begin at 9 o'clock each day, and sixty tracts will be offered the first and second days and eighty tracts on each succeeding day. Purchasers will be required to pay one-fifth of the price agreed on in cash.

Much interest is manifested in the sale. It is expected that some of the lands will bring considerably more than the price fixed. All the funds realized in excess of \$1,000,000, the sum to be paid to the Indians, will be covered into the Treasury.

A warning has been issued by the Interior Department against trespassing on the portion of the Crow Indian reservation in Montana recently ceded by the Indians. Reports to the department are to the effect that a number of "sooners" have gone on the lands and selected some of the choicest portions.

The Secretary notifies them that they will acquire no rights by this course, and he cautions all people to keep off the reservation until the opening proclamation is issued.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Star, ~~May 13~~, 1904

Proclamation Opening Lands to Settlement.

ROSEBUD RESERVATION

REGULATIONS OF GENERAL LAND OFFICE FOR DRAWINGS.

A Brief Cabinet Meeting Today—Post- masters Agreed On—Western Tariff Sentiment.

The President today issued a proclamation for the entry of the ceded lands of the Rosebud Indian reservation in South Dakota, beginning on August 8 next. The lands will be selected by lot, and a drawing will be established for that purpose. There are about 400,000 acres of the ceded land, and some of it is very fertile. Much interest has been manifested on the part of the would-be settlers, and Commissioner Richards of the general land office said today that he had received no less than a thousand letters of inquiry concerning the opening. For the purpose of greater convenience to entrymen the land office at Chamberlin will be temporarily removed to Bonesteel, which is only four miles from the reservation. The entries at Bonesteel will continue from August 8 to September 10, and afterward will be continued at Chamberlin. Opportunities for registration for the drawing will be afforded at Chamberlin, Bonesteel, Yankton and Fairfax, and registration will begin July 5 next and close July 23. The drawing will take place at Chamberlin, July 28, under the supervision of a committee of three men. The uniform price of lands during the first three months of the opening will be \$4 per acre, and the choice of selections will be regulated by the drawing.

Provisions of Proclamation.

The proclamation provides that the lands shall be entered under the general provisions of the homestead and town site laws, and all entries under the homestead law are to be made in person, except in the case of ex-soldiers and ex-sailors, who may employ an agent. Entries under the homestead law will be permitted at the rate of 100 per day from the day of the opening.

Persons desiring to establish townsites on the reservation will be permitted to make application at any time before the opening, and their applications are to be passed upon by the commissioner of the general land office.

Other details of the proclamation are as follows:

"All persons are especially admonished that under the said act of Congress approved April 23, 1904, it is provided that no person shall be permitted to settle upon, occupy, or enter any of said ceded lands except in the manner prescribed in this proclamation until after the expiration of sixty days from the time when the same are opened to settlement and entry.

"After the expiration of the said period of sixty days, but not before, and until the expiration of three months after the same shall have been opened for settlement and entry, as hereinbefore prescribed, any of said lands remaining undisposed of may be settled upon, occupied and entered under the general provisions of the homestead and townsite laws of the United States in like manner as if the manner of effecting such settlement, occupancy and entry had not been prescribed herein in obedience to law, subject, however, to the payment of \$4 per acre for the land entered, in the manner and at the time required by the said act of Congress above mentioned. After the expiration of three months, and not before, and until the expiration of six months after the same shall have been opened for settlement and entry, as aforesaid, any of said lands remaining undisposed of may also be settled upon, occupied, and entered under the general provisions of the same laws and in the same manner, subject, however, to the payment of \$8 per acre for the land entered in the manner and at the times required by the same act of Congress. After the expiration of six months, and not before, after the same shall have been opened for settlement and entry, as aforesaid, any of said lands remaining undisposed of may also be settled upon, occupied, and entered under the general provisions of the same, and in the same manner, subject, however, to the payment of \$2.50 per acre for the land entered in the manner and at the time required by the same act of Congress. And after the expiration of four years from the taking effect of this act, and not before, any of said lands remaining undisposed of shall be sold and disposed of for cash, under rules and regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Interior, not more than 640 acres to any one purchaser."

When the Cree Indians Went On a Strike.

Star Sept. 19 1904.
FACTOR HAD HIS SAY

RAISED THE PRICE OF THINGS IN THE STORE.

**So They Profited Not by the Increase
in the Value of
Skins.**

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

EDMONTON, N. W. T., August 25, 1904.

The union is spreading—the labor union I mean. It has broken out lately among the Bush Crees on the upper Athabasca.

At one of the Hudson Bay posts, presided over by a sturdy Scotch factor, the labor question has been fought out and the Indian's sense of humor, also his rights to sell his labor and his furs, found out and fixed.

Whatever of by-laws and constitution the red men possess is preserved in the unerring memory of the men of the union. It was all due to the eloquence and enterprise of a Cree prince, named Paul Forchet. His elder brother was a chief, but his seven younger brothers were all respectable workmen, voyagers, hunters, trappers and fur catchers. The northern Indian is not lazy. The father of Paul was a Hudson Bay trapper, "his grandfather, too, and his father also," as Dr. Drummond would say. For more than a hundred years the Forchets had rendered allegiance, good service and skins to the company. But conditions were changing. Also the Crees were picking up pointers from free traders and travelers. Paul had been out to Edmonton, had tasted liquid lightning that can be called across a polished plank by the music made in the clatters of coin. He had learned the magic of money, scraps of painted paper or bits of silver, that had the purchasing power of many skins. It made Paul restless.

Now, of a truth, it is the easiest thing on earth to convince a man that he is getting the worst of it, is being bilked and buncoed, and that he is, and of a right ought to be, "ag'in the government." Therefore it was easy for the eloquent Cree to interest the Indians in their own affairs.

When he had them well in hand he waited for the factor. Paul was a born spell-binder, and he knew the value of being backed by a goodly company of his fellows in full sympathy.

Amazed His Hearers.

An educated half-breed, who was present upon that occasion, says Prince Paul amazed his hearers, the old Scotch factor and himself. In language that flowed full and strong like the peace river he told the story of the Redman, his devotion to duty, his loyalty to the company. He entranced the traders and amazed the Indians as he portrayed the tragedy of winter, of the long hunt for food when the post was starving, of the growing scarcity of furs and the ever-increasing difficulty attending the trapping of the various members of the furry family.

When he had them going he shut off suddenly, lowered his voice, took a side trail and followed up a deep, significant ravine to the post of a "free trader." His hushed auditors leaned forward to catch and weigh each sentence, each word. For half an hour the eloquent Cree followed this side trail, which they all knew would end at the door of the free trader or the French company. If he fancied his brothers were losing interest he would swing, half facing them and call attention to the scars upon their foreheads, of a truth made by the headstrap, but attributed by the impassioned prince to their crown of thorns. And their bent backs—you know what did that, he would say to the factor. It was carrying the company's cross.

Another quarter of an hour was given to a recapitulation, bringing him back to the point which could have been reached and covered by a Yankee in three words, viz: "There are others."

New Schedule of Prices.

Another pause, and then with perfect French politeness he unrolled his ultimatum which had been written out in full by an interpreter, and which is treasured by the old factor as a relic of the company's first strike. The following was Forchet's schedule:

| | Old prices. Skins. | New prices. Skins. |
|------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Best beaver..... | 30 | 80 |
| Otter..... | 12 | 20 |
| Lynx..... | 6 | 12 |
| Fox..... | 60 | 200 |

The reader should have in mind that while an article to us is worth so many dollars; to the Indians it is so many skins, and that a skin always means 50 cents in American money. That is the Indian's dollar—skin or 50 cents.

"Very well," said the old factor after a moment's reflection, and the eloquent Cree nodded, which was Indian for bow, and led his hand away.

The hunting was good that winter, and Paul, while not hunting himself, was busy figuring with shells and shining pebbles the results of the harvest when the catch should reach the post. To be sure, the Indians had to have tea and tobacco, guns and knives, and as there were no other shops in the wilderness, were almost obliged to buy them at the bay store.

One fine May morning the factor's bureau grew dark with Indians. Bravely in the fore stood Forchet, the Eugene Debs of the north, backed by his brotherhood of brown-ies.

"What now, Prince Paul?" asked the factor, innocently.

Turned the Tables.

"My people," said Paul, "complain that you have raised the price of goods. My brother tells me that you took twelve skins for these tweed trousers, for which my father used to pay eight skins."

"And did your brother forget to tell you that I allowed him eighty skins for a fine bear for which your father would have had thirty?"

"My uncle says dress goods have gone up from four to six skins."

"And silver gray fox," said the factor, "have gone from sixty to 200 skins in a single season."

Paul paused. Then he went on. "My people contend that you have no right to change the price of tobacco. That never changes."

"Say to your people, as you said to me when last year's leaves were dying, 'These are their goods, not ours.' They have a right to say what price shall be the price of their own. Voila!"

Suddenly the whole band set up a great shout, and began filing out of the post, laughing, gesticulating and saying over and over again, "Bien, bien. Paul is one big fool—the factor has made of him fun; Oh, bien."

And that was the Indian's idea of a joke.

CY WARMAN.

LEUPP TO BE COMMISSIONER

[Nov] 1904

Newspaper Correspondent to Head
Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Appointment from President Roosevelt
Came to Him Unsought—Will Enter
Upon New Duties Next January.

President Roosevelt yesterday announced the appointment of Francis E. Leupp, of this city, to be Indian Commissioner, vice William A. Jones, resigned. Commissioner Jones' resignation and Mr. Leupp's appointment will take effect January 1. Mr. Leupp is the Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post, and has been identified with Indian affairs for many years.

The appointment, of course, came to Mr. Leupp entirely unsought. It was accepted by him reluctantly. He has declined several proffers of office under different administrations, preferring his work as a correspondent, to which he is most devoted, and in which he has earned an enviable reputation. His retirement from journalism will bring genuine regret to the newspaper corps in Washington, who hold him in highest esteem.

Mr. Leupp is not a faddist on Indian affairs, or on any kindred subject. He believes simply in giving both races, where they come in contact, a square deal on common-sense lines. He has been in the habit of visiting Indian reservations from time to time during the last nineteen years, and has very definite ideas about the proper treatment of the red man. In these ideas he and President Roosevelt thoroughly agree.

President Cleveland appointed Mr. Leupp a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, where he served for about three years. That appointment came to him unsought and quite as unexpectedly as the present appointment from President Roosevelt. The first news of the appointment by Mr. Cleveland, which carried no salary, came to him in the newspapers.

The first suggestion of his name for the Indian Commissionership was made without his knowledge, and he finally consented to accept only for the purpose of carrying out certain policies in which he and Mr. Roosevelt are deeply interested. A few months ago he investigated alleged irregularities among Indians in Oklahoma at the President's request.

Mr. Leupp is a native of New York, and will be fifty-six years old in January. He is an alumnus of Williams College and of the law department of Columbia University. After service for four years as an associate editor of the Evening Post, and several years' experience as a part owner of the Syracuse Herald, he came to Washington in 1885 for the Evening Post, and in 1889 took charge of its Washington bureau, in which position he has remained up to the present time. He has written much, apart from his newspaper work. His book, "The Man, Roosevelt," is generally pronounced the best life-sketch of the President ever written. The President and Mr. Leupp have long been warm personal friends.

INDIAN COMMISSIONERSHIP.

Correspondent Leupp Likely to Be Put
at the Head of the Bureau.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. William A. Jones, who has been at the head of the bureau since the beginning of President McKinley's first administration, has given notice to Secretary Hitchcock of his intention to resign. He has fixed upon January 1 next as the date of his retirement.

His successor in all probability will be Mr. Francis E. Leupp, the well-known Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post, who is a member of the Indian Rights' Association, and is thoroughly familiar with Indian questions. Mr. Leupp enjoys the confidence of the President by reason of long personal friendship, and has been intrusted with special missions of importance affecting the interests of the Indians.

Cavalry Leaving Fort Myer.

Troops E, F, G, and H, making up the Second Squadron of the Fifteenth Cavalry, with the band of that regiment, will leave Fort Myer this afternoon for Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., the new station of the regiment. The quarters vacated by the Fifteenth Cavalry will be occupied by the band and a squadron of the Seventh Cavalry which have been in camp at Fort Myer for some time past.

The Arlington European plan restaurant and supper rooms now open. Music.

[Nov. 1904]

VALLEJO, November 21. — The Chamber of Commerce tendered a banquet to Charles H. Darling, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, tonight at the Barnard Hotel. The guests included United States Senator Perkins, Congressmen Knowland, Kahn, Hayes, and Admiral McCalla, heads of the departments, foreman of the navy yard and members of the Chamber of Commerce. F. R. Devlin, president of the chamber, presided. Covers were laid for fifty. The banquet was arranged at short notice to suit the Secretary's convenience. Speeches were made by Secretary Darling, Admiral McCalla, F. R. Devlin, Senator Perkins, all the Congressmen present, Mayor Roney, Yard

REMARKABLE RUG.

Owned by Indian Was Made From Seventy-Seven Human Scalps.

From the Dallas News.

A rug which took seventy-seven lives in the making is owned by an Iowa Indian living in Stroud, Okla. It is 150 years old, and consists of seventy-seven scalps torn from the heads of as many human beings. The rug, which is barely five feet square, is of many hues, for the scalps are red, gray, black, white, brown and auburn. They belonged to peaceful people, too, and are said to have been taken by special command of the Great Spirit from the finest specimens of men, women and children belonging to the white, red and negro races. As soon as the scalps were secured they were sewn together, and the rug was from that regarded as the remedy for all trouble. When an Indian was taken sick he was laid on this rug, and if he did not recover his spirit was assured of a pleasant journey to the happy hunting ground. This remarkable creation can be seen but once a year. At the annual wild onion feast, which comes on April 1, the Iowa Indians make the rug play an important part. The onion is freely used, the Indians saturating themselves from head to foot with the juice. This was their successful way of driving away the evil spirits.

A prayer rug belonging to the Shah of Persia is another valuable mat. Though barely two feet square, its design is most elaborate. It is worked throughout in precious stones, and the effect is dazzling. The ground is formed of rose diamonds, and in the center is a large bird, whose neck is made of amethysts and its body of rubies. The vines, which form a network, through which the bird may be seen as through a cage, are made of emeralds, while the bands which connect the stones are of seed pearl. The floral emblem of Persia is worked out in blue, yellow and pink stones, this design being known as the Mina Khani design. It is difficult to determine even the approximate value of this small rug, but it has been estimated that if it were sold the proceeds, placed at 5 per cent. interest, would bring in an income of at least \$250,000 per annum.

Star-Journal - 27, 1905

PIMA INDIANS' NEEDS

Star

Jan. 27

1905

Hoped for Irrigation That Would Be Beneficial.

NO WATER FOR LANDS

UNABLE TO GROW CROPS FOR THEIR SUSTENANCE.

Story of the Tribe and the Alleged Diversion of the Water Supply.

Attention has been called to what is designated as a fact that during the past fifteen years the Pima Indians of Arizona, a nation of industrious, self-supporting, progressive people, have degenerated into a race of idle, vicious, ration-fed nomads, because Congress has failed to heed their request for help and give back the water which the white man was permitted to steal from them. For centuries a tribe of Indians has lived and tilled the soil in Pinal county, in southern Arizona. There, in the valley of the Gila, following in the footsteps of their forefathers, whose crops were harvested generations before a white man set foot on this continent, the Pima Indians have battled with the desert.

First knowledge of these aborigines comes from a mention of them by Cabez de Vaca, an adventurous Spanish explorer, who visited them in 1535, and who found them much as they were until a few years ago. They had always been industrious and successful farmers and irrigators. Their average crop was 2,000,000 pounds of wheat a year, besides which corn, pumpkins, beans, sorghum and vegetables were raised in large quantities. They manufactured ollas, or earthen jars, and baskets, and their blankets and cotton fabrics have always been of fine quality. Their lands were held in severalty, and the tribe lived in small villages. Their only enemies have been the Apaches, whose hands have often been against every other tribe and nation. The friendship of the Pimas for the white man has been unwavering. It is their proud boast that their hands were never stained by the white man's blood. Their villages have always furnished havens of safety for various members of other tribes in times of famine and warfare.

The Water Supply.

Inseparably linked with the land of these wards of Uncle Sam is the supply of water. Their agriculture depends wholly upon irrigation. Without it their lands become a desert; with an ample water supply no more fertile region lies out of doors.

The Gila valley is of great extent, and of late years has been gradually settled upon by stockmen and farmers. Villages and towns have sprung up, and throughout its entire length the signs of agricultural growth and progress are apparent. Fifteen years ago at Florence, a few miles above the eastern limit of the lands belonging to the Indians, a dam was constructed, and the waters of the Gila river were diverted to irrigate the farms of the white men in that community. This was done, it is said, in the face of protests of the Indian agents, and in spite of the fact that it was claimed to be evident that such diversion of the water supply would render the Indians helpless and destitute. As constructed, it is claimed this dam deprived the Indians of water during the period when it was most needed to mature their crops, and since its construction, it is claimed, there has been a progressive decrease of water supply for the reservation. The condition of the Indians is said to have become pitiful.

For a number of years they sowed and irrigated only to lose all through an inadequate water supply when the crops most needed it. Discouragements finally brought on demoralization, and they gradually gave up the struggle and, with a few exceptions, it is said, lapsed into indolence, want and vice. Today they are said to be more or less dependent on charity, or have become wanderers over the country, thieves and vagabonds. A description of their present condition is given in a report which the Indian agent submitted from Sacaton, as follows:

Report of Indian Agent.

"Approximately 6,000 Indians—Pimas, Papagos and Maricopas—are dependent for their subsistence upon the lands of the Gila river reservation, which reservation contains 357,120 acres. It is estimated that half of the land could be made productive with water to irrigate it. The water supply in the Gila river, owing to its use for lands above us, has not been sufficient to irrigate 1,000 acres. Fully half the crops planted have not produced enough for seed. This land is very fertile. The condition of affairs here shows that in the past three years there has been a large falling off in the water supply for irrigation. The reason is apparent in the absorption of the water by additional cultivated lands above.

"I notice in the Indians a restlessness as they realize their helpless condition, and I am confronted with the solicitous queries: 'What are we to do? If we plant what we have what assurance have we of getting it back?' Under favorable conditions these Indians, being agricultural and pastoral, would soon become independent, prosperous, civilized citizens. Otherwise, discouragement, hunger and destitution are their lot. A nomadic life being taken on, their old tribal nature asserts itself, and the expenditures hitherto made by the government for their education prove a curse to them rather than a blessing.

Must Issue Subsistence.

"It is now necessary to issue considerable subsistence to the Indians whose crops have been a failure, and this aid will have to be largely increased under the existing limited water supply. A supply of water would permit of the Pima Boarding School establishing a model farm, greatly reducing the cost of maintaining the school of 200 pupils, and be a most valuable educational factor in the school life of the pupils. The available Indian labor in the construction of the reservoir is an important factor, as it is much better to provide them labor with pay than keep them as paupers. These Indians are willing to work, and their moral status is good. Their attitude toward the United States has always been friendly. They have saved the government in protecting early settlers from the ravages of the Apaches. They have kept themselves within the bounds of law and order, and they are now left upon the desert without water. Humanity speaks, economical administration for the sustenance of the Indians speaks, and nature, in her wise provisions, says: 'Let man's means and intelligence be made operative, that these Indians, whose claims are meritorious, be reinstated in self-sustenance, and lifted to the plane of prosperous American citizens.'

Remedy for Evil.

"In order to remedy the evil which now exists, the United States geological survey, in co-operation with the Indian bureau, has made an exhaustive investigation of the water supply of that section with a view to ameliorating the present deplorable conditions. An examination of the Indian lands revealed the fact that there are large quantities of underground water which can be made available by pumping. The construction of the Salt river project will develop a large amount of electrical power, which can be transmitted to the reservation and utilized for bringing this water upon the Indian lands."

WANT BIG FEE HELD UP

Wash. Post Feb. 4, 1905.

Indians Seek to Stop Payment of Law Firm's Bill.

PETITION FOR AN INJUNCTION

Choctaws and Chickasaws Object to Paying Indian Territory Counselors \$750,000 for Service in Citizenship Cases. Ask Restraining Orders Against Secretaries Shaw and Hitchcock.

An injunction was asked for yesterday in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia by Robert McLish and others, Indians at Viola, Indian Territory, to restrain the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of the Treasury from drawing an order, and the Treasurer of the United States, Ellis H. Roberts, from paying an order for \$750,000, to Mansfield, McMurray & Cornish, attorneys for the petitioners in citizenship cases. Justice Anderson issued an order for the defendants to show cause why such an injunction should not be granted. This order was made returnable February 28.

The petitioners are Choctaws and Chickasaws, and are represented in the District Supreme Court by Attorneys Dole and Ballinger.

Order Granted by Court.

The petition states that the Choctaw-Chickasaw Citizenship Court, before which the citizenship cases of McLish and others, included in the petition, came, granted an order just before adjournment sine die, on December 15, 1904, for the payment to the attorneys for the petitioners, out of funds deposited for the Indians in the United States Treasury, of the sum of \$750,000 for salary of the attorneys, and to cover expenses in securing the enactment of the law creating the court, and for presenting the case of their clients before this court.

It is stated that Mansfield, McMurray & Cornish informed the court that they had been at extraordinary expense in having the bill passed. The petitioners claim that the court was misled, and issued the order for the payment of the \$750,000 under misrepresentations. The court did not know, it is alleged, that \$15,000 had already been collected by the attorneys as salary, and that \$200,000 had been given them to defray the expenses cited. The order was issued, it is said, just before the court adjourned sine die, and that no opportunity could be had by the petitioners through that court for redress.

Charge Held to Be Excessive.

By this order, the petitioners claim, the Secretary of the Interior is coerced in drawing a warrant for the money. They have reason to believe, it is set forth, that the Secretary of the Interior, whom the law intended to draw the warrant as the guardian of the Indians, considers the charge excessive, and that the Secretary of the Treasury has no right to draw the warrant without the initiative being taken by the Secretary of the Interior, nor the Treasurer of the United States to pay without such a warrant.

Under an opinion from the Attorney General, it is stated, the officials asked to be enjoined will pay the sum named by the Citizenship Court, unless the injunction is granted and time given the petitioners and their attorneys to prove their allegations that the charges are glaringly excessive and absurd, and that the court was misled in granting it by concealment and misrepresentation.

One of Largest Fees on Record.

Mansfield, McMurray & Cornish have offices at South McAlester, I. T., and they have been connected with several important cases before the Interior Department involving funds of the Five Civilized Tribes of the Indian Territory.

The award of the Citizenship Court is said to be one of the largest ever made as a fee by a court in this country. The payment of it has been in controversy for several weeks. It was held up first at the Department of the Interior, then at the Department of Justice, and later at the Treasury, as it was referred by Secretary Shaw to Comptroller Tracewell for an opinion as to the legality of the act under which the order of the court was issued.

Discussed in Congress.

The controversy has also reached Congress. Recently Representative Stephens, of Texas, one of the Democratic members of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, offered a resolution providing for an investigation by the Secretary of the Interior of the circumstances under which the award was made. Mr. Stephens, in course of the debate on the Indian appropriation bill, strongly intimated that certain persons in the Indian Territory were in collusion with the lawyers, and he declared that the Indians should be protected.

The House Committee on Indian Affairs had the Stephens resolution under consideration Thursday, and decided not to recommend its adoption.

USE OF INDIAN FUNDS

Star Feb. 4, 1905

The President's Direct on to Secretary Hitchcock.

PRACTICE TO CONTINUE

CONTRACTS WITH THE DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS.

Passage Urged of the Lacey Bill, Authorizing the Allotment of Annuities in Severalty.

President Roosevelt has sent a letter to Secretary Hitchcock on the subject of authority for granting contracts for the education of Indians in denominational schools. The President says that inasmuch as the legal authority exists to grant the request of the Indians, unquestionably they are entitled by moral right to have their moneys used to educate the children at the schools they choose. The President directs that the Interior Department continue the practice unless Congress directs otherwise or the courts hold that the decision of the Department of Justice to this effect is wrong. The President also urges the passage of the Lacey bill, authorizing the allotment of annuities in severalty to the Indians in the same way as their land is allotted. The letter follows:

The President's Letter.

White House, Washington, D. C., February 3, 1905.

To the Secretary of the Interior:

"I have received from you the letter of the commissioner of Indian affairs of January 31, 1905, in relation to the inquiries of the Hon. James S. Sherman as to the authority for granting contracts for education of Indians in denominational schools. This letter of the commissioner of Indian affairs asks that the general questions raised in Mr. Sherman's letter of January 23 be united with the special question raised by the commissioner in his letter of January 21 and presented to the President for submission to the Attorney General.

"The letter of January 21 concerning the payment of a claim filed in the office of Indian affairs in connection with the contract with St. Labre's school on the Tongue river reservation stands by itself and will be submitted to the Attorney General for his consideration and report.

"As regards the general question, I have received from the Attorney General, under date of February 2, a letter, a copy of which is enclosed. Early in 1902 petitions on behalf of various Catholic and Episcopal schools were brought to my attention by certain ecclesiastics and laymen, who requested the Interior Department to distribute the rations and annuities through the mission schools of their several churches when the children were in the care of those schools. The Attorney General decided that this request was illegal and could not properly be granted.

New Question Raised.

"Over a year afterward the request was made, originally on behalf of certain Catholic schools in 1903, also on behalf of a Lutheran school in 1904, that where there were Indian moneys held in trust for the Indians by the Secretary of the Interior, the interest on these Indians' moneys being distributed among the individual Indians or in such other ways as the Secretary of the Interior might direct, and where certain of the Indians petitioned that the moneys so distributed to them should be used for the support of the particular denominational school which they desired their children to attend, this petition should be granted. The question raised was, of course, wholly different from that originally raised on behalf of the Episcopal Church and of the Catholic Church. This new request was submitted to the Department of Justice, and the department declined, as set forth in the accompanying report, that the prohibition of the law as to the use of public moneys for sectarian schools did not extend to moneys belonging to the Indians themselves and not to the public, and that these moneys belonging to the Indians themselves might be applied in accordance with the desire of the Indians for the support of the schools to which they were sending their children. There was, in my judgment, no question that, inasmuch as the legal authority existed to grant the request of the Indians, they were entitled, as a matter of moral right, to have the moneys coming to them used for the education of their children at the schools of their choice.

Practice to Continue.

"Care must be taken, of course, to see that any petition by the Indians is genuine, and that the money appropriated for any given school represents only the pro rata proportion to which the Indians making the petition are entitled. But if these two conditions are fulfilled, it is in my opinion just and right that the Indians themselves should have their wishes respected when they request that their own money—not the money of the public—be applied to the support of certain schools to which they desire to send their children. The practice will be continued by the department unless Congress should decree to the contrary, or, of course, unless the courts should decide that the decision of the Department of Justice is erroneous.

The Lacey Bill Urged.

"It is, however, greatly to be desired that the bill introduced by Representative Lacey, and providing for permission to allot these annuities in severalty to the Indians, exactly as is now done with land, should be enacted into law. Its enactment and administration would prevent the raising of any question of this character, for each individual Indian would then be left free to use the money to which he is entitled outright on his own initiative, instead of having it used for him by the Secretary of the Interior in consequence of his petition. I earnestly hope that Congress will at once enact this bill into law.

"The special case of the St. Labre's school stands by itself, the question being whether the contract entered into is one authorized by the finding of the Department of Justice in January, 1904, or whether it is one of those cases forbidden under the decision of the Department of Justice of January, 1902. The Attorney General will speedily report the category in which this case comes.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

SECTARIAN SCHOOLS BARRED.

Star Feb. 21, 1905
Proposed to Prohibit Use of Government and Indian Funds.

The Indian appropriation bill as agreed upon by the committee on Indian affairs and reported to the Senate contains the following amendment offered by Senator Bard of California: "That no portion of the funds appropriated by this act, nor the principal nor interest of any Indian trust or tribal funds held by the United States for the benefit of any Indian tribe, shall be available nor be expended for the support of any sectarian or denominational school."

Among other amendments are the following: Authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to investigate alleged fraudulent leases or leases for inadequate compensation of Indian lands in Indian territory, with a view to their cancellation.

Increasing from \$60,000 to \$300,000 the appropriation to be expended under the Dawes commission.

Providing for the opening of the Uintah reservation in Utah, September 1, instead of March 10, 1905.

Authorizing the President, "in his discretion, from time to time, to designate such Indian tribe or tribes whose members he may deem to be sufficiently advanced in civilization to be prepared to receive and manage their individual shares of the tribal funds then or thereafter on deposit in the treasury of the United States to the credit of such tribe or tribes; and thereupon shall cause the money held in trust for such tribe or tribes in the treasury to be allotted in severalty to the members thereof."

Appropriating \$1,500,000 for the opening of the Colville Indian reservation in Washington.

OSAGE LAND LEASES

Delegates of the Indian Tribe Protest.

A FORMAL STATEMENT

WANT MORE REMUNERATION FOR THEIR LAND.

Object to Renewal of Blanket Lease or Any Portion Thereof at Present Rate.

In an authorized statement made today to a reporter for The Star Wm. T. Leahy, a member of the council of the Osage Indians, specifically charges the Secretary of the Interior with breaking faith with the Indians in connection with the Foster blanket oil lease and with stating before the Senate committee that the Indians consented to the renewal of the lease under the conditions prescribed by him, when the Indians had not only not approved this plan, but had specifically stated their disapproval. In the statement to the reporter Mr. Leahy also charges that the modification of the lease approved by the Secretary of the Interior, by means of which but one-third of the former territory held under the Foster lease is released, is just what the old lessors wanted and what the Indians did not want. At the time of the original lease, it is explained, a tract of a million and a half acres was included in the territory held. This entire territory was prospected and oil was found in but about one-fourth of the country. Therefore, one-third of the old territory more than covered the ground where oil was found, and was all the oil companies wanted.

The terms under the proposed reduced lease are the same as under the old lease, and this is what the Indians want changed. They do not care, it is stated, if the whole reservation is leased, provided they secure a decent royalty. As it is now, Mr. Leahy states, the Illuminating Oil Company, which holds the blanket lease, has subdivided its tract into lots, each of which is sub-leased. The company obtains from \$1 to \$10 per acre bonus for this land from the sublessees, and also exacts royalty at the rate of 16 2-3 per cent of the production of the oil fields. Ten per cent of this it is required to pay the Indians, keeping 6 2-3 per cent, in addition to the bonus.

Mr. Leahy, who makes the statement, is a prominent member of the Osage tribe, a banker and ranchman and a member of the tribal council. He is a member of a party of ten men from the Osage tribe who came to Washington to look after the interests of the Indians. All of the party but Mr. Leahy and Mr. Julian Trumbly, one of the best known Indians in the Osage tribe, have left the city. Both of these men are highly regarded in the Interior Department and Indian office, and both are said to be the representatives of the very best interests of the tribe. A high official of the government stated to a Star reporter today, without knowing what the statements might be, that what Mr. Leahy or Mr. Trumbly says can be absolutely relied on. While the statement which follows was made by Mr. Leahy, Mr. Trumbly was present, and frequently interrupted the speaker to explain certain statements which seemed ambiguous or misleading. The purpose of these two men is to obtain an investigation of the lease question by the President, and so far they have been unable to reach the President or lay their case before him.

The Statement.

Another object of the delegation is to insist upon an adequate royalty from oil leases on our lands. In 1896 a blanket lease covering our entire nation of about 1,500,000 acres was given to one E. B. Foster for a period of ten years. That lease provided that a royalty of one-tenth of the oil produced should be paid to the Indians.

"That lease finally became the property of the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company and that company has divided our reservation into three tiers of lots. Each tier is made up of lots one-half mile wide by three miles long, and each lot contains from 900 to 1,100 acres. The lots are numbered consecutively from 1 to 348. These lots are subleased to any company or individual meeting the demands of the parent company.

"They make a demand of anywhere from \$1.00 to \$10.00 an acre as a bonus and require a sublessee to pay a royalty of 16 2-3 per cent, which enables the parent company to pay to the Indians the 10 per cent royalty provided for in their blanket lease and leaves 6 2-3 per cent of the production to go into their pockets, in addition to the bonus which the sublessees are required to pay before they can commence drilling.

"This production at the present time is in the neighborhood of 150,000 barrels of oil per month.

"The parent company, which owns the original lease, produces very little oil by its own operation. Fully nineteen-twentieths of the oil produced from the Osage lands is produced by the sublessees, and if the sublessees can afford to pay the heavy bonus required by the parent company and the 16 2-3 per cent of the production as a royalty, besides, we believe that in all fairness to the Indians and to the parent company that a larger royalty can be paid to the Indians than is provided under the original lease.

Lease Approved Under Protest.

"The original lease will expire in April, 1906, and the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company, owning that lease, are here in force with all the influence they can muster and with a number of well-paid lobbyists and lawyers for the purpose of having their lease renewed for a period of ten years under the same conditions as the original lease. We will go back a little and say that the original lease was approved by the Secretary of the Interior contrary to the wishes of a large majority of the Indians, as expressed in a protest against the approval of the lease, signed by the majority of the tribe and filed with the Secretary prior to his approval thereof, but the lease was approved nevertheless.

"The effort now being made to secure an extension of ten years under the same conditions is protested against by all the members of the tribe.

"But, in view of all of the results of our efforts, it appears that the desires of the Indians, who own the land, are to be utterly disregarded.

"It may be true that there are many untutored members of the tribe who require the guardianship of the United States to look after their interests and there is no objection to the said guardianship if the objection to the said guardianship is faithfully executed. I will say, however, that there are members of the Osage tribe of Indians who are thoroughly equipped and are entirely competent to be consulted and to give advice as to what is the best policy for the welfare of the tribe, and they are also competent to judge as to whether or not the sacred trust imposed by law upon the Secretary of the Interior, acting for the United States as guardian for the Indians, has been faithfully executed.

by the Illuminating Oil Company, Senator Penrose proposed an amendment to the Indian appropriation bill, and upon that amendment the Senate committee on Indian affairs had a hearing, at which hearing the supporters of the original lease, including the lessors and their paid representatives, and also members of the Senate and House, were heard, all with one object in view, to extend the lease for ten years under the same conditions as the old lease.

Delegates Not Heard.

"At that hearing our delegates expressed a desire to be heard, and while they were not allowed to employ a representative and were told that the department would look after their interests in all contemplated legislation, we felt that we were entitled to be heard and show our reasons for demanding a greater royalty than is now being paid.

"The committee declined to listen to us and told us that we could make our statement to the Secretary of the Interior.

"The Secretary of the Interior assumed to represent our cause before that committee at that hearing and stated that he would not think of renewing the original lease, but that he would be in favor of renewing the lease on 680,000 acres of the territory on terms similar to those of the original lease, that is, with a royalty of 10 per cent to the Indians.

"We will say for the information of those who are interested that a lease on 680,000 acres covers the entire oil district of the Osage nation and it is all that the Illuminating Oil Company desires. They care nothing for the balance of the territory for the reason that it is improbable territory for oil prospects.

"In the article appearing in The Star of February 16, as an authorized statement from the Secretary of the Interior, it is stated that the Indians 'consented' to such a compromise. That is not a true statement of fact, because none of the delegation and none of the Indians have ever consented to any such a compromise or to any renewal of the lease of our lands or any portion of them unless the Indians were paid a higher rate of royalty than that now paid to them.

"We appreciate what has been done by the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company and we appreciate still more what has been done by the sublessees who have developed our country under leases taken from the parent company, and we are not objecting in any way to their development of our country, but we do feel that in justice and equity we should have a better rate of royalty than is now paid to us.

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"The proceedings, which took place in this regard before the Senate committee, were as follows: Senator Teller asked the following question: 'Do you claim, Mr. Secretary, representing the Indians, that the amount of royalty is too small?' The Secretary answered: 'No, sir, I think the royalty is all right, it is large enough, and perfectly fair to the Indian.'

"We are unable to reconcile the Secretary's statement before the committee with the position taken by him in his authorized statement published in Thursday's Star. In that article he states that the original lease was 'an unheard of monopoly,' and 'a public scandal,' and in the same article he states that the department had 'vigorously opposed' the renewal of the lease.

"But, right in the face of the published article, he sanctions the renewal of the lease on 680,000 acres, or practically the entire oil district of the Osage nation, under exactly the similar terms of the original lease.

"The reduction as to acreage amounts to absolutely nothing because it gives to the oil company everything it wanted.

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"The Indians and our delegation have been unalterably opposed to the renewal of the lease or of any portion of the lease, unless a greater royalty was provided.

"Whatever is done, it is the desire of the Indians that the sublessees who have invested their money and developed our country should have protection in their investments, and we feel that this will be done and that justice and equity will be meted out to the Indians if the matter is placed in the hands of the President to investigate, as the subject is one that should be investigated, because without investigation, the rights and demands of the Indians will not receive fair consideration.

"There is no haste for legislation, for the reason that it will be nearly fourteen months before the old lease expires, affording ample time for a thorough investigation, and while we do not hope to secure legislation or to interest the President in our matters by appearing in the public press, we feel that it is due to our delegation that we make reply to certain matters which have appeared in the press.

Original Defective



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"The effort now being made to secure an extension of ten years under the same conditions is protested against by all the members of the tribe.

"But, in view of all of the results of our efforts, it appears that the desires of the Indians, who own the land, are to be utterly disregarded.

"It may be true that there are many untutored members of the tribe who require the guardianship of the United States to look after their interests and there is no objection to the said guardianship if the objection is faithfully executed. I will say, however, that there are members of the Osage tribe of Indians who are thoroughly equipped and are entirely competent to be consulted and to give advice as to what is the best policy for the welfare of the tribe, and they are also competent to judge as to whether or not the sacred trust imposed by law upon the Secretary of the Interior, acting for the United States as guardian for the Indians, has been faithfully executed.

"Do not misconstrue our language! Such expressions are prompted by reason of the fact that the interests of strangers who have only transient rights in our territory are carefully considered and legislation which they ask for is sanctioned by the department and is granted in the shape of an amendment to the Indian appropriation bill, in opposition to our wishes and desires and without our consent.

"We were fairly treated in our hearing before the committee on Indian affairs in the House, and a proviso is made on our bill (H. R. 17478) referring the matter of the leasing of our lands to the President for an investigation and that after such investigation he is authorized to use his discretion in renewing the original lease for the period of ten years.

"If that legislation will result in an investigation to be made by some person appointed by the President who is thoroughly competent and of unquestioned integrity and who will make an impartial investigation and allow us Indians to be heard as well as the other side, the Osage tribe of Indians will abide by the result.

"Through the efforts of those employed

by the Illuminating Oil Company, Senator Penrose proposed an amendment to the Indian appropriation bill, and upon that amendment the Senate committee on Indian affairs had a hearing, at which hearing the supporters of the original lease, including the lessors and their paid representatives, and also members of the Senate and House, were heard, all with one object in view, to extend the lease for ten years under the same conditions as the old lease.

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"We have had to practically fight our battle alone in Washington for the reason that we have no authority to employ assistance except upon the approval of the Secretary of the Interior.

"It has been our desire and the desire of our tribe to have competent assistance in this and all other matters involving our tribal rights, but so far we have not been able to obtain the consent of the department to allow us to employ such assistance, notwithstanding the fact that our tribe has ample funds held in trust by the government out of which such assistance could be paid for.

Object to the Amendment.

"The amendment to the Indian appropriation bill provides for a renewal of the lease on 680,000 acres of land under the exactly similar conditions of the original lease, and that amendment is sanctioned by the Secretary of the Interior, and it is to that amendment that we raise our objection.

"We relied upon the support of the department before Congress because we have been led to believe that the entire administration was unalterably opposed to the renewal of the lease, and we feel that the Osage Indians have been unfairly and unjustly dealt with in the granting of a new lease on our oil lands without our consent or a provision for a greater royalty than we now receive.

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"There is no haste for legislation, for the reason that it will be nearly fourteen months before the old lease expires, affording ample time for a thorough investigation, and while we do not hope to secure legislation or to interest the President in our matters by appearing in the public press, we feel that it is due to our delegation that we make reply to certain matters which have appeared in the press misrepresenting us and the position we have taken.

"We sincerely desire that the matter be held in abeyance until the President can, through some competent person, cause an impartial investigation to be made, for the reason that we have implicit confidence that fair and just treatment will result from such an investigation.

"Let the President have the investigation made and some facts will be brought to light which will show that we have been unjustly treated."

Frances E. Williams

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Original Defective

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Star **MAINE INDIAN LEGISLATORS.**

Represent Remnants of Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Tribes.

Sitting way back in the last row of seats in the house of representatives at Augusta, Maine, are two Indians. The older is Peter M. Nelson, aged 49, a member of the Penobscot tribe, the remnants of which to the number of 365 now occupy an island near Old Town. He is a thick-set, muscular man and during the sessions of the legislature takes long tramps for exercise. He is skilled in basket making, can paddle a canoe with great speed and is versed in woodcraft. He has been largely engaged in river work and for nearly a quarter of a century, with few interruptions, was employed on the Argyle boom. Although firewater is a favorite beverage among western Indians, Mr. Nelson neither drinks nor smokes and has saved enough money out of his earnings to provide a comfortable home and give his son a college education. Mr. Nelson is neither a Republican nor a Democrat, as the politics of the paleface go, but is identified with the old party in contradistinction from the other branch of believers in the tribe called the new party. There were candidates for the legislature from both parties, but Mr. Nelson won by a majority of 10 votes.

Peter F. Neptune, who belongs to the Passamaquoddy tribe at Princeton, is the other representative. He is only 27 years old and is the youngest Indian delegate ever sent to the house. He has bright eyes, is fair of face and full of enthusiasm. Mr. Neptune is occupied a large part of the year in the woods and is a registered guide for the region along the Grand Lake stream. He represents 464 Passamaquoddy Indians. The Indian representatives occupy a unique position in the legislature. They are permitted no vote or voice in the presentation or furtherance of measures.

Star **UTAH LAND FRAUDS. 1905**

Secretary Hitchcock Says They Are State, Not Government, Lands.

A statement was made at the Interior Department by an official close to the Secretary that the so-called Utah land frauds have been given no consideration by the department, for the reason that the lands involved are all state lands, in which the general government has no interest. Certain rumors, seething with fraud, have gained currency during the past few weeks regarding the somnolence of the Interior Department toward offenders of the law in Utah. A story which is alleged to have come from Salt Lake City appeared in one of the New York papers this morning, in which charges were made against Secretary Hitchcock, ex-Governor Odell of New York, John D. Rockefeller, George Gould and numerous others, in connection with the securing of Utah lands at a figure which mulcted the United States treasury to the extent of over six millions of dollars. This story was shown to an official of the Interior Department this morning, who read it carefully and made the statement referred to. The only section of the story with which the national authorities are in any way connected is that which deals with the Florence Mining Company, which is alleged to have obtained special privileges in the Uintah Indian reservation in Utah for securing valuable mineral land. This is the company in which Governor Odell is alleged to have been interested. It is stated that application was made to the department for approval to leases gained by this company, and that Secretary Hitchcock turned down the application and refused to have anything to do with furthering the desires of the company. He steadfastly refused to approve any and everything that would have the effect of turning over any of the Indian's land to the company.

Whereupon recourse was had to Congress, and in the Indian appropriation bill approved March 3 last, provision was made that the Florence company and the Raven Mining Company should be permitted to prospect and locate claims on the Uintah reservation to the extent of 640 acres each. This location must be done within sixty days after the passage of the bill, however. As far as can be learned here, the representatives of these companies are the only ones on the reservation at present.

It is announced that Secretary Hitchcock has no connection with Adolf Busch, the St. Louis brewer and politician, or with Busch's Gilsonite Company, which has valuable privileges in Utah. The gilsonite, which is used in making varnish and insulating material, and of which the only deposit is in Utah, has been found on the state lands only, so far, and the national government has therefore nothing to do with them.

MILLIONS DUE THE CHEROKEES.

Cases Decided Against the Government by the Court of Claims.

The cases of the Cherokee nation of Indians and of individual Cherokees against the United States have been decided by the Court of Claims. They involve a large amount of money and are of an unusual and extraordinary character. The United States bought the Cherokee outlet, agreeing to pay for it \$8,300,000, being about \$1 an acre, and also agreeing to reopen a long-standing controversy between the government and the Cherokees. In 1835 a treaty was made under which the Cherokees were to move or be removed from Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee to the Indian territory. The Cherokees contended before they were removed that under the provisions of the treaty they were not to be made to pay the cost of removing from homes which they did not wish to leave to a country to which they did not wish to go. The government, however, held to the contrary. When the Cherokee outlet was sold they stipulated that all of their accounts should be reopened and the matter equitably settled, and for that purpose the United States should make out an account and transmit it to the Cherokee nation. If the Cherokee nation adopted it Congress should immediately appropriate for whatever balance might be found due. The account was adopted, but Congress did not appropriate the money, and for some time did nothing.

In the present suit the Court of Claims decides that the account transmitted by the Secretary of the Interior, followed by this inaction of Congress, renders the United States liable for the balance of \$1,111,284, with interest from June 12, 1838, which amounts approximately to \$4,500,000.

WHILE these lines are being written, there is on exhibition at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York city, a collection of photographs of Indians and Indian life which is worthy the attention of all our readers. These pictures have been taken by Mr. Edward S. Curtis, of Seattle, Wash., and cover a number of Western tribes, and while there are a thousand of them here on view, these constitute only a beginning of the work to which Mr. Curtis has devoted his life.

President Roosevelt saw some of the pictures some time ago, and wrote of them: "Not only are Mr. Curtis' photographs genuine works of art, but they deal with some of the most picturesque phases of the old-time American life that is now passing away. I esteem it a matter of great moment that for our good fortune Mr. Curtis should have the will and the power to preserve, as he has preserved in his pictures, this strange, beautiful and now vanishing life."

These pictures are photographs, and so are necessarily true to life; but they are much more than photographs, in that the artist who took them has been able to put into them the feeling which he himself experienced when taking them, and in such a way that one who looks at the pictures shares that feeling. Those who have seen them, including artists, ethnologists and persons familiar with wild life, agree that no such pictures of Indians have ever been made before.

It is Mr. Curtis' purpose to carry on his work of illustrating the Indian by photography until he shall have covered all the tribes and fragments of tribes still found in North America; and it cannot be doubted that if he shall have the means and the health and the strength to carry out this proposed task, he will have performed a most valuable work for history, for art and for science.

One who wrote recently of these pictures said: "To-day they are of high scientific and artistic value, what will they be a hundred years from now when the Indian has utterly vanished from the face of the earth? The pictures will show to the man of that day who and what were his predecessors in the land. They will tell how the Indian lived, what were his beliefs, how he carried himself in the various operations of life, and they will tell it as no word picture could ever tell it."

The opportunity to see these pictures should not be lost by one who is interested in outdoor life. The exhibition began on Monday, March 27, and will last through the week. On Friday afternoon and evening and Saturday afternoon and evening Mr. Curtis purposes to give an exhibition of his lantern slides and to talk about certain of the tribes which he has met.

Unveiling Chief Joseph's Wash. Star Monument and His Potlach

July 23, 1905

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UNDER a heap of clouds, a fitting stone shaft at his head, lies at last—in exile—the body that held the spirit of America's greatest Indian warrior-chieftain—Joseph, the Nez Perces. His potlach has been held; his chattels have become the belongings of his redskin friends. Joseph, save in our minds, is no more.

Who is Joseph? What did he do to make him great? Sixty years ago he was merely a baggy-cheeked papoose slung on the back of his squaw mother. But he was the son of a long line of chieftains of the greatest tribe of Indians west of the Rockies, the Nez Perces, who dwelt along the Snake and the Columbia. They helped Lewis and Clark and their squad. Without the direct succor of these Indians the abundant valleys sleeping beneath the snowy crags of our beautiful northwest—Mounts Tacoma, Baker, Hood, the Cascades and the Cour d'Alenes—would not be ours.

Joseph's grandfather was a Nez Perces chieftain when the two great explorers crossed the continent; his father, Joseph, dwelt in the fertile Wallowa valley. When our Joseph's father came to die he called his two sons—Ollicut and Joseph—to his bedside and told them never to leave the Wallowa—to fight first. It had been the home of his fathers for all time. The pale-faces were coming.

In the Wallowa grew wild the bunch grass that fed Joseph's ponies, and the camas root, his bread. Over the surrounding hills and mountains roamed the deer and the antelope. These mountains shone on the mirror face of a clear lake in which swam the now extinct big, juicy fish, its meat red as a cherry, and sweet. The odor of the wild rose and balsam from the mountain cedars filled with a sweet perfume the air of the Wallowa. Joseph loved his home.

The palefaces came more and more. They stuck their plows into patches of the unscratched bosom of the valley and built log cabins in sight of the smoking tepee. Joseph harkened unto the voice of his father, the great council with the whites in '55

he asked for the Wallowa. Our government, through its agent, Gov. Stevens, gave the valley to Joseph and his people. Joseph was happy again.

In 1877, though, Joseph took to war. The whites had again broken the sod in his valley. A paleface killed an Indian; redskins killed two white men. War.

Joseph is accused of cruelty. He pleads "not guilty." I believed him. Shortly before his death he told a white man friend that one night during his war his braves brought as captives to his tepee several women and children. He put them under guard, and when his warriors slept sneaked through the lines his prisoners and sent them home.

Joseph's war was brilliant. Within seventy-five days from July 27 to October 10, 1877, Joseph, leading his entire band—many hundred warriors, women and children—led them 1,100 miles, fighting all the while the pursuing enemy—the entire United States army of the northwest. Gen. Howard, who chased Joseph in this running battle, pays him the highest tribute. These two generals—the red and the white—sat together on the same platform a year ago at the commencement exercises of the Carlisle, Pa., Indian School—sat as friends, each admiring the bravery of the other. Gen. Miles captured Joseph's band. They were making way for the Canadian frontier, but were overcome near the Bear Paw mountains. One reason for the capture, I have been told, is this: Joseph's braves had driven off the white soldiers, seizing their camp. In the camp was firewater; the Indians drank this and became helpless. When Joseph handed his rifle to Col. Miles he swore that "from where the sun now stands I fight white man no more." He kept his faith.

But many times has Joseph gone to Washington to sue in vain for his home in the Wallowa. He has never set foot on his native sod since his capture, being held for many years a prisoner in the Indian Territory and finally placed on the exile reservation where he died.

When Joseph made his last journey to his home near Nespelem on the Colville reservation

in the state of Washington he returned broken hearted. He had been to our nation's capital to make a final plea for the valley of the bunch grass, the clear lake with its big red fish, the deer and antelope, the camas root and the wild rose—the Wallowa. But his prayer was in vain. To the stage driver who hauled him toward his tepee he said: "Last time Joseph leave here for Washington. Next time Joseph go away from his tepee he go see his Great Father."

Joseph never smiled after his return. Within a month after he came back while lying in his tepee one day—last September—he told his faithful squaw to bring him quickly his eagle-feather war bonnet. She knew what this meant and ran to get for him the crown of the great chieftain. Too late! When she came back Joseph was dead! The cause?—a broken heart.

After Joseph's death the question among the Indians was: "Who walk Joseph track?"

The Indian, however, is slow to move, in things both important and unimportant. It takes a brave four hours to put on his feather clothes. I remember when Chief No-Shirt was once in Chicago. He was hurrying to Washington. At 12 o'clock he started to dress to have his photograph made. His train left at 4 p.m. At 3 o'clock I asked him to hurry. He answered: "Why you no begin more soon?" So the first news that the tribe was thinking about choosing a chief "Who walk Joseph track" came to Pendleton, Ore., in January. Grizzly Shirt, living on the Umatilla reservation near there, wrote to Albert Waters, who was elected to succeed Joseph, asking him about the pow-wow for the election. It is the custom on such occasions for chiefs from neighboring tribes to attend. Albert answered in a letter given verbatim thus:

"NESPELEM, Wash., Jan. 16, 1905. "Mr. Grizzly Bear:

"Endearing: "At so longest I won't find off your letter except last two days ago to receipt. And I will go explained to our daily in Nespelem are my neighboring all of us well that is your letter to liking to noted everything but so honestly to opinion to say those widows of Chiefs are us well daily, but one is woman seriously sick at so longest last fall ago wife of Tir-co-tsa-cow-cow.

"And I will informed to you what we have finished of feasts next year of the month of June. Well next time spring weather to let if to noted of what day commenced feast of Chief. friendly we us of all are anxiously feeling of our Chief death. I was glad that I receipt your letter still so lately. This winter we have without happy. This is closed to informed of our feeling anxiously daily. And our

winter time is over cold and storm blow, if you can reply please.

"from your friend

"Albert Waters

"Nespelem, Wash."

The next news that came to the white world was in a letter written on June 15 to Maj. Lee Moorhouse, Pendleton, Ore., by the Cayuse chief, Ta-wa-tul. The major is a great friend to the Indians in the northwest. He is one white man who has been square with them, and he has their confidence. So Ta-wa-tul wrote him:

"NESPELEM, Wash., June 15, 1905.

"Dear Sir:

"Mr. Moor House:

"A view words drop to you this afternoon my friend. I was life today and this here all inhabitant. Indians wall (were) today in council successor Chief Joseph track. (One to follow in the tracks of Joseph). He was finished today who was successor today name his Albert Waters head chief today. Hah-lo-keet his assistant Albert Waters. June 22 days there he was in council the feast. That his all I am writing to you. MR. TA-WA-TUL."

From this letter the major gleaned that the successor to Joseph had been chosen, and that on June 22 there would be a feast, at which time Joseph's remains would be exhumed and reburied, and that the monument given by the whites and much talked of by the Indians would be unveiled. He was right.

Having reached there by rail on the morning of the 21st, I traveled from Wilbur, Wash., by stage, in company with the major, to Nespelem. I felt a great desire to attend the obsequies of the greatest Indian chieftain, and the dusty forty-five-mile stage trip was no bar.

On the morning of the ceremony the sun arose, to shine upon a cloudless sky. The dewy, early morning grass was rich to smell, but not so sweet as the perfume from the cedar and the wild rose of the Wallowa. The Indian again was slow. The unveiling was set for 2 o'clock, but at that hour not an Indian stuck his head from out his tepee. They were dressing.

When they did come forth they saw too many cameras on the field. They retreated and held a council, the result of which was that none save Maj. Moorhouse and one other should make a picture. Into their cases went a score of cameras and kodaks. Many whites were present. This took an hour.

The next interruption was an Indian funeral of an Indian child. This took another hour. The squaws, decked in their bright blankets, came marching up, bearing the body. A few speeches, the burial and then the chanting of the death hymn. The wailing of these Indian women carried me away back in upper Egypt to a village near Luxor, where all night long I listened to the hired mourners pouring out their lam-

entations over the body of a little boy of the Nile.

The sun was dropping out of the blue sky into sepulchral clots of clouds which drifted near the horizon when the fellow-braves of old Joseph lifted the stars and stripes that draped—in derision, it seemed to me—the monument and fastened the flag to four poles so that it would be a canopy for the head stone.

The monument was the gift of Samuel Hill, through the Washington Historical Society. It stood seven and one-half feet high—white marble shaft in a granite base. We stepped up and read the inscriptions:

On the back: "Erected 20 June, 1905, by the Washington University State Historical Society."

On one side: "He led his people in the Nez Perces war of 1877. Died 21 September, 1904. Age, about 60 years."

On the other side was the old chief Nez Perces' name: "Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekt," and under that the meaning in English of this name, "Thunder-rolling-in-the-mountains."

On the front, underneath a medallion, stood out the words "Chief Joseph." I read the words, looked at the carved face and said in my heart as I recalled the injustices done him: "Justice? Justice? His fathers gave food to our footsore and hungry explorers. Their children turned him from the cedar-clad mountains where roamed the antelope and the deer, from the clear lake where swam the big red fish, from the valley where grew the bunch grass and the camas root and where blossomed the wild rose." Then I felt grateful to the few pale-faces who in honoring the great redskin chieftain by making a monument for him had shown "mercy unto the merciful."

And afterward was the tenor of the words I said in my heart repeated by the speakers of the day. As they stood underneath the mocking stars and stripes they could look over the valley of the Nespelem and to the Cascade peaks in the distance. The monument stood on a little knoll. To the 400 Indians and the 100 whites foregathered first, after the opening prayer, spoke Albert Waters, the newly elected chief. Dressed in his eagle-feather costume, he told his tribe how greatly honored he felt to follow "Joseph track." Then spoke Yellow Bull, the feathers of his bonnet fluttering from head to heels. Yellow Bull was perhaps entitled to the chieftainship, and at a second pow-wow may yet be elected instead of Albert, as all of the tribesmen were not present when Albert got the office. But he spoke no word of this. In his speech he only showed great reverence for his dead chieftain. Ess-how-ess, who followed Yellow Bull, had been one of Joseph's warriors in '77. He told of the bravery of his fallen

leader. Peo-pgo-tolluck spoke also. Prof. Edward S. Meany, professor of history in the Washington State University—leading spirit of the Washington University Historical Society and friend to Joseph—made the closing address. Although the professor bears the Indian name of Three Knives, because of his great keenness, he wore the American citizen war bonnet—a plug hat—and a full dress suit.

This occasion was no joke for Prof. Meany. He had read, he said, all the printed history about Joseph and had found out all about him he could. He knew Joseph to be a man of a daring yet generous nature. He recited the history of Joseph, and concluded by saying that he believed him to be a much-wronged man.

After the unveiling ceremonies the assembled Indians rested a few days awaiting the potlach of Joseph.

Potlach—what is that? When an Indian dies his relatives never squabble over the chattels he leaves behind. Instead the nearest relative takes pride in giving away all of his belongings to the friends of the deceased. His saddles, blankets, bonnets, clothes and trinkets are put in a heap; his horses and cattle are driven up. The bonnet is held aloft or a horse led up. The nearest relative tells of the friendly deeds some one has done for Joseph and then gives to that person the bonnet or the horse. Then the one who receives the gift makes a speech telling how it fills his heart with joy to be remembered by the departed. In this way every possession of the dead passes into the hands of his friends. In the case of Joseph his widow, stripping herself clean of her dower, gave away all the chattels of Joseph.

The Nez Perces and their visiting friends from surrounding tribes will remain until after the 4th of July for their annual celebration—parade, games and races. They have pitched one big tepee a hundred feet long in which to dance. But their dances will be solemn ones this year, because their great chieftain is no more and they "have without happy."

CHARLES N. CREWDSON.

How Some Plants Hide.

From the Popular Science Monthly.

C. G. Pringle, for many years a plant collector, especially in the arid regions of the United States, has discovered a native grass of New Mexico, *Leptochloa Texana*, which all grazing animals terminated or destroyed. It is usually found in the most fertile soil. How the grass hides its presence is a mystery. It is a native grass of New Mexico, *Leptochloa Texana*, which all grazing animals terminated or destroyed. It is usually found in the most fertile soil. How the grass hides its presence is a mystery.

INDIAN LAND LEASES

The House Calls for the Foster Agreement.

ACTION IN COMMITTEE

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE STEPHENS RESOLUTION ADOPTED.

Secretary Hitchcock Explains Why He Favored Renewal—Osages Want Better Rental.

The renewal of the lease of the Osage oil lands and the possible interest of the Standard Oil Company in the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company has developed into one of the questions of the day in Congress and in the Interior Department. The publication of the statement of the Indians in The Star Tuesday afternoon precipitated a discussion in the House of Representatives, when Representative Stephens of Texas introduced two resolutions calling on Secretary Hitchcock to furnish the House with copies of the Foster lease and all the subleases, and for all correspondence relating thereto; also for a statement as to under what act of Congress the Foster lease was made.

The House Calls for the Foster Lease.

The House committee on Indian affairs today drafted a substitute for the Stephens resolutions of inquiry directed to the Secretary of the Interior regarding the Foster lease of Osage Indian oil lands, and authorized the reporting of the substitute.

The language of the substitute is that the "Secretary of the Interior is hereby requested to furnish the House with all convenient speed a copy of the lease made between James Bigheart, principal chief of the Osage nation of Indians, and Edwin B. Foster, on the 16th day of March, 1896, and a copy of the departmental approval thereof; also copies of all forms of subleases granted under said lease; also a list of all subleases which have been submitted to the Interior Department and approved, and a list of all subleases which have been submitted to the department and which have not been approved; and also all documents and correspondence pertaining thereto."

The redraft of the inquiry was made on suggestion in the committee that the Stephens' resolution contained inquiries on matters which the House had no right to ask of any department Secretary, and also that its original form would make it subject to a point of order in the House and prevent its adoption.

The House subsequently adopted a resolution requesting copies of the original Foster oil lease in the Osage reservation and the approval of the same.

Mr. Stephens' Inquiry.

One of the resolutions introduced by Mr. Stephens for which the substitute was offered today asks under what act of Congress the Foster lease was made and under what authority of law the subleases were approved. The Secretary is asked whether he did not ratify the sublease to the Alameda company, and whether this was not the first sublease so ratified, and whether he had not previously refused to ratify subleases. The resolution asks not only for the date of the ratification of the Alameda sublease, but also calls for a list of the officers, directors and stockholders of the Alameda company, with information as to whether any of these persons are "personally known or in any way related to him (the Secretary), and if so the name of such person and how related." The resolution also directs the Secretary to say whether he did not, on February 13 last, in a letter addressed to the chairman of the committee on Indian affairs, write that the commission of Indian affairs "also shows that there is no necessity for the proposed legislation in order to protect the existing rights of the parties who held under the said Foster lease, and it is not deemed advisable, nor, indeed, would it be just, to renew and extend the said lease for a period of ten years, or any other period without the knowledge and consent of the Indians."

The resolution continues: "And if you did write this letter please state to this House what information you have since received that has caused you to recommend the adoption of the Senate amendment to the Indian appropriation bill extending said lease for ten years on 680,000 acres of said Osage Indian lands without first securing the consent of said Indians."

The statement recently given out by Secretary Hitchcock is cited, in which he said "that the original Foster lease was an unheard-of monopoly and nothing short of a public scandal," and the resolution asks the Secretary if he was thus correctly quoted, and if so to state why he now recommends extension of the lease.

Secretary Hitchcock's Statement.

Secretary Hitchcock in referring to the Alameda Company concerning which Representative Stephens of Texas introduced a resolution in the House, said that he could not recall any such company.

"I know nobody connected with this company," said he, "and the supposition that any officer is related to me in any way is absurd. There has been no change of opinion on my part in regard to the Foster lease. The original lease of 1,500,000 acres, or the entire Osage reservation, was a monopoly. Under this lease, however, certain subleases were granted, and vested rights obtained during the administration of Mr. Hoke Smith as the Secretary of the Interior. It was necessary that the rights of the subleases under the original Foster lease should be recognized by the department, for these subleases were taken in good faith. I have, therefore, recommended an extension of the lease for ten years on 680,000 acres. This acreage represents only the subleases taken in good faith under the original lease. The Foster lease of 1,500,000 acres constituted a monopoly, but it is only just that the smaller subleases should be protected."

Just exactly what action will be taken by the Secretary and what reply he will make to the resolution of Congress cannot be forecast. It had not been received by him up to this afternoon and he declined to discuss his probable action.

Wealth of the Osage Tribe.

Department officials state that the matter of the Osage reservation lease is one of the most complicated and one of the hardest to settle the department has had for a number of years. The Osages are one of the Indian tribes that are known as civilized. The tribe is the wealthiest of all, the lands being of great value and their men of more than ordinary business ability. In addition to their tribal property interests and their private business the Indians as a tribe have a fund of more than \$7,000,000 in the treasury, which they cannot touch. It is said that the Osages are the wealthiest people per capita in the world. Their men are conservative citizens who compare very favorably with the as-

5 Tailor - made
Jackets; sizes 32
satin lined. Reduced
\$10 to.....

15 Tailor - made
Kersey Jackets; full
lined. Reduced
\$12.50 to.....

6 Covert Coats, three-
full satin lined; sizes 32
and 34. Reduced from
\$18.50 to.....

6 Dark Oxford All-wool
Tourist Coats; three-quar-
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Attitude of the Indians.

From private inquiry a Star reporter has found that several of the sub-lessees under the original lease are Indians, and that they are working wells in the territory and are paying 16 2-3 per cent of their product to the oil company for this lease.

Two of these Indians were in the delegation which came to Washington recently to look after their interests and these two are among those who have been protesting against the renewal of the lease under its present terms. No Indians are opposed to leasing the land, it is stated most distinctly by the members of the delegation here, but they do not want the lease to be granted under the original terms, as the revenue therefore they believe is not commensurate the value of the franchise. Mr. William Leahy, whose statement was published Tuesday, stated that the Indians did

5 Tailor - made
Jackets; sizes 32
satin lined. Reduced
\$10 to.....

15 Tailor - made
Kersey Jackets; full
lined. Reduced
\$12.50 to.....

6 Covert Coats, three-
full satin lined; sizes 32
and 34. Reduced from
\$18.50 to.....

6 Dark Oxford All-wool
Tourist Coats; three-quar-
ter length. Reduced from
\$12.50 to.....

4 Dark Colored Rain
Coats; cape tops. Reduced
from \$10 to.....

Second Floor.

not care if the entire territory is leased for oil purposes, so the tribe obtained a fair return.

That is the case of the Indians and that is what they are fighting for. While no formal statement has been made, it is learned that these Indians, the members of the Osage delegation, were invited to participate in the councils held in the office of the Secretary of the Interior prior to making the report on the amendment providing for the renewal of the lease.

It is stated that they attended these councils and that after full and free consideration of the propositions that had been advanced and after delaying the Secretary a day in making his final report, the delegation agreed to the report made by the Secretary favoring the renewal of the lease, with a reduction of the acreage of land, the terms reported in the statement given to the press by the Secretary, on which criticism was passed.

PRESERVING FOREVER THE LANGUAGE OF THE VANISHING CALIFORNIA INDIANS

California Scientists, in Experimenting
With the Hupas, Discover in Artificial
Palates and Smoked Paper Records a
Way to Save the Speech of Any People
From Extinction



E IN EES
(FISH-
TRAP)



A IN ADENNE
(FATHER.)



O IN OLE
(BECOME,
FLORAL)



O IN YO
(THERE)



OW IN TAYKOW
(SWEET-
HOUSE)



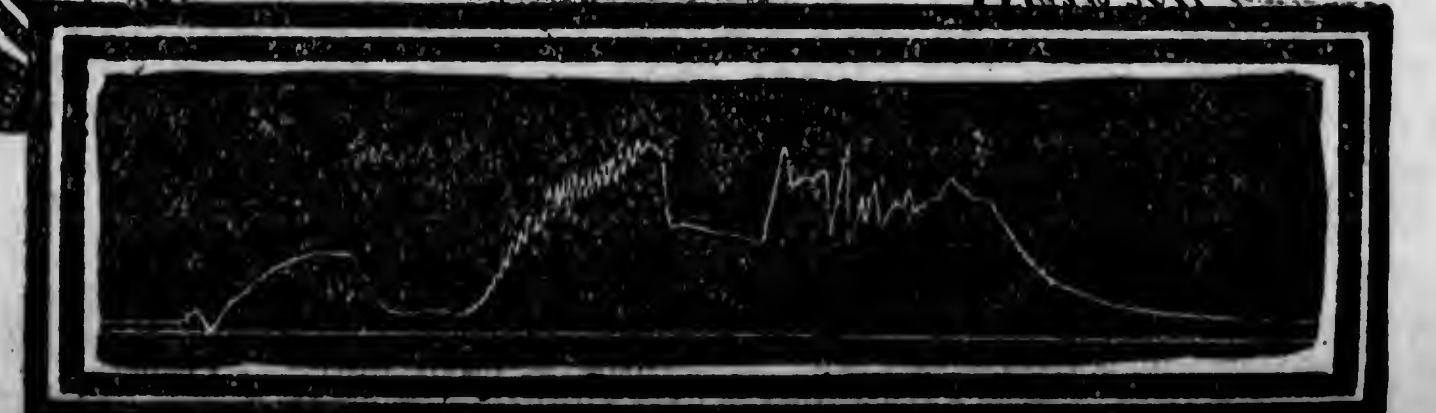
UN ILLE
(BECOME)



U IN TILLO
(DIVE)



APPARATUS FOR
OBTAINING IMPRESSIONS
ON WAX CYLINDER



TWO WAX RECORDS

By Enos Brown.

THE particular undertaking of the anthropological department of the University of California involves not only the preservation of the culture of the numerous tribes which once inhabited the California coastal region, but the saving for the use of coming students an accurate knowledge of aboriginal languages, parts of speech, grammar, syntax and pronunciation, as spoken in their original purity. Once lost, an Indian tongue can never be revived.

The infinite patience required by the investigator in achieving success can be only faintly understood by a casual reader. It is not to be attained that a way has been pointed out by which any languages, cultivated or aboriginal, can be imperishably recorded as spoken, and with such complete accuracy that every single feature can be reproduced, centuries after if need be. California has led the way in this remarkable branch of ethnological discovery.

While European scientists have accomplished much in this line, it is admitted that the work of preserving the tongue of the vanishing Hupa Indians is the highest point yet achieved in this branch of science.

It is estimated by the chief of the United States Biological Survey, that in the first year of the nineteenth century there were, approximately, 250,000 Indians living in the territory now included in the State of California.



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The infinite patience required by the investigator in achieving success can be only faintly understood by a casual reader. It is not too much to say that the success attained that a way has been pointed out by which any languages, cultivated or aboriginal, can be imperishably recorded as spoken, and with such complete accuracy that every single feature can be reproduced, centuries after if need be. California has led the way in this remarkable branch of ethnological discovery.

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It is estimated by the chief of the United States Biological Survey, that in the first year of the nineteenth century there were, approximately, 250,000 Indians living in the territory now included in the State of California. A hundred years later, according to the general census, the number had been reduced to 15,377. Between 1890 and 1900 the aboriginal population in California decreased 1247.

Indians Fast Dying Out.

In 1800 there were twenty-two distinct native stocks, each speaking a language as different from the others as English is from Chinese, a linguistic phenomena that is the despair of all anthropologists. Of the original stocks, the Esselin is extinct, and several others are on the verge. Of the once powerful Shastas, there are at present but fifteen survivors, and of the Lutami, in California, not to exceed twenty-five; the Wishosh has been reduced to a couple of dozen, and the Chimariko to nine; the Yama to eight and the Costinoan to eight. Of the Sulinan and Chumash there are less than twenty living representatives to each tribe. From these particulars the rapid extinction of all native stocks at no distant day may be realized. Contact with the dominating race accounts for this decimation of a people once powerful in numbers, but for the most part unaggressive, credulous, simple-minded and pastoral.

It is in recent years only that the importance of preserving the culture, traditions and language, of these vanishing races has been fully understood by that part of the community interested in ethnological subjects. The field is prolific and vast. No private association was endowed with the resources demanded or was able to undertake a task requiring expert talent with years of close observation and effort. Properly, the work was within the province of the State, and so regarded, but the University of California, generously as it is supported, could not divert the means necessary for this particular object. The rich stores of knowledge lying dormant in aboriginal lore might have been lost forever had not Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, Regent, volunteered ample funds for this purpose. The department of anthropology of the University was intrusted with the expenditure of the funds and, under the efficient management, soon proved the enormous latent possibilities of the undertaking.

Already there have been issued by the University press several important works of the greatest technical value on the language and culture of certain tribes inhabiting the State. Among others are the "Languages of the Coast of California, South of San Francisco Bay," by Dr. A. L. Kroeber, and "Native Languages of California," a joint work of Dr. Kroeber and Roland B. Dixon. In addition, Doctor Pliny Earle Goddard has incorporated, in two remarkable volumes, the result of three years and a half residence among the Hupa Indians, who occupy a reservation in the northern part of Humboldt county, at the junction of the Klamath and Trinity rivers. The first of these volumes on the "Life and Culture of the Hupa" gives the environment, customs, traditions, dress, homes, occupations, religion, legends and amusements of this interesting tribe, and the

second, "Morphology of the Hupa Language," 344 pages, embraces the results of a thorough and exhaustive study of the vocabulary, text and construction, of one of the most complex of all the languages spoken by the original California stocks.

First Experiment on Hupas.

The reasons for selecting this particular tribe for experiment were, first, though numbering at present 450 souls, its extinction within measurable limits, was altogether probable. In 1866 the tribe numbered 650 individuals, but owing to the universal prevalence of scrofulous diseases and the high rate of mortality among the younger members, the survival of the tribe beyond a few generations is problematical. The language and culture of the Hupa is rich and copious and worthy of preservation on this account, if for no other. There are also a number of old members of the tribe, survivors of the past, who retain a memory of the ancient customs and traditions, unimpaired with later corruptions. Moreover the Hupa, as Indians, are enterprising and intelligent, as well as thrifty. Schools have been established for years, and some speak English with correctness and fluency.

Dr. Goddard, by slow degrees, eventually acquired the entire confidence of the tribe and, in time, was admitted to all the tribal secrets.

The Hupas are of Athabascan stock, of which the Navajos of New Mexico are a branch. They intermarried freely with the neighboring Yurok, and this fact may account, to some extent, for certain wide differences existing between the languages spoken by the tribe and the other Athabascans, though the gradual and imperceptible changes which are always taking place in the language of isolated peoples may explain variations to a certain extent. The differences are manifest in the phonetic character of the language; many changes having taken place in consonants and vowels. Adoption of new names, and, morphologically, verb forms have been multiplied and extended.

While Dr. Goddard's last work amounts to a nearly complete written vocabulary of the Hupa language, and with its thousands of texts form a dictionary of words and sentences in general use, it fails to preserve the sounds, intonations or expressions of the language as spoken. As far as written characters convey a knowledge of a strange language, the "morphology" leaves nothing to be desired. In ordinary practice writing is a device to bring to mind sounds which are well known, or can be made known by other means, the written characters fail both to convey them to those who study them or in preserving them after the language of which they are a part has vanished. The written

APPARATUS FOR OBTAINING IMPRESSIONS ON WAX CYLINDER.

O IN OLF (BECOME PLURAL)

O IN YO (THERE)

OW IN TAIKYOW (SWEAT-HOUSE)

IN ILLE (BECOME)

U IN TILLO (DIVE)

A IN WA (A PREFIX)

E IN EDIN (WITHOUT)

I IN KIYE (AGAIN)

D IN ENGLISH

D IN HUPA

J IN HUPA

TWO WAX RECORDS

characters which represent the ancient languages are easily translated by the scholar, but the sounds are lost. Were the old orators to come to life again the language in which they would declaim would, in all probability, be unintelligible.

Nowhere has the inadequacy of written characters made itself felt more than in the field of American languages. To remedy this the ear must be aided by some artificial device.

The lip movement, in producing certain sounds, may be directly observed by the eye. Where a comparison between sounds made, in part, by the lips in the same or different languages is desired, the camera may be employed. The subject to be photographed, in this instance an intelligent Hupa half-breed, was placed in a strong sunlight and a very rapid lens and shutter employed. The photographs taken were arranged, measured and compared. By this method the relative degree of lip opening for each vowel and the amount of lip activity characterizing the language as a whole is readily shown.

Records on Artificial Palate.

To a certain extent tongue movements were also observed, but greater difficulty was experienced in obtaining records than with the lip sounds. To determine and fix the movements of the tongue, certain mechanical aids are employed. The simplest of these is the artificial palate, which was first used in correcting oral deformities and is, in Europe, employed for linguistic purposes. The illustrations adequately represent the form used by Doctor Goddard in his Hupa experiments. The metal palate is made thin as possible, and adjusted to fit the roof of the mouth perfectly. There is difficulty in extending the artificial palate beyond the junction of the hard and soft palate, as the movement of the soft member is liable to dislodge it and pressure upon the soft palate is liable to produce gagging. To apply the metal palate it must be perfectly dry. It is then dusted with powdered chalk and put in place.

Only single syllables can be uttered, care being taken that a complication of impressions should not be brought about. Where the naturally moist tongue touches the surface of the palate, the chalk is removed and the dark surface exposed. The palate is quickly removed from the mouth and photographed. By this method the exact posi-

tion of the tongue in making a certain sound is fixed provided the contact is upon the hard palate or the teeth. The subject using the palate in this instance, speaks English fairly well, and the Hupa language proficiently.

Records on Smoked Paper.

To register the exact time of the beginning, culmination and ending, of the tongue movement, the Rousselot apparatus was employed. This device consists of a horizontal cylinder driven at a uniform rate of speed by delicate mechanism. A sheet of paper is given a thin, even coating of smoke and wrapped around the cylinder. Against it the fine, elastic tracing point of the Marey tambour rests, and registers the varying force of the column of air which issues from the nose or mouth or any compression of a closed chamber that may be connected with it. For registering the movement, of the tongue, a rubber bulb is placed between the tongue and roof of the mouth. The bulb is connected with the tambour by means of a rubber tube passing out through the side of the mouth into which the words are spoken. Two tambours may be used, one connecting with the bulb and one with the mouthpiece, arranged so that their tracing points will make but a single line when the carriage with the tambours is pushed along while the cylinder is at rest. When the word or phrase is spoken two synchronous tracings are made. The upper one is from the mouthpiece, and shows the varying force of the air column from the oral passage; the lower one is from a bulb placed on the point of the tongue, the elevations in the tracing indicating the time of the raising of the tongue and its pressure on the bulb.

Mechanical aids for observing the movements of the back portion of the tongue and its contact with the soft palate are not easily employed, a regrettable fact, for many American languages have whole series of sounds formed well back in the mouth. The movements of the velum may be observed by causing the subject to open wide the mouth while facing a strong light, but the movements of the walls of the mouth and the condition of the tongue as to shape and rigidity are difficult to determine or record. The action of the glottis, as to the degree and time of resonancy, may be shown by Rousselot tracings, or a thin membrane of rubber may be applied to the walls of the

larynx and the vibrations conveyed to the tambour by means of compressed air. In this manner it is possible to settle the puzzling questions in American languages concerning the degree and constancy of sonancy in certain consonants. The physiological causes of the sounds are considered the most important. If the sound is understood the desired result can be produced. There is, however, another side to phonetics, the physical. In the realm of physics, exact measurements are possible and well known laws prevail. For making tracings of the consonants of the Hupa language a mouthpiece was employed connected with a Marey tambour. The vowel sounds, which are the most troublesome to deal with owing to the difficulty of ascertaining or recording the shape and rigidity of the mouth and throat chambers in which the words resound were, theoretically, easily disposed of from the physical side.

Photographs Are Employed.

The system employed by Dr. Goddard was to make Rousselot tracings directly from the voice and to enlarge them by microphotography. Scientists have made tracings from the wax cylinders of the phonograph. One transferred them to smoked paper and enlarged them by a system of levers. Another employed a mirror and a beam of light for the same purpose. The conclusions in reference to the employment of phonographs for recording are thus stated.

There is a difficulty in breaking up the sounds of a strange language so recorded into words and in connecting these words with their proper meanings. This may be in part overcome by carefully prepared texts with interlinear translations to accompany each cylinder. It is to be greatly regretted that phonograph cylinders are not more durable and permanent. Phonograph cylinders can never be sufficient in themselves, because they utterly fail to show the physiological processes by which the sounds upon them are reproduced, and, after all, the manner of making the sounds is more important, in the study of language, than the sound itself.

CAPTAIN JOHN, CHIEF OF THE HUPA TRIBE.

Longworth Gets Buffalo Coat

1

LONGWORTH GETS BUFFALO COAT

**Ponca Chiefs Make Him Ex-
quisite Present.**

SQUAWS WORKED HARD ON IT

**Horse Chief Eagle Tells President,
and Roosevelt Says Nicholas
Will Like It.**

Nicholas Longworth, bridegroom, will have one unique present. It is a Ponca Indian buffalo hide waistcoat, which was brought to Washington especially for presentation to the future son-in-law of the Great White Father by a delegation of nine chiefs from the Ponca reservation.

Of Exquisite Workmanship.

The waistcoat is a beauty. The buffalo calf, which contributed the hide to its making, cost the Indians \$500, and in the manufacture all the skill of the tribe has been exhausted. The lining is a piece of blanket, of Indian weave, as soft, almost, as down. Evidently the squaws squandered time and thought on the development of this piece of wedding finery.

Horse Chief Eagle Makes Speech.

The Indians called yesterday afternoon at the White House, where they were presented to the President and informed him of the purpose of their mission to Washington. Horse Chief Eagle, the principal dignitary of the party, made a speech in Ponca, and the President responded in English. Mr. Roosevelt expressed his confidence that Mr. Longworth would like the waistcoat mightily and treasure it highly.

Those who called on the President were Horse Chief Eagle, Little Soldier, Sam Hinman, also known as White Chief; Big Goose, Yellow Horse, White Tail, John Bull, and Lem Carrie, all Poncas; George Premiaux and Mike Ray, interpreters, and Mr. Miller.

Wash Times
Feb 8-06

ELK TOOTH ROBE VALUED AT \$4,000 STOLEN FROM GIRL.

LAWTON, OKLA., Feb. 15.—Lizzie Pendleton, daughter of David Pendleton, a full-blood Cheyenne Indian, was robbed of a robe which was ornamented with 1,000 elk teeth and valued at \$4,000.

The father offers reward for the capture and conviction of the robbers.

[1906]

Chief American Horse



CHIEF AMERICAN HORSE



MME. VAN DOMMELEN

INDIAN CHIEF WHO WENT ACROSS WITH A WILD WEST SHOW CAPTURES A RICH DUTCH WOMAN AND BRINGS HER BACK TO HIS VILLAGE. A SWIFT COURTSHIP AND WED- DING.

When it comes to hymen we Americans are pretty swift. There's American Horse, the Iroquois Indian chief, who has just returned from the old country with as pretty a little Dutch bride as any man would want. And she was a widow, a cute, bright-eyed, plump little widow from over The Hague way.

American Horse, with all his feathers, moccasins, tomahawks (made in Pittsburg) and deer skin pants, went across the water last year as part of a show. There was an Indian village with scalp dances, war dances and other scenes popularly believed in England and the continent to be common in Buffalo and other frontier American states.

The show was at The Hague a week. Among the first day visitors was Mrs. Johanna Elizabeth Von Domellon, the pretty widow, whose husband had left her single and with much good coin of the realm of Wilhelmina.

The second day, Johanna Elizabeth was introduced to American Horse. The third day American Horse showed her around the camp. The fourth day Johanna Elizabeth took American Horse around The Hague in a carriage. The fifth day American Horse took possession of Johanna Elizabeth's heart and they were engaged.

American Horse is a big buck, good looking for an Indian, and pretty smooth, even if he can't read or write. The widow's relatives were given a look in on the arrangement and there was no objection.

Atlanta Journal
mar-6-06

HER SKILL AS COOK WON TRIBE'S HEART

Otoe Indians Adopted White Man and
Wife Who Wandered Into
Their Camp.

[1966]

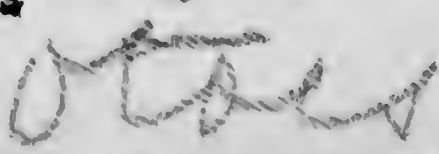
GUTHRIE, Okla., Aug. 21.—When the Otoe Indians the past week were being paid by Agent Newman at the Otoe agency, in Northern Oklahoma, the "Barnes Outfit," now composed of many members, was with them. Each Indian received a few cents more than \$888, while each one of the "outfit" received about \$1,800.

As a whole the "Barnes" received nearly \$25,000, and being full Indian citizens they received also as such when the Otoe lands were recently allotted 240 acres each of land.

The "Barnes Outfit" is the name by which a family of adventurers has been known in Northern Oklahoma for the past thirty years. All are now adopted members of the Otoe tribe, with which many of them have intermarried.

It all happened because "Mother" Barnes was a good cook. Barnes, with his wife, drifted among the Otoe Indians about thirty years ago, when they were penniless. When the Otoes were collecting their annuity payment from the Government they took the "Barnes Outfit" with them. The Indians then held a big feast and dance. Mrs. Barnes was installed as chief cook, and to this day the red men who partook of that feast maintain that never before had they eaten such excellent barbecued veal.

From that date henceforward Mrs. Barnes cooked her way into the tribe. Whatever feast was held, she had to be the chef. Within a few years Mr. and Mrs. Barnes had become so popular that the Otoes by a unanimous vote adopted them into the tribe as full Indian citizens.



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*Wash
Times*

1906



*Salem Indian School
Chemawa, Oregon
One of the oldest in the
Country - Established 1880*

SALEM INDIAN SCHOOL

The Salem Indian School, at Chemawa, Oregon, is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in the country. It was originally established at Forest Grove in 1880, and moved to Chemawa, five miles north of Salem, in 1885. The citizens of Salem, and Marion county donated 177.32 acres of land to secure its location at Chemawa, which was increased the next year by the purchase of 84.92 acres by the pupils of the school from their earnings in the hop fields and on farms adjoining the school, and later 82.83 acres were purchased by the Government, giving the school, at the present time, a farm of 345.07 acres of land.



Cronise, photo

E. L. CHALCRAFT

From the first, the school has had a steady growth until now it has a capacity of six hundred pupils, requiring a force of employes and instructors numbering forty-one.

Chemawa has always stood in the front rank as an industrial school, and the northwest has many farmers and graduates from its departments. The Southern Pacific Railroad passes directly through the beautiful grounds, which are kept up by labor of the Indian pupils. Trains, on the main line between Portland and San Francisco, stop at the main entrance to the school.

The faculty includes many able instructors, and the school has had the benefit of their service for several years. The superintendent, Edwin L. Chalcraft, entered the service in 1883, serving at Chehalis, Puyallup, Salem, Wind River, Wyoming, then Supervisor of Indian Schools, and then back to Salem. His assistant, W. P. Campbell, will celebrate his silver wedding anniversary in the employ of Uncle Sam on the first of next September. He was disciplinarian at Carlisle for thirteen years, and superintendent at Sisseton, South Dakota, Wind River, Wyoming, Warm Springs, then to Salem. He has always taken a great interest in athletic work and in the social side of the life at Government schools. He has seen Chemawa grow from three hundred to eight hundred pupils.

The corp of employes comprises physician, nurse, classroom teachers, instructors in farming, gardening, dairying, mechanical trades, matron, and includes nine Indians, mostly graduate of the school. One, the disciplinarian, David E. Brewer, has been with the institution since it was opened at Forest Grove—first as a pupil and later as an employe. For fifteen years he has had personal control of the boys, numbering sometimes more than one-half of the enrollment.

The instruction covers all branches taught in the grammar schools of the country, and

industrial training to boys is given in farming, gardening, carpentering, wagon-making, blacksmithing, shoe and harness-making, tailoring, printing, plumbing, baking, steam and electrical engineering. The girls, first of all, are taught to be good housekeepers and home-makers, to which is added special instruction in dressmaking, tailoring and nursing.

The literary and industrial departments are equipped with modern appliances for the instruction of the pupils and in performing the work of the school. The correlation of literary and industrial features are properly adjusted to produce a well-rounded education, and stimulate the best qualities of the individual. The distinct individuality of the Indian pupil, which is varied as in any other race, is recognized and cultivated. While literary instruction does not go beyond the common school grades, the industrial instruction is continued until the pupils are equipped to earn their living with their hands and possess confidence to meet their white brethren on equal footing in the industrial world. The numerous young Indian men who have left school and are now leading useful lives through the northwest as farmers, blacksmiths, millmen, tailors, engineers, electricians and laborers, demonstrate the value of the institution to the commonwealth of Oregon and the northwest country, in arousing the dormant traits of a sturdy race to their former zeal, and directing them into the channels of good citizenship.

EDWARD L. CHALCRAFT.

Salem Indian School Chemawa, Oregon One of the oldest in the Country - Established 1880

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EDWARD L. CHALCRAFT.

Signs et
Sept. 06

Princess-Heiress Weds an Indian

FRANK Iyall, grandson of Chief Iyall, of the one-time powerful Yakima tribe in eastern Washington, has won for his bride Miss Ida Smith, a half-breed, called "the Venus of the Yakima Reservation." They were married by Magistrate Taggard at North Yakima.

Ida Smith was declared a princess of the Yakimas on her fourteenth birthday, four years ago. Her bridal presents include a double rope of elks' teeth, 328 in all, in themselves a small fortune.

The Indian princess is the only daughter of Abner Smith, who came to Washington as a pioneer from New York. For some service to a warrior of the Yakimas he was given the privilege of choosing an Indian wife. His only daughter lived with the Indians until ten years of age and talked only in their tongue. When the first school district was established in Yakima county the Indian girl was among the pupils. Afterward she attended the agency high school and then the high school at North Yakima, where she was graduated with honors a year ago.

Mrs. Iyall is an accomplished pianiste and has a contralto voice of considerable range. She rides cayuses bareback like a full-blood and can drive an

automobile, while as a rifle shot she has a reputation as a veritable Diana on the chase for big game. Her father's house is carpeted with bearskins, elk and moose hides, and she has other trophies of the hunt.

Iyall is a well-to-do rancher and a typical man of his tribe. He is thirty years old and a widower of five years. He won the half-breed princess after long wooing and after she had rejected several white men.

"Frank Iyall is an Indian," she said to one of her girl friends a few days before the wedding, "but he once saved my life and I feel I belong to him body and soul. His people are my people on my mother's side. I'll marry him or die what you call 'an old maid.'"

Friends tried to persuade her to marry a man nearer to her own attainments, but she turned a deaf ear to their pleadings. "My mother, a full-blooded Yakima, was good enough for my father," she declared, "and I am none too good for Frank Iyall, through whose veins flow the blood of a noble race."

The princess had her picture taken in a gown fitting her rank in the Yakima tribe and her husband in the raiment of a chieftain, an inheritance from the grandfather. They live, however, in a modern house, on a well-kept farm of 640 acres, just like white folks.

Abner Smith, father of the bride, says his daughter will inherit his property, which is estimated to be worth more than \$1,000,000.

Page Eleven

Times Oct 7 1906

Times Oct 31
1906

INDIANS' \$30,000 PAID IN \$1 BILLS

Odd Scheme by Which
Canada Distributes Money
Due for Lands.

OVER \$200,000 DISTRIBUTED

**But the Paymaster Has Stunt Whereby
He Really Handles Only
\$30,000.**

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 31.—Several years ago, the Canadian government took from the tribes of Indians about Athabasca lake and river a large tract of land and in payment for the same it gives each year \$5 to each Indian and \$25 to the chiefs in \$1 bills.

The reason for this is that the Indians dwelling in the district do not know the value of money. A paper dollar looks to him about the same as a blank piece of paper to a baby. Should the payment be made in silver, the simple minded child of the wilderness would punch a hole in it and wear it about his neck and thus a great deal of money would be taken from circulation. Should payment be made in one bill, the Indian is liable to lose it.

How Payments Are Made.

Once each year, a representative of the Canadian government makes a trip through the country and pays the Indians. On this trip he takes \$30,000 in \$1 bills and will probably pay out more than \$200,000. The natural question from civilization is, how does he do it.

As the Indian knows nothing about the value of money his method of financial trade is on the value of skins. Everything he buys is reckoned by skins, and when one talks dollars to him, his face has the expression of a blank cartridge. Fortunately for the government, the Hudson Bay Company has secured the entire confidence of the Indians during the century of dealing with them, and the money paid to the Indians finds its way into the trading posts of the company.

Here is how the government paymaster does his phenomenal stunt of paying \$200,000 or more with only \$30,000 in his pocket. He goes direct to a district inhabited by perhaps 2,000 or 3,000 Indians; here he will pay from \$10,000 to \$20,000 in "treaty money." Each Indian and his family is given the five \$1 bills in payment for his surrender of the land, and each chief his \$25.

Makes Their Credit Good.

After making this payment, the paymaster takes a rest for a short time at the Hudson Bay post nearest the pay station. Within a few days the Indians have made a line to the post, and there purchased whatever looks good to them. They whack the money down onto the trading post counter, order something worth perhaps 50 cents and leave. The company agent charges the red man with what he has purchased and credits him with the balance of the \$5; so that in the future he can trade out the remainder of the amount.

Within a week from the date of paying the treaty money every dollar of the amount has been paid into the trading post. The paymaster gives the post agent a check for the amount and starts for the next Indian settlement.

Thus he goes from one tribe to another, paying the Indians, waiting for the money on his rounds. When the agent returns to Edmonton or back to civilization, he has about all the money he had upon beginning the journey, and has paid out more than \$200,000.

eration favorable to Bible reading in the schools.

Post Nov 20
MAY TAX INDIAN LANDS.

**Supreme Court Holds State Has Right
Without Specific Authority.**

That State authorities may tax the land of an Indian held in severalty, even in the absence of explicit legislation giving such authority, was decided yesterday by the United States Supreme Court in the case of James Gowdy against the county assessor of Pierce County, Wash.

Gowdy is a Puyallup Indian, and holds land granted to him in severalty. A provision in his patent from the government exempted the property from "sale, levy, or forfeiture" while Washington should remain a Territory, and afterward, unless the State legislature should provide otherwise. After the admission of the State a law authorizing in general terms the "alienation" of Indian-held lands was passed, but the Indians asserted that the anti-levy feature of the patents had not been removed by the enactment, and the Gowdy suit was instituted. The State courts held against him, and their finding was indorsed by yesterday's decision.

The opinion was delivered by Justice Brewer, who said the fact that Gowdy had become a citizen of the United States, as he had done by accepting land in severalty, had made him amenable to the tax laws.

1906
SENATOR'S SON MUST PAY

Apache Indians
Yuma, Arizona

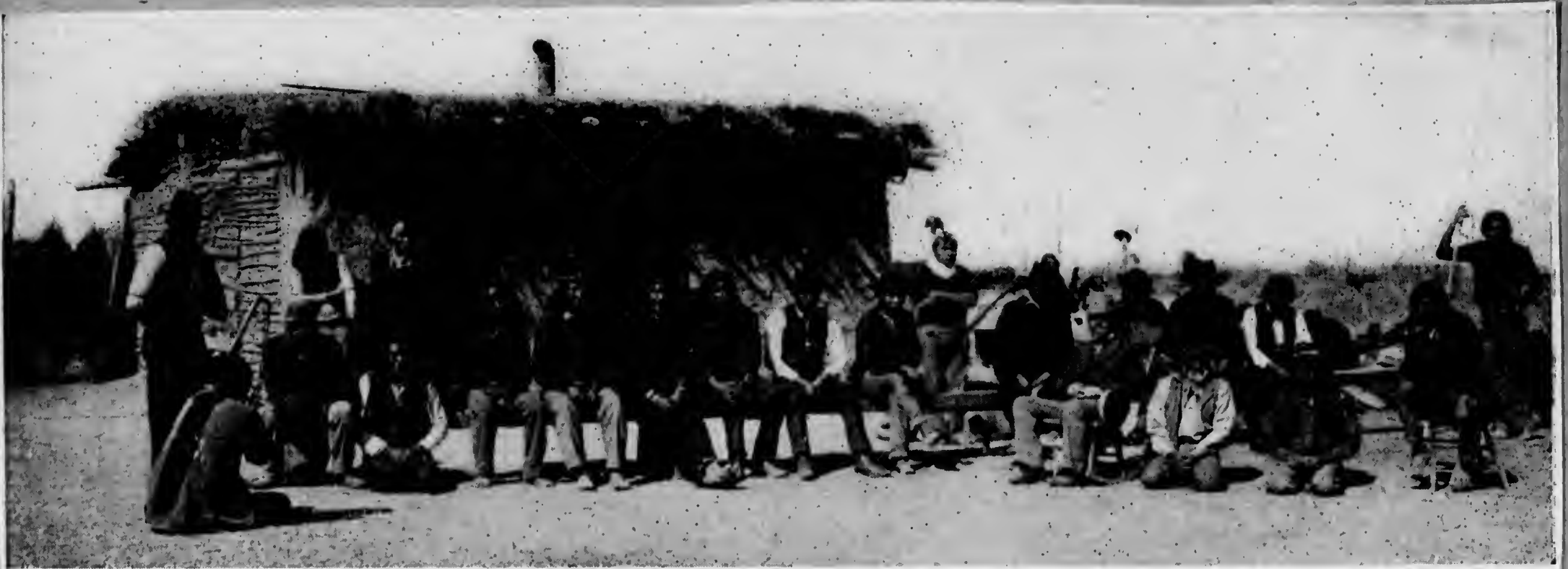


At Yuma I abandoned my boat and spent some days with a band of roving Apaches

At Yuma, a few days later, I abandoned my boat, having rowed four hundred miles, went on a hunt for a band of roving Apaches and spent a few happy days with them in the wilds of Arizona, before returning to civilization.

[Nov. 1906]

Apache Indians
Yuma, Arizona



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[Nov. 1906]

Travel Magazine Nov. 1906
Geo. Wharton James

INDIANS' GOOD TEETH.

**Eat No Sweets, and Consequently
Have No Need of Dentists.**

From the Kansas City Journal.

"Nobody ever saw an Indian with bad teeth," remarked J. S. Miller, of the One Hundred and One Ranch.

"Do you know why?" he continued. "Just this: because they eat no sweets of any kind; they restrict themselves to simple food, and they live out of doors. When we first started out with these Wild West shows every fall, I thought, inasmuch as the trip was intended as a sort of an outing, to give my Indians a touch of high life by putting them up at hotels. They were thoroughly unhappy, and nearly starved on the small portions of various dishes. They could not touch the sweets, nor eat anything fried. So now we let them do their own cooking, which is very simple. They boil great quantities of meat, and a big helping of this, with bread and coffee, is all that an Indian wants. They take no cream or sugar in their coffee, and, in fact, never use sugar in any article of food.

"There are Indians on the One Hundred and One Ranch so old that nobody can tell their age. They may show every mark of extreme age, but every one of them has all of his teeth, and they are sound and firm."

JANUARY 13, 1907.

Shoshone-Wyo.

Indian Leader Slain Leaving War Council

Head of the Shoshones Clubbed to Death and His Body Then Cut to Pieces—Outcome of Family Feud.

LANDER, Wyo., Jan. 12.—George Terry, head of the Shoshone Indian council, was murdered Thursday night as he came out of the council lodge on the Indian reservation.

He was first knocked down with a war club, and his body was then cut to pieces with knives. The murder is supposed to be the outcome of a family feud. No arrests have been made, but suspicion points strongly to several prominent Indians.

Terry was a half-breed son of the former famous Mormon Bishop Terry, of Utah. He had lived on the Shoshone reservation for more than twenty-five years.

There are several factions among the Indians, and as Terry's barn and horses

were recently mysteriously burned, arson being suspected, it is believed that the crime was committed by some of the factions.

The proposed abandonment of Fort Washakie will, it is believed by leading citizens, result in serious disturbances among the Indians, who have been held in restraint by awe of the soldiers. The Shoshones and Arapahoes are sworn enemies, and there are factions in both tribes ready to fight at any time.

The Rev. John Robert, for thirty years a missionary among the Shoshones, fears for the worst when the troops are removed and the post abandoned. The Shoshones greatly outnumber the Arapahoes, from whom they differ greatly in origin, religion, and customs, and whom they regard as usurpers.

CHIEF GERONIMO IS INSANE

1907
Great Apache Warrior Demented Because of His Confinement.

Refusal to Grant Him Permission to Visit Arizona Causes Him to Become Morose.

Lawton, Okla., May 18.—Chief Geronimo, the great Apache warrior, who is said to have scalped more white people than any other living Indian, and who for twenty years has been a prisoner of war at the Fort Sill military reservation, near here, is reported to-day by an Apache Indian to have completely lost his mind, and has to be guarded almost night and day by Apache scouts in the government service.

Yesterday afternoon he wandered away from home and was not seen until nearly nightfall, being discovered about dark wandering carelessly near Fort Sill, watching the highways and murmuring to himself.

A carriage approached and he galloped toward it with a ferocious grin that frightened the occupants. He was taken in charge by two scouts, who came up and prevented him following the party.

Geronimo is believed to have grown demented because of the refusal of the War Department and the President to grant him liberty or permission to return to Arizona, the scene of his many devastations of villages and slaughtering of whites.

Since his last appeal to the President, he has been morose and cross, and a few weeks ago his wife, the eighth of his bosom, left him, to return no more.

LOST INDIAN TRIBE IS DISCOVERED.

Has Its Home in the Yellowhead Pass in the Canadian Rockies.

DISCOVERED BY HEAD
OF SURVEYING PARTY.

Passes Time in the Chase of
Big Game and Is Also
Raising Horses.

(Special to The World.)

SPOKANE, Wash., June 1.—James M. Cornish, head of a surveying party working in the wilderness of the Yellowhead Pass in the Canadian Rockies—which the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad Company seeks to penetrate with its transcontinental line—brings to Spokane a story of the discovery of more than 300 families of Indians hidden miles from civilization in the northern wilds. They appear to be prosperous and contented, passing most of their time in the chase of big game and breeding horses.

"Their story of settling in Yellowhead Pass is romantic," Mr. Cornish said, "reading more like a chapter recorded by Fenimore Cooper than an historical fact. The Indians claim to be descendants from the once powerful Iroquois nation, which wrought so much havoc in the eighteenth century. Generations ago, they say, they lived in Illinois, but in the Blackhawk uprising they were driven from the States and for safety were forced to flee to the Northwest.

"They travelled many months through strange lands and territories ruled by savage Indian tribes. They sought shelter with the Blood, Blackfeet, Cree and Beaver Indians, but were treated like outcasts, and finally driven further westward.

"From camp to camp they journeyed until they struck the Nez Perce country, in Northern Idaho, going thence to Spokane and Yakima settlements, but they were not allowed to remain. From the Yakima Valley they went into the Colville district, where half their number were killed in combat with the Colvilles and Coeur d'Alenes.

Finally, one of their chiefs told me, they settled in the Rocky Mountains, at the mouth of Yellowhead Pass, and, as no one appeared to molest them, they remained. For a time they traded with the Hudson Bay people, but for more than one hundred years they have not been in communication with either factors or traders. Whether this is because of some real or fancied wrong I was not able to learn, but I did note a peculiar turn of the lip when the chief talked about his forebears' dealings with the company."

Mr. Cornish says many of the horses found in the pass are high-bred and fleet of foot. The men devote much of their time to tribal sports, such as games between boys, foot racing and ball playing, the last named pastime being a cross between lacrosse and baseball, the bat being similar to that used by cricketers, with a net on the end. The Indians appeared to be friendly to Mr. Cornish and his party and entertained them at a potlatch during their stay.

CONCERNING LEFT-HANDED ABORIGINES

A RECENT article in SCIENCE requested people in charge of Indians to find the proportion of left-handed aborigines to the right-handed ones. Acting upon that request, the writer has been investigating the subject among the Hoh and Quileute Indians, and, out of a population of 231, five left-handed people were found: How-withlup (male), Walo-thlu (male), Hick-sh (male), Thle-ba-tolch (male), Hi-yic-to-utl (female).

ALBERT B. REAGAN

LA PUSH, WASH.

Science
June 7
1907

MYTHS OF THE MOUNTAINS

PRETTY INDIAN LEGENDS TOLD IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Memory of a Tragedy that Haunts the Shores of Ampersand Pond—
Story of the Cardinal Flower and the Origin of the White Pond Lily.

There is deep feeling for many in the quietude which broods over the Adirondack wilderness. In the imagination of the early woodsman, the forests were peopled with fairy folk. It is easily understood how a sojourner by twilight or in darkness and alone would people the shadowy places with shadowy, moving forms. Even in calm weather, the wood is always full of slight noises. There are sounds like stealthy footsteps and the swish of garments when the fitful breezes stir the bits of loosened bark which cling to the trunks of birches; and farther in, among the trees, there is the fall of the nut or pine cone, the rush of a squirrel, the rise of a grouse, the flight of the deer over dead leaves. As the wind rises the forest speaks with many voices.

Modern Adirondack folklore contains many legends of the forest. In the vicinity of the Upper Saranac Lake, the Indians used to say there once lived an Indian spirit, a Jumbo of his kind. He was much given to leaping, and one-half mile was just an every-day sort of jump for him. When he first learned that the white man had arrived on the lake, it so enraged him that he made a jump of a mile and a half, from the Corey place on the Upper Saranac, to Round or Little Stony Creek Pond. To prove this story, inhabitants of that locality will point out to you the imprint of his ponderous moccasin tracks, where he landed on the shore of that pond. After this effort he never looked upon the limpid waters of the Saranac again. Doubtless the jump was too much for him; at any rate, that was the last one he was ever known to make.

THE CARDINAL FLOWER.

Flowers and game, as well as human beings, are included in the quaint superstitions of the Adirondack woods. The Indians have a pretty myth respecting the cardinal flower, a deep red blossom which flourishes on the banks of rivers in the forest. White deer were considered sacred by the Indian hunters, and should any one of their number be so unfortunate as to slay one, his own death was sure to follow within a year. Once upon a time a young brave accidentally killed a milk-white deer. While carrying it to his camp to carve, a few drops of its blood fell upon the ground, and upon this spot the first cardinal flower sprang up.

The origin of the white pond lily, a beautiful and highly odorous flower, which is found in large numbers in the lakes and streams, is said to have been in a brave's affection for a young Indian maiden. When the young buck approached her she fled and he pursued up along the Racquette River bank until finally, upon arriving at a high precipice overhanging the stream, she paused, but only for a moment, and then made a fatal leap into the waters below. From the water at once sprang the white pond lily.

Back of the name "Adirondack" is the most curious legend of all. Some of the Algonquin tribes, belonging to the valleys of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay, having been defeated by the Iroquois, and driven from their hunting grounds, were often forced by the long Northern winters to subsist for days upon the buds and bark of trees. Hence these old-time enemies of the Five Nations called them in derision Ad-i-ron-dacks, or tree eaters. The word is taken from the Iroquois—"hades," they eat, and "Garandah," the trees. The French dropped the h and wrote the word Adirondacks.

Ampersand Pond, which lies at the base

[Continued on Next Page.]

Summer Resorts

New York State—Lake George.



LAKE GEORGE is a summer resort in A language is spoken, a poetic charm and love and admiration of every b of all American waters and it passes any of the famed Scotch element of lake and mountain Every inch of its thirty-

INDIANS' TRADE IN WIVES REGARDED AS SPECULATION

If Husband Can Keep Bride Three Years He Receives
Double Purchase Price From Her Parents.

[1907]

VICTORIA, B. C., June 19.—Among the recent visitors to this city was the Rev. H. Pearson, of Alert Bay, an Anglican Church missionary to the Indians of the Kwagutl agency. Questioned, Mr. Pearson said that there is little change in conditions at Alert Bay. Among the customs is one which Mr. Pearson believes should be brought to the attention of the provincial government. This is the custom of marriage which prevails and which is one of the various forms of speculation in which they indulge. A member of the tribe buys a wife, paying to the girl's father from 500 to 1,000 blankets, according to the bride's social position in the tribe.

The girl herself is not consulted and in many cases is not more than a mere child in years. After the exchange has been effected it is quite permissible for the bride's parents to make underhand attempts to induce her to leave her husband and return to them. Should they succeed, it is up to the husband to pay an additional sum in order to regain possession of her. If he declines to do so, the father is at liberty to sell her to another suitor, and in this way it often happens that a girl may have several husbands in turn.

On the other hand, if the girl elects to remain with her husband, after a period of about three years the father

has to return to his son-in-law the purchase price of his bride plus 100 per cent. Here is where the speculation on the husband's part comes in, and to illustrate the point, Mr. Pearson instanced a case which came to his notice a few months ago.

A man of thirty years of age had purchased a twelve-year-old girl, and on being reproached on the score of her youth replied that he did not want the girl at all. So far as he was concerned, it was a business deal, in which he hoped to double his investment.

GERONIMO WOULD JOIN APACHES, IN FIGHT

[1907]

LAWTON, Okla., July 9.—Geronimo, the Apache warrior, while attending a celebration at Cache as guest of Comanche Chief Quanah Parker, made an effort to escape across the Texas Pan Handle into Mexico. Geronimo was missing from the Indian camp overnight, and a detail of soldiers from Fort Sill captured him several miles out. Geronimo has heard of the recent trouble with the Apache Indians near El Paso, and he explains that he wanted to go and help his people fight. He has been having family trouble of late, and his eighth wife has left his roof.

covered Chambers.....29c

Uncovered vegetable dishes

| Regular price | Size | Sale price |
|---------------|------|------------|
|---------------|------|------------|

8c

7 in.

5c

12c

8 in.

7c

15c

9 in.

9c

25c

10 in.

15c

| | |
|-----------------------|-----|
| 3c White 5-inch Fruit | 17c |
| Saucers..... | 18 |

| | |
|------------------------|----|
| 4c White 5½-inch Fruit | 2c |
| Saucers..... | |

| | |
|-----------------------|-----|
| 5c White 6-inch Fruit | 2½c |
| Saucers..... | |

WHY DO INDIANS PAINT THEIR FACES?

Facial Markings
Are of Two Kinds,
That of the Tribe
and the Individual.

Each Line, Mark
and Color Has
Its Separate and
Distinct Meaning.



SIOUX IN
WAR PAINT



MOJAVES
DECORATED
FOR
CEREMONIAL



KIOWA IN
WAR PAINT

MOQUI
PRAYING-
FOR
RAIN



By CLARENCE E. EDWARDS.

WHY do Indians paint their faces?" I have asked that question of hundreds of red men, but have received only one answer that connected the custom with mythological times. Of all the tribes that I have visited I have found but one that has a legend accounting for the hideous decorations that are to be seen on the faces of Indians when they are under ceremonial.

While sitting at a campfire in a village of the Crowes one night, listening to the stories that were being told when I propounded the question, hardly expecting even the usual explanation, which hides so many of the legends of the red men. To my surprise, however, I received an answer that seemed to go directly to the origin of the custom. An old fellow who had sat all evening listening to the stories, straightened up with a grunt, as he heard the question. Proceeding with great solemnity he told the following legend:

"Long ago, when men were weak and animals were big and strong, a chief of the red men who lived in these mountains went out to get a deer, for his people were hungry. After walking all day he saw a deer and shot at it, but the arrow turned aside and wounded a mountain lion, who was also after the deer. When the lion felt the sting of the arrow he jumped up and ran after the man, who fled for his life. The chief ran until he was almost exhausted, and when he felt his strength giving way he fell to the ground, calling on the Big Bear, who, you know, is the grandfather of men, to save him. The Big Bear heard the call and saw that to save the chief he would have to act quickly, so he scratched his foot and sprinkled his blood on the chief. You know no animal will eat of the meat of the bear or taste of his blood, so when

individual sign or totem on his face. When all had done this the band was ready to go out after the Crowes, fully believing that their precautions had been so well taken that no other Indian could overcome them in battle.

The paint an Indian puts on his face is not, as many suppose, for the purpose of personal adornment, or for the purpose of making his enemies afraid of him on account of his frightful looks. It is put on in compliance with rigid ceremonial rules that he would no more fail to follow than he would disobey the ruling of his tutelary spirit. Just what the exact rules are and just when they were established, he has never thought it necessary to inquire. Nor does he ask reasons why these marks should be more effective than any other marks. All he knows is that all his people have always used these markings, and it is not for him to put himself against the established custom of his people. The why and wherefore of these markings is something that would be difficult to answer, for no two tribes have the same markings, same rules, nor same ways of putting on the paint.

Custom Handed Down.

It is a custom that has been handed down in the life of the Indian since those days in the mythical past that are always referred to as "long ago." The reason for many things that Indians do has been lost, but the Indian philosophy does not permit of their being questioned. Sufficient for him that these things have been done by those who have gone before, and that they have been ordered by "those above." That is all that the Indian philosophy requires, and it is sufficient for all his needs. The pertinacity with which the Indian clings to these tribal and family customs would put many of our church-going people to blush, were they to see the fervor with which some trivial observance is carried out and held sa-

Blue is almost a universal emblem of peace among the whites and also among Oriental nations, and we find it filling the same position among the Indians, but the Pueblo Indians take it closer to its natural

and explicit meaning; every color and tint is for some fixed purpose that is permanently established. To the plainsman or mountaineer who has lived his life among the Indians the facial markings are like the

just as they are seen on the queer totem poles in front of the houses. They have their peculiar significance on the individual just as on the family or tribal pole.

There have been many theoretical writers who have given learned disquisitions regarding the first use of paints, and how they were discovered. As is generally the case with theoretical explanations of simple matters, the plain and reasonable explanation is overlooked in order that complicated theories may be given an airing. Blood and charcoal are still used and they undoubtedly were the first natural paints put on the red man's face. A wounded Indian, with blood streaming down a face begrimed with charcoal or dust, may have reason to think the peculiar markings left by accident, responsible for his escape from what looked to be certain death. He would find more natural than for him to pay special attention to these markings and use them the next time he went on a venture that was dangerous?

From blood and charcoal it is an easy step to ferruginous clays which produce browns, yellows and reds. Red chalk and red and yellow ochre are found in many places and are of easy access. Black, micaceous iron, of graphite-like consistency, is found in many places in the mountains, while the carbonates of iron and copper furnish many shades of blue. Green fungus growths are much used, mixed with the white infusorial or chalky earths to make shades of green, tinged into pure white. Sulphuret of mercury, to be found about many mineral springs, especially hot ones, forms an abundant supply of paint, while the juice of the choke cherry makes a beautiful red. In the Dakotas many colors are made from the use of plant juices mixed with earths.

Since the advent of traders among Indians the use of native paint has been almost entirely supplanted by those furnished at the store. There are still some isolated tribes that use their own paints, but

By CLARENCE E. EDWARDS.

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When I was with the Sioux it was my fortune to witness the ceremonial attendant upon the application of war paint. A band of Crows had driven off a number of horses belonging to the Sioux, and the Teton Sioux chieftain called a council of his old men and warriors. It was decided that the act of the Crows called for retaliation, and a raid was ordered to descend upon the Crow village and take twice as many horses as had been stolen. The warriors who were to take part in the raid assembled about the council fire and sang and danced until late into the night. A large amount of red earth had been obtained from the ferruginous clay of the Red Lands, and after this was mixed with water to a proper consistency, the chief dipped a quantity of it with his left hand, and carefully smeared his face with it from the eyes down, smoothing it evenly over the lower part of his face, leaving the forehead untouched. As he did this he bowed to the fire and said, "As the fire has no mercy, so should we have none."

One after the other the warriors stepped up and went through this ceremony, and then the chief placed a small patch of mud under each eye, saying, "My Little Grandfather is ever dangerous as he makes his attempts. Very close do I stand as I go to the attack."

The significance of this is that the "Little Grandfather" means a young buffalo bull, which the Teton believe to have been the original progenitor of the tribe. When the buffalo enters into a fight he goes to the earth and gets mud all over his cheeks. Following the chief again, the other warriors put patches of mud under their eyes, repeating the formula exactly as the chief had said it. Then each man took from his armpit pouch a bit of charcoal and painted his

individual sign or totem on his face. When all had done this the band was ready to go out after the Crows, fully believing that their precautions had been so well taken that no other Indian could overcome them in battle.

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Painting the face is a most systematic custom, and when it is done, be it for war, pleasure or mourning, there is not a touch that is not following long established rules. Few are acquainted with these rules and few can tell you more in reply to any question about it than to say "it is Indian." This is the stereotyped reply to any question where they are ignorant or where they wish to keep secret the real reason for an observance.

On the faces of Moquis I have seen markings exactly like those on the sacred bowls that were made so long ago that their origin has been lost in the darkness of prehistoric ages. They have depicted rain, thunder, lightning and wind on their faces and have put prayers thereon, asking "those above" to make them prosperous in their ventures, or that rain should descend upon their crops and fertilize the ground, while thunder and lightning and wind does them no harm. In addition, then, to their verbal prayers they have presented to "those above" a living petition that all may be well with them.

Taking this as a point where the facial markings seem to have a foundation in the ornamental praying Indian, we may find a clew to the whole system that pervades not only the North American Indians, but may even reach the red hat and decorated robes of the Christian priest or prelate. As previously shown the application of red by the Sioux was in the nature of an invocation to fire, which the red color symbolizes, while the mud on the cheeks was a prayer to the tutelary god of the clan for strength and assistance. "The Little Grandfather," or young buffalo bull was prayed to in the beginning and gradually the prayer was forgotten in the resemblance to the tutelary god in the representation of mud on the cheeks.

Colors and Markings.

Colors as well as markings have their symbols, and it is a remarkable fact that the symbols represented by colors used by the Indians are those in use by all Caucasian races since earliest history. These same colors were given the same symbolic significance by the early Phoenicians and Assyrians. The red symbol of power is exactly the same as the symbol when used by the Catholic prelate; the blue of peace has the same significance among the Moquis; black is the symbol among the Caucasians for mourning and is used for the same purpose by the Indian in his facial painting; the white of joy, youth and peace among the civilized nations has the same meaning among barbarians. Of course, in all the multiplicity of tribes there are color variants, but the color rule among all the Indians is the same as that among Oriental nations since the time of Babylon and Israel to the present.

The black flag of the pirate has the same significance of victory or death as the black face of the Kiowa, who puts on this color just before his last charge against an enemy, thereby signifying that he will either conquer or remain on the field. Red is the accepted color of love among the whites, and it is found that among several tribes of the northern Indians, maidens paint their faces with pots of red when they are in love. Here we see that the Indian uses red in three distinct symbolisms just as it has been used by the whites from earliest days: The natural symbol of fire, the idea of power from the destructive quality of fire, and the idea of love from the heat emanating from the flame.

Blue is almost a universal emblem of peace among the whites and also among Oriental nations, and we find it filling the same position among the Indians, but the Pueblo Indians take it closer to its natural significance, it being emblematic of heaven, and as a variant of rain. Hence we have the peace of the heavens combined with the plenty in crop returns derived from bounteous rains.

Black is the recognized sign of mourning among all civilized races. It is also the mourning sign among nearly all Indian tribes, but among the red men its derivation can be traced, and its use is probably of similar origin among the whites, but its beginning is lost among them in the mists of antiquity. The insignia of revenge among Indians is black, and when a member of the family or tribe has been killed, the other members paint themselves black as a sign that they will follow the murderer and avenge the death of their relative. The gradient of this symbol of vengeance to one of mourning was easy and natural, and that this is the origin of the garb of mourning worn by civilized nations is borne out by ancient legends. The black of revenge finally became the permanent feature of emblematic of mourning when civilization prevented personal revenge. If one were to carry his deductions in this regard to their natural conclusion he might find that the deep trappings of woe of modern civilization, for one who has died a natural death, is nothing more nor less than the visible oath of vengeance against the power which took away the loved one.

It is an interesting study to trace this color symbolism between the peoples of the two continents, and did space permit it could be shown that all colors are of similar symbolic significance in all parts of the world. We need not go back to the ancients for color symbolism, nor to the red men, for it is in use among civilized peoples everywhere to-day. Red is the accepted sign of danger on all railroads; red lanterns adorn every excavation or obstruction in the streets of our cities; the "red light district" is even accepted as meaning a dangerous place for a man to go after night. Yellow is the sign of epidemic disease, and white is the flag of truce on land and sea.

The use of paint on the body of an Indian comes from the same idea as the use of the ancient "sack-cloth and ashes" by the Israelite of old; in fact, this very custom of putting ashes on the body obtains among certain Indian tribes. The Crow squaw who loses her husband paints a white band with ashes around her forehead to signify her deep and lasting sorrow. But when we endeavor to extend the investigation we find ourselves hedged about by that wall of ignorance and prejudice which hedges about so much of Indian mysticism. Should you press the question and if you are close enough friend to the Indian to command an answer he may tell you that certain lines are for certain purposes, but should you try to find from him the reason why such is the case you will discover that he has no reason about it except the one that rules all primitive men—it has been handed down from the forefathers of the tribe, and no one ever questions what was done in the early days. Some Indians have theorized upon it and there are a few myths that touch the origin of the custom. These say the facial decoration began when the tribes were divided and when it became necessary for every man to carry his mark in plain view so that he might readily be identified as friend or foe. Whether this theory would fill all the requirements of the case or not is yet to be determined by closer study into the system.

It may be set down as a rule that every line and dot applied to the face of an Indian has its special

and explicit meaning; every color and tint is for some fixed purpose that is permanently established. To the plainsman or mountaineer who has lived his life among the Indians the facial markings are like the pages of an open book. He tells at a glance the tribe and standing of the Indian who meets him. He knows the meaning of the colors which tell him whether the man is chief, sub-chief, shaman, partisan, warrior, squawman, thief, married or single. Each is designated by his paint, colors and markings, and there are no variations in the tribe.

It is not only the personal markings that are to be read on the faces of the members of the tribe. The expert plainsman can tell at a glance the object of the paint, whether it is for war, peace, pleasure, sorrow or prayer. In a Moqui village the observer can tell whether the inhabitants are praying for rain, or anything special by the markings and colors used. Should he see the faces of the men adorned with white and black bands he will know that rain is needed for the crops. Should these be intermixed with bands of red and blue he will know that the Moqui asks that thunder and lightning be left out of the storm when the rain comes. It is also possible to tell exactly what crop it is that is in need of rain. Should the corn be in danger of suffering from lack of moisture green bands will be found intertwined among the others, but if it be the pumpkin crop that is in danger yellow bands make their appearance. Perhaps the peach crop bids fair to be blighted from drought. If so there will be certain red bands among those that ask for rain.

It is also possible that instead of praying for rain the Indian may desire that the direction of the wind be changed, and blow from a certain point of the compass. Should this be the case certain colors will be found in peculiar stripes, each color and stripe designating the direction from which it is prayed that the wind will come.

A peculiar color signification is to be found among certain of the Pacific Coast tribes. When a "Think-it Indian, away up near the Columbian border, starts on a war excursion, he paints his face and hair a bright red, and ornaments his head with eagle feathers as a token that the stern vindictiveness of that bird is in his soul, and as an announcement that, like the eagle is above all other birds, so is he above all other Indians.

Coming down the Coast it is found that nearly all California Indians use white as the emblem of authority, and where they can enhance the appearance of their white-tipped eagle feathers with white down from certain plants, they think it increases the authority shown by the feather. Osages do not ignore white, but use it sparingly when they are draped for war. They, in common with the Cherokee, paint the face red, with a black circle around the right eye and a white circle around the left. If it be a horse stealing expedition that they are out on, they paint their faces entirely black. Should a band of Osages find themselves in close quarters and have to enter into a desperate fight, they place new and peculiar markings on their faces, and if one or more survive, they use these markings ever after.

Practice Tattooing.

Tattooing is practiced among many of the Pacific Coast tribes, and is sometimes found among the Eastern Indians, but this is rare. The rules in force as regards painting are applicable to tattooing, the difference being that where the lines are indelible they are made more perfect. Among Alaska Indians, and those along the northern Pacific Coast the tattooing of figures of totemic character is the carrying out of the designs of family or personal totems,

just as they are seen on the queer totem poles in front of the houses. They have their peculiar significance on the individual just as on the family or tribal pole.

There have been many theoretical writers who have given learned disquisitions regarding the first use of paints, and how they were discovered. As is generally the case with theoretical explanations of simple matters, the plain and reasonable explanation is overlooked in order that complicated theories may be given an airing. Blood and charcoal are still used and they undoubtedly were the first natural paints put on the red man's face. A wounded Indian, with blood streaming down a face begrimed with charcoal or dust, may have reason to think that peculiar markings left by accident, responsible for more from what looked to be certain death, more natural than for him to put special meaning to these markings and use them the next time he went on a venture that was dangerous?

From blood and charcoal it is an easy step to ferruginous clays which produce browns, yellows and reds. Red chalk and red and yellow ochre are found in many places and are of easy access. Black, micaceous iron, of graphite-like consistency, is found in many places in the mountains, while the carbonates of iron and copper furnish many shades of blue. Green fungus growths are much used, mixed with the white infusorial or chalky earths to make shades of green, tinged into pure white. Sulphuret of mercury, to be found about many mineral springs, especially hot ones, forms an abundant supply of paint, while the juice of the choke cherry makes a beautiful red. In the Dakotas many colors are made from the use of plant juices mixed with earths.

Since the advent of traders among Indians the use of native paint has been almost entirely supplanted by those furnished at the store. There are still some isolated tribes that use their own paints, but these are becoming more rare with each succeeding year. To-day the paint bag, which formerly carried a bit of red chalk and graphite iron, contains a bit of prepared ochre or lampblack, for which probably a hundred times its value has been paid, because the Indian does not like to do even the minimum of labor that is entailed when he gets his own paint.

Strange Tasks of Child Workers



STRANGE tasks are undertaken by child workers, who, the annual report by the Inspector of Factories shows, increased last year by 29,291 to 390,869. Of these 42,613 were "half-timers" under the age of 14 years, and of this number again 23,728 were in Lancashire.

Some of the larger thread manufacturers in England employ large numbers of girls sticking labels on reels, skeins and balls by licking them. Miss Squire, one of the lady inspectors, found in one case forty little girls all licking and moistening the adhesive labels by the mouth. "The usual quantity of labels moistened in this way by each girl is about thirty gross a day; some do more. The elder girls, aged 14 and 15, had many of them been so employed for three years, but the majority had been working for about six months. The tongues of most of them had the polished tip characteristic of label lickers, and the rest of the tongue coated with the brown gum. Many complained of the gum tasting nasty and making them feel sick at times. The surgeon believes that the practice will not be discontinued unless made illegal. The manager said that the licking of labels was universal in that district, and hoped that all firms would be dealt with alike."

From the Hull district it was reported that ladies in charge of hydraulic cranes occasionally work for sixty hours with only a six hours' interval for rest. The number of children employed has considerably increased during the last two years in the weaving trade of Northeast Lancashire, etc. There has been a good deal of discussion among the Operatives' Association as to the advisability of raising the age for employment to 14 years, but they are by no means unanimous on the subject.

From Dundee it is reported that the employment of children for half-time is on the decline, the number under 14 not exceeding 200. In the Nottingham district many irregularities were found in connection with the employment of half-time children.

The report (writes a Sheffield correspondent) shows the evils resulting from dust caused in the grinding of hand and machine forged razors, but the city is fortunately free of grewsome child and baby labor disclosures. The half-timer is practically unknown.

Jute spinners (writes a Dundee correspondent) find difficulty in obtaining spinners, and hence half-timers. The child victims of the system have no other prospect in life than to become millworkers, with the workhouse at the end. Their parents are in receipt of wages so scanty that they are forced to send the children to work in order to augment the family income. The wages paid the elders average ten to twelve shillings per week, while children earn as half-timers four or five shillings. Often the children turn out with little or nothing to eat on account of the improvidence or poverty of the parents.

Post Sep 2
1907

GREAT INDIAN CHIEF.

His Intellect, Will Power, and Physical Strength Have Won Renown.

Tacoma Dispatch to Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

W. H. Gilstrap, secretary of the State Historical Society, has returned from a trip along the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, during which he secured valuable data relating to old Indian tribes that for many centuries made their tribal headquarters and had their hunting and fishing grounds on the straits.

One of the features picked up by the secretary during the trip was the history of How-a-Thlub, hereditary chief at the Neah Bay agency, who, at the age of eighty years, is still hale and hearty, and Mr. Gilstrap declares one of the greatest Indian characters in the Northwest, in the matter of intellect and will power. He also is imposing looking in physical appearance. How-a-Thlub, whom the whites call Peter Brown for short, is the third son of the great chief, He-di-ah-Tah-Wish, a celebrated Indian of bygone days. Tats-Kit, the oldest son of He-di-ah-Tah-Wish, was killed in a battle with the Clallam Indians more than half a century ago. Whay-Lash, the second son, then became chief, and he dying, How-a-Thlub assumed the tribal dignity.

In physical strength and endurance How-a-Thlub, in the days of his prime, showed extraordinary distinction. He is credited with being able to pick up any man who had the hardihood to attempt a wrestling bout with him and throw him over his head. In those days he measured fifty-four inches around the chest, and excelled in woodcraft and in resource in the exigencies of the chase.

In addition to being probably the best hunter of his tribe, his daring and courage on the sea as a whale hunter was celebrated among all the tribes of the Olympic peninsula. In one of the largest canoes ever made by Puget Sound Indians, How-a-Thlub, fifty years ago, with a selected crew of Indian sea hunters, would venture far out on the ocean in pursuit of schools of whales. They rarely returned empty-handed.

In the expeditions How-a-Thlub did the harpoon work, and Secretary Gilstrap was fortunate enough to secure the harpoon which he used in those ancient times, with all its attendant apparatus.

While it is a weapon of primitive character, in the hands of a man having the power of arm of How-a-Thlub it became a terrible menace to a whale, rocking peacefully in the long swells of the ocean. The staff of the harpoon alone is prodigious when it is considered that it is a weapon that must be thrown. It is about sixteen feet long and weighs forty pounds, and Indians who hunted with How-a-Thlub in the old days say that he would throw it anywhere from fifty to seventy-five feet. The long rope attached to the harpoon is made of sinew from the belly of the whale, and is so strong that there would be no possibility of its being broken. As floats to be attached at regular intervals to this harpoon rope, a number of air bags made of sealskins were used. The entire apparatus was turned over by How-a-Thlub to Secretary Gilstrap, and will probably be kept in the city museum or some other depository as examples of the weapons used by the primitive people of the Northwest in whaling.

After the killing of Tats-Kit, How-a-Thlub's brother, by the Clallams, How-a-Thlub, true to traditional usage among the Indians, made a descent upon the Clallams and killed a member of that tribe. The white soldiers were then appealed to, and, going to the straits, arrested How-a-Thlub, who made no resistance, but asked that he be not shackled.

Nevertheless, the soldiers put handcuffs on him. Enraged at their lack of respect for his position as chief, How-a-Thlub, with one wrench of his hands, tore off the manacles and walked off the steamer upon which he had been placed in order to bring him to Steilacoom for trial. He was finally prevailed upon to go peaceably and unbound to Steilacoom, where he was tried and given his liberty. For many years How-a-Thlub has been an Indian policeman of the Neah Bay tribe, and is regarded by the whites as a man of integrity and honor.

STATE HONORS INDIAN

Famous Shoshone Squaw with a Romantic Career.

KNOWN AS THE "BIRD WOMAN"

Monument to Be Placed Over Remains of
"Sacajawea" by State of Wyoming.
Rendered Valuable Aid to Intrepid Ex-
plorers of Lewis and Clark Expedition.
Husband Was a French Scout.

[Sept. 22, 1907]

From the Portland Oregonian.

At the last session of the Wyoming legislature a bill was favorably considered providing for the erection of a monument to cost not less than \$500, on the site of the burial place of Sacajawea, the Shoshone squaw who accompanied the Lewis and Clark Expedition and who rendered invaluable services to the intrepid explorers.

All that remains is to make certain of the exact burial place of Sacajawea. It seems to have been proved, however, that the bird woman is buried not far from Fort Washakie, the present agency of the Shoshone tribe. The Shoshones have remained intact as a tribe, and there are several old Indians who remember Sacajawea, and who have pointed out the pile of rocks that marks her last resting place. Sacajawea was not buried on a scaffold, but, according to all the reliable testimony that has been gathered, the faithful squaw was given a Christian burial by her husband, a French scout, and the pile of rocks over her grave kept her remains secure from the ghoulish coyotes and wolves that infest the plains burial grounds.

Monuments to Her Memory.

When the State of Wyoming thus honors Sacajawea, "the bird woman," will have more monuments than have ever fallen to the lot of any squaw, not excepting Pocahontas. When the Lewis and Clark Expedition was suggested, the part played by Sacajawea in the overland expedition of the white men roused keen interest among the women of the United States. It was proposed by the women of Oregon to erect some memorial to the only woman of that history-making expedition, so Miss Alice Cooper, a Denver sculptor, was commissioned to evolve a suitable monument. The young sculptor evolved a work that has been pronounced a masterpiece, and that awakens the admiration of thousands of tourists who visit Portland. The squaw, with a papoose clinging to her back, is seen pointing at some distant object—just as the Lewis and Clark journal describe the way in which she pointed out many a mountain pass that made travel easy for the explorers. While the memorial at the squaw's grave will not be so costly or imposing as the Portland monument, it will at least afford an appropriate marking place for the grave of this remarkable woman.

Her Romantic Career.

Sacajawea had a most romantic career, which appears in fragmentary chapters in the journals of Lewis and Clark. She was the wife of Chaboneau, who was picked up as a Minnetaree interpreter when the expedition reached that tribe. Sacajawea was a Snake, or Shoshone, Indian. She had been captured by raiding Minnetarees and had been sold as a slave to Chaboneau, who brought her up and later married her. When the expedition left the Minnetarees Chaboneau and Sacajawea were taken along. The captains were fearful of their reception at the hands of the powerful Shoshones, and desired some one to act as an interpreter when that tribe was reached. Sacajawea was taken along for this purpose. She had given birth to a child while the expedition was in the Minnetaree stronghold, but, with customary Indian hardihood, the young mother boldly faced all the perils and hardships of the journey.

Sacajawea's meeting with her own people is thus described in the journals:

"On setting out at 7 o'clock Capt. Clark with Chaboneau and his wife walked on shore, but they had not gone more than a mile before the captain saw Sacajawea, who was with her husband, 100 yards ahead, begin to dance and show every mark of the most extravagant joy, turning round and pointing to several Indians, whom he now saw advancing on horseback, sucking her fingers at the same time to show they were of her native tribe. We soon drew near the camp, and just as we approached a woman made her way through the crowd toward Sacajawea, and, recognizing each other, embraced with the most tender af-

River, and that, on reaching the higher part of the plain, one should see a gap in the mountains, on the course to our canoes, and from that gap a high point of mountain covered with snow."

Struggling over dangerous mountain passes, and shooting rapids in frail canoes, the party was always accompanied by Sacajawea. On the return of the expedition Chaboneau and his wife decided to remain with the Shoshones. The interpreter was paid something like \$500 for his services, but no record is made of paying Sacajawea. The squaw remained among her people to the last, on the plains watered by the Wind River in Wyoming. Here the faithful "Bird Woman" died, and it is only fitting that her grave should be marked as the State of Wyoming has proposed.

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Recognized Her Brother.

After a conference with a chief, Sacajawea was sent for as interpreter, and the journal continues: "She came into the tent, sat down, and was beginning to interpret, when in the person of Camehewait she recognized her brother; she instantly jumped up and ran and embraced him throwing her blanket over him and weeping profusely; the chief was himself moved, though not to the same degree. After some conversation between them she resumed her seat and attempted to interpret for us, but her new situation seemed to overpower her, and she was frequently interrupted by her tears. After the council was finished the unfortunate woman learned that all her family was dead except two brothers, one of whom was absent, and a son of her elder sister, a small boy, who was immediately adopted by her."

The journals pay the highest tribute to the Shoshones as a nation. This powerful tribe, whose friendliness Lewis and Clark especially desired, might not have been so favorably disposed toward the adventurers had it not been for the young Snake woman who accompanied the expedition. But her work as an interpreter was only a small part of the service this remarkable woman rendered Lewis and Clark. Time and again the journals pay tribute to her wonderful memory. As a child she had wandered over much of the wilderness which was then unknown to white men, and she seemed to remember every trail and every pass and every landmark in the wild country through which the expedition traveled. More than once the party would have been halted by apparently impassable barriers, but always Sacajawea came to the rescue and pointed out some pass through which she had traveled in childhood.

Her Wonderful Memory.

After the separation of the party, Sacajawea proceeded with Capt. Lewis along Clark's River, near the Yellowstone. Here is one instance of her wonderful memory, quoted from the journals:

"Along these roads there are also some appearances of old buffalo paths, and some old heads of buffaloes, and as these animals have wonderful sagacity in the choice of their routes, the coincidence of a buffalo with an Indian road was the strongest assurance that it was best. In the afternoon we passed along the hillside, north of the creek, till, in the course of six miles, we entered an extensive level plain. Here the tracks of the Indians scattered so we could no longer pursue them, but Sacajawea recognized the plain immediately. She had traveled it often in her childhood and informed us it was the great resort of the Shoshones who came for the purpose of gathering quamash and cows and taking beaver; and that glade track was a branch of Wisdom

Los Angeles Times, Oct. 11, 1907.



Is It a Cogwheel?

Ancient curio unearthed at Sawtelle.

FROM AWAY BACK.

UNEARTH COGS OF OLDEN TIME.

RARE STONE CURIO DUG UP AT SAWTELLE.

Relic of Ancient Days Is Found
in the Course of Excavations
in the Town by the Soldiers'
Home—Scientists Speculate as to
Its Intended Use.

SAWTELLE, Oct. 10.—A rare relic of ancient America has been unearthed in the Artesian Tract. It consists of a stone in the shape of a cog wheel and was found by George Wiseman, at a depth of four feet. The wheel, which is about five inches in diameter, has a three-inch face and has every evidence of being of great antiquity.

How it came there, by whom used and for what purpose is the question that is proving a puzzle to students of history of early America. Some implements of war and husbandry have been found here in times past, but never before has anything been exhumed that would lead to the conclusion that the early inhabitants of this region were at all versed in anything but the crude arts.

This is the first evidence that the semi-civilized tribes about here had uses for cogged wheels or were versed in even the more crude principles of mechanics.

The generally accepted belief is that the wheel might have been left by the early missionaries, headed by Padre Junipero Serra, who came into the Southern California country from Mexico and while subduing the savages sought also to instruct them in agriculture. The wheel may have been part of a mechanism used for the elevation of water, in some pioneer irrigation project; or have played a part in the grinding of meal or flour.

RECLAMATION.

FINDS WATER
FOR INDIANS.

*Government Officer Here Is
at Head of Task.*

*Engineer Code Helps Make
Ranchers of Redskins.*

*More Than Million Dollars
for This Year's Work.*

Few persons in Los Angeles know that from a room in an office building on South Broadway are issued instructions relative to the entire government irrigation work on the Indian reservations of the West. Under the supervision of Chief Engineer W. H. Code, the occupant of the room, vast projects are being carried on that ultimately will give the dusky-skinned wards of the government incomparable advantages for following the peaceful pursuit of agriculture.

Without cost to the Indians, the Department of the Interior has intelligently outlined its plans for the reclamation of millions of acres included in the reservations of the West. For the present fiscal year, there is available an appropriation of \$1,200,000. Seven years ago \$50,000 was thought ample for similar projects.

Engineer Code works directly under the supervision of James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior. He is responsible for the consummation of the plans approved at Washington. While occasionally to be found in his headquarters in this city, Code is absent much of the year, inspecting work that extends from Montana to Washington in the north, and from Arizona to the southwest line of this State. He says he travels thousands of miles nearly every month and is kept constantly alert to plan the construction work and to see that nothing goes amiss. Even the plans of the most experienced engineers sometimes go wrong. Floods may undermine foundations; laborers may be scarce, materials may be lacking in some particular that threatens the absolute security of a dam or reservoir.

WORK OF RESPONSIBILITY.

The chief engineer, who has so much responsibility on his shoulders, is a man of unassuming manners, but full of his life's work, and intensely devoted to the department he represents. He makes his home in Hollywood, but is seldom able to enjoy the pleasures of suburban life, owing to his frequent calls to field service.

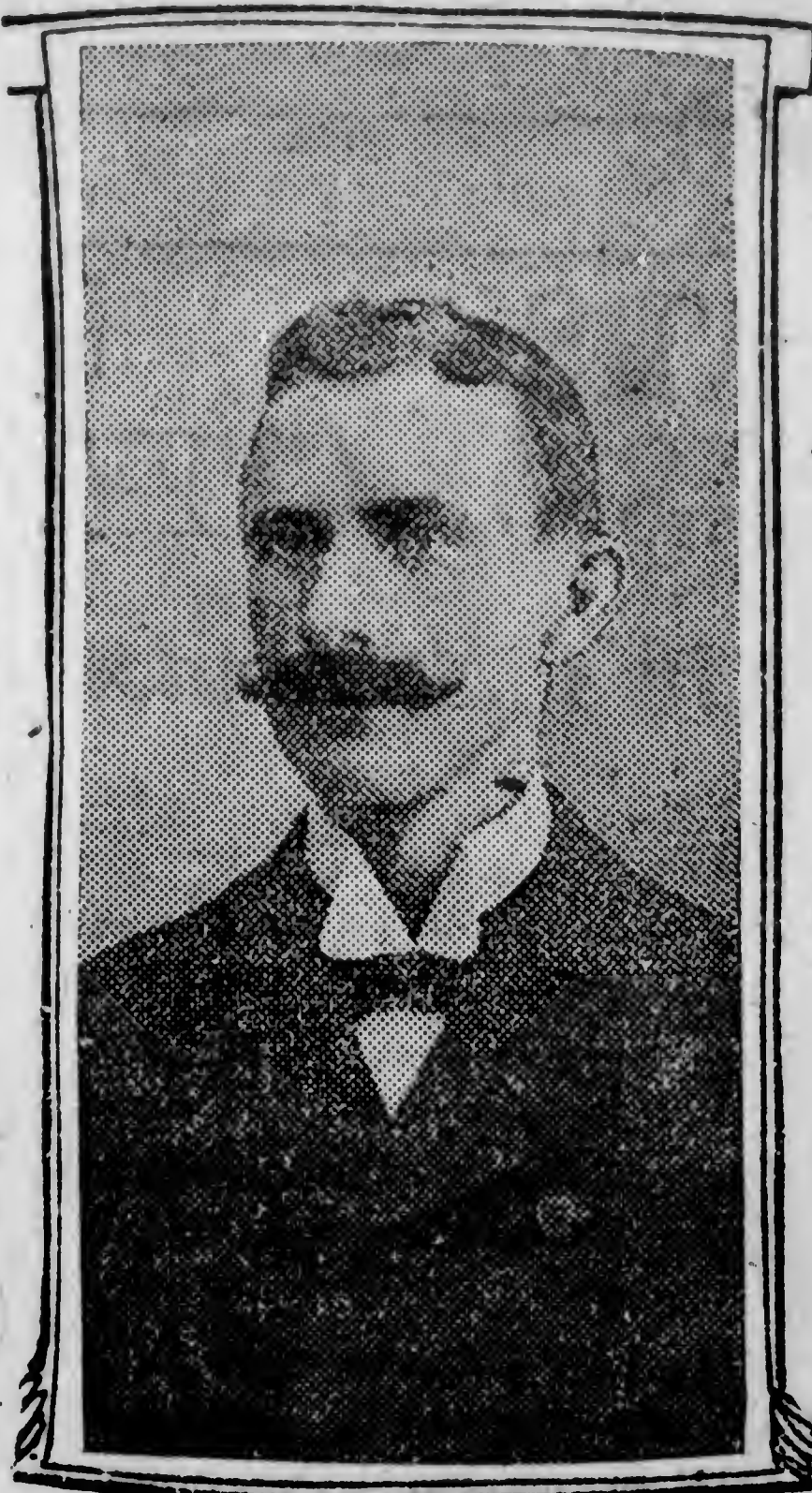
When seen by a Times man yesterday, he stated that he had never before been visited by a newspaper man.

"Our work, while very important, is very technical," said he. "The public probably knows little of this department of the Indian service. But it is one branch of the splendid work inaugurated by the Washington authorities represented by Secretary Garfield and Commissioner of Indian Affairs Francis A. Leupp. Although our work in this State is comparatively small, it nevertheless is very important."

Commissioner Leupp, on his last visit to this city, said the government was gradually giving up its role of paternalism. The present plan is to make the Indians independent. Small farms will be given them outside the reservations, whenever the individual Indian shows he has the capacity for managing a farm without government aid. But most of the Indians will continue on the reservations. One of the great drawbacks in times past has been the lack of water. With the scheme of government reclamation work for the sole benefit of the Indians, it is believed by the authorities that Poor Lo will soon be known as "Rich Lo."

INDIAN FARMER REMOTE.

It doubtless will take years before the Indian becomes a success as a practical farmer, although there today are many instances of his ability in that line. But the government is building for the future, and the projects for transforming desert



W. H. Code,
chief engineer of Indian Irrigation
Service, now located in this city.

seven of such wells, which were installed by the department some five years ago, and to them the Indians of the Cabezon, Torros, Martinez and Alamo Bonito settlements owe their present degree of prosperity.

"In Idaho a project is under way for the irrigation of some 30,000 acres in the Fort Hall reservation, and 12,000 acres in the vicinity of Pocatello, belonging to homesteaders. This work will cost approximately \$600,000.

"The Indian reservations in Montana are among the largest in the West, hence the irrigation works are proportionately large. Nearly \$1,000,000 has been expended in the last twelve years on the Crow reservation, and lateral canal construction is still being carried on. This system is one of the finest in the West, and the Crow Indians furnished both funds and the common labor necessary for its construction.

"The Blackfoot reservation, Montana, will soon be opened, and Congress has made an initial appropriation of \$300,000 for irrigation purposes.

"A canal system, to cost about \$75,000, is being constructed on the Tongue River reservation, Montana, for the benefit of the Northern Cheyenne Indians. This is the tribe that participated in the Custer massacre, and was subsequently banished to the remote reservation named. They are now peacefully following scrapers, performing pick and shovel work and assisting carpenter forces.

SOON OPEN TO PUBLIC.

"The beautiful Flathead reservation also will be opened to the public within a short time, and large irrigation projects are under consideration for this choice section of Montana.

"In Nevada, work is being prosecuted on the construction of an irrigation system on the former Walker River reservation, which will cost approximately \$75,000.

"Surveys and investigations are now being made on the Klamath reservation, Oregon, with a view to expending \$130,000 of tribal moneys in irrigation and drainage canals.

"Congress appropriated \$600,000 for the irrigation of the allotments made to the Ute Indians of the former Uintah reservation. Canals are built as rapidly as the remote section permits of.

"The great Yakima reservation, located in the heart of one of the richest sections in the country, will soon be thrown open to settlement. The engineers of the Indian Service have been engaged for several years in constructing canals for the irrigation of these lands, and, due to a recent act of Congress, whereby the Indian, as well as his white brother, will be allowed to obtain the benefits of the Reclamation Act, it is probable that approximately 75,000 acres of irrigable lands will be reclaimed by means of the large storage reservoirs and canals now under process of construction.

BIG ANNUAL APPROPRIATION.

"For the irrigation of allotments belonging to the Shoshone and Arapahoe

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of his life's work, and intensely devoted to the department he represents. He makes his home in Hollywood, but is seldom able to enjoy the pleasures of suburban life, owing to his frequent calls to field service.

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INDIAN FARMER REMOTE.

It doubtless will take years before the Indian becomes a success as a practical farmer, although there today are many instances of his ability in that line. But the government is building for the future, and the projects for transforming desert wastes into fields of grain and fruit are being worked out for the Indian as well as for the white man.

According to Chief Engineer Code, the recently-inaugurated policy of the government in throwing open to settlement various reservations of the West, has called for large appropriations of money by Congress in order that the water rights of the Indians may be protected through the construction of canal systems for the proper irrigation of their allotments.

"In Arizona, approximately \$500,000 will be expended in furnishing the Pimas on the Gila River Reservation with a proper water supply," said Code yesterday. "This will be obtained by a combination of gravity canals diverting flood waters of the Gila River, supplemented by a number of directly-connected electrically-operated centrifugal pump plants drawing upon the abundant underground supply."

"Arrangements have been perfected whereby the Indians on this reservation will ultimately become members of the Water Users' Association of the Salt River Valley, since they will obtain the necessary electrical power for pumping purposes from the Salt River project, now under process of construction by the Reclamation Service."

WATER SCARCE HERE.

"The California reservations, though small, offer many problems to the engineer whose duty it is to secure the needed water supply. On some of these reservations, nothing short of the rod of Moses could furnish a good head of water for irrigation purposes."

"A small gravity canal system has recently been completed on the Pala Reservation, with the exception of distributing laterals, which are about to be constructed. The main canal, which is cement-lined, has a capacity sufficient for the irrigation of 1000 acres, and ultimately will supply water to the irrigable lands on each side of the San Luis Rey River. The Pala Indians furnished the labor necessary to perform this work, under the supervision and leadership of a few competent white men."

"Investigations are under way on other reservations in this State, with a view to assisting the Indians in obtaining water by the expenditure of moneys from the special appropriation of \$100,000, obtained for the benefit of the Indians of Southern California through the efforts of Senator Frank P. Flint."

"On the Morongo Reservation, near Banning, investigations are under way to determine the feasibility of constructing a pipe line for power purposes, to operate a centrifugal pumping plant for developing a supplemental supply of underground water for irrigation purposes."

"On the Pechanga reservation, near Temecula, the Indians will be furnished with a domestic water supply, either by means of water piped from springs on the reservation, or by bored wells."

WELLS FOR INDIO COUNTRY.

"Additional artesian wells are contemplated for the several reservations near Indio. There are now twenty-

ing pick and shovel work and assisting carpenter forces.

SOON OPEN TO PUBLIC.

"The beautiful Flathead reservation also will be opened to the public within a short time, and large irrigation projects are under consideration for this choice section of Montana."

"In Nevada, work is being prosecuted on the construction of an irrigation system on the former Walker River reservation, which will cost approximately \$75,000."

"Surveys and investigations are now being made on the Klamath reservation, Oregon, with a view to expending \$130,000 of tribal moneys in irrigation and drainage canals."

"Congress appropriated \$600,000 for the irrigation of the allotments made to the Ute Indians of the former Uintah reservation. Canals are built as rapidly as the remote section permits of."

"The great Yakima reservation, located in the heart of one of the richest sections in the country, will soon be thrown open to settlement. The engineers of the Indian Service have been engaged for several years in constructing canals for the irrigation of these lands, and, due to a recent act of Congress, whereby the Indian, as well as his white brother, will be allowed to obtain the benefits of the Reclamation Act, it is probable that approximately 75,000 acres of irrigable lands will be reclaimed by means of the large storage reservoirs and canals now under process of construction."

BIG ANNUAL APPROPRIATION.

"For the irrigation of allotments belonging to the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians, on the Wind River reservation, Wyoming, Congress is making special annual appropriations of approximately \$150,000 toward the building of a system which will cost about \$700,000."

"In New Mexico on the Zuni reservation, the government is constructing a large combination loose-rock and hydraulic-earth-fill dam for the purpose of creating a reservoir for storing the flood waters of the Zuni River. The maximum height of this dam is seventy feet above the stream channel, and its length on top approximately 500 feet. The common labor entering into its construction has been chiefly Indian to date, the Navajo, Zuni and Pueblo tribes furnishing the greater proportion of men."

"This character of construction requires that the Indians be taught to work with derrick and hoisting engines, operate steam drills, perform concrete mixing and trench excavation, and become more or less familiar with the hydraulic process of depositing the earth fill comprising the upstream portion of the dam. This work of the Indians is, of course, conducted under the supervision of a competent engineer and foreman, assisted by a sprinkling of skilled white labor. J. B. Harper is the engineer in direct charge of the work, and at different periods during its construction James D. Schuyler of this city and W. H. Saunders of the Reclamation Service have visited the works in the capacity of consulting engineers."

MRS. BURNS SUCCUMBS.

One of the Victims of Gasoline Explosion Dies and Life of Other in Balance.

Mrs. James P. Burns died at the California Hospital yesterday morning from burns received in the gasoline explosion and fire at the St. Lawrence apartments, St. James Park, Friday evening, in which her housemaid also was injured. During the night and early morning the agony of Mrs. Burns became so intense that she was put under an anesthetic. She died while under its influence.

Funeral services will be held from the Cunningham & O'Conner undertaking parlors, but final arrangements have not as yet been completed.

Miss Charlotte Lilleblade, the maid, is at the California Hospital in a critical condition. The physicians say she has practically no chance for recovery.

New Town of Corcoran.

Kings county, Cal., now on sale, surrounded by several hundred thousand acres highly productive land, proven unsurpassed for sugar beets, alfalfa, vineyards and fruit, in one of the best-watered sections of the State. One of the finest fire-proof beet-sugar factories now being built there by Pacific Sugar Company. Right in the path of prosperity. Investigate now.

Security Land and Loan Company, owners. Newport & Milner, general agents, 357 South Spring street.

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PERSECUTED?

SQUAW CRIES FOR HER TOTS.

*In Jail for Liquor Selling,
Says It's Plot.*

*Declares She Is Scapegoat
for Guilty One.*

*Pitiful Story, but One Jury
Disbelieved Her.*

If Maria Gracia Renglara, an Indian squaw, who is grieving herself sick at the County Jail, tells the same story to the Federal grand jury that she tells to her jailers, there is apt to be a small sensation.

She has been in jail for six weeks on a charge of selling liquor to the In-



Maria Gracia Renglara.

dians of the Saboba reservation near San Jacinto, but she claims she has been locked up to be a scapegoat for an Indian who has a "pull" with the agency.

Whatever the truth may be, the confinement seems to be breaking her heart. She says she has four little children at Saboba. She doesn't know what has become of them, into whose hands they have fallen, or what they may be suffering. She had no family to take them to when she was arrested.

Word has come to her that one of her children—a boy—is critically ill. She can't find out whether he is getting better or getting worse.

The officers at the jail say she cries all the time. She makes no complaint, but as she helps about the woman's ward, they see the tears rolling down her cheeks. As she tells what she claims to be the true story of her arrest, she cannot keep back the tears. Her work-worn fingers keep constantly

BISHOP'S CUP CHOCOLATE

Put a cup of boiling water and a cake of "Cup Chocolate" by the children's breakfast plate—and they can prepare their own hot drink—and a most nourishing one.

Contains both the milk and sugar. Buy from your grocer.

BISHOP COMPANY

1000 Cords of Gum Wood

We have grown, carefully cut and seasoned this wood, which we offer you now at a low price.

Understand this isn't "old storage" wood. It's the best you ever saw.

DIAMOND COAL CO.

235 W. Third St. Both Phones Ex. 315

reservation. He says she has a bad reputation in the tribe.

At the time of the arrest, she was complaining witness against another Indian whom she accused of selling liquor and the jury acquitted the defendant in five minutes at San Jacinto. The story of Maria was believed by the jury to have been manufactured by Ramos and herself. McCormick knows nothing about Lachoosa, but upholds the course of Indian Agent Wright in his method of dealing with the liquor selling during fiesta.

If Maria repeats her story about the Indian policemen to the grand jury, however, there is bound to be an investigation. All those who have seen her in jail have been touched by her pitiful distress over her children. She has the typical Indian eyes—deep and sorrowful and pleading, like those of a dog, and her gentle brown face wet with tears is not a cheerful picture.



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"I live at Saboba," she says, in Spanish. "I have no husband to help me, and I have to get my living for myself and my children. I have a little patch of ground where I raise things, and in the season I pick oranges for the ranchers.

"The first day of the fiesta at Saboba, I left my ramada just after sunset, traveling in company with Joe Ramos, a friend, who sometimes helps me plow my little patch of ground. We arrived at the fiesta about 10 or 11 o'clock at night. They were then dancing.

RAMOS TREATS, SHE DRINKS.

"We unhooked the horses from the wagon, and Joe and I went to the ramada of a man named Antonio Lachoosa, and had a drink, Joe treating me. We drank brandy. Lachoosa has been secretly selling liquor out there for a long time. He never gets arrested, though, as he has influence.

"While we were at the dancing, an American named Ahund asked Joe if there wasn't any place he could get a drink. Joe told him about Lachoosa and guided him there and treated him to a drink. We all drank at that time.

"The dancing went on all night. About 8 o'clock in the morning, I invited Joe to come over to my house for breakfast and we were about to hitch up the horses when Lachoosa appeared and invited me to come with him and get a drink.

"As it was then daylight, we could not take the drink openly. I followed him to his uncle's house. We went around behind the house and Lachoosa pulled out a white bottle from the inside of his shirt. He first took a drink and then gave the bottle to me.

"Just as I carried it to my lips, two Indian policemen rushed in and seized us. They seemed aghast when they saw that it was Lachoosa whom they had caught; he is a relative by marriage of one of the Indian police.

"They asked me where I got the bottle and I pointed to Lachoosa and told them he had just treated me from the bottle. The policemen then withdrew for a consultation. Presently they came back to me and proposed that I lay the blame of the liquor giving onto Dolores Arieto, an elderly man, who lives on the reservation. He is well to do, having saved much money from his earnings.

WOULDN'T SHIFT BLAME.

"One of the policemen told me that he would be a witness for me if I would free Lachoosa and lay the blame onto Dolores Arieto. I refused and they took me from my children and locked me up."

Maria says she was confined for seven days at the jail at Saboba and has been over six weeks in jail here. All the other Indians who were arrested at the same time have long since been let loose and allowed to go free. Maria has been held over to the Federal grand jury.

Deputy United States District-Attorney A. I. McCormick said last night that the government believes this woman has been selling liquor for a long time to the other Indians on the

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEF DEAD.

Information has been received from Maddock Station, up the Big Klickitat river, that the old retired Chief Sta-hi had died at the age of ninety-two. It is related that fifty years ago he ruled the opulent Wah-kia-cus tribe of the Klickitats, and at that time he had great bands of ponies that roamed over what are now the famous wheat fields of Horseshoe Bend. Some years back he let the mantle of chief fall to his younger half-brother, Skookum Wala-hee, who is now the "apple king" of the Big Klickitat valley. The chief came from a long-lived family. His father is said to have lived to be 120 years old, while the mother passed the 100 mark. Sta-hi was peaceable to all early settlers, but he was a noted warrior in the tribal wars of the Indians. It was Sta-hi who aided the late "Father" Wilbur, agent at Fort Simco, in the capture of the arrant Chief Ska-mi-ah and 100 braves in war paint, who were indulging in a war dance at the Tumwater fisheries near the Dalles, in the time of the Cayuse war of 1878.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer. [Nov. 1, 1907]

HIS BLUE EYES CAUSE TROUBLE

Because of Students' Taunts an Indian Youth Deserts the Sherman School.

LOS ANGELES, November 2.—Because he had blue eyes not at all in harmony with other characteristics of a real red man, Willie Salazar, an Indian youth is locked up in the city jail with a probation officer watching over him, after having fled from the Sherman Indian Institute at Riverside. Willie relates a story of how all the other full-blooded Indian students, Sioux, Navajo, Apache and the others, singled him out because of his blue eyes and made it too hot for him to stay. He alleges that they jeered at him, derided, shunned and isolated him, even beat him and told him he was not a real Indian. Blue eyes, he says were his constant badge of disgrace, and rendered him a regular pariah in Sherman. After enduring it for some time he fled from the college and returned to the home of his aunt in Oxnard.

A probation officer got him there and returned him to Los Angeles, where he is being held in jail awaiting his disposition. Officers think they will not return him to Sherman. He is an orphan.

St. Charles, Nov. 3, 1907.

GREAT INDIAN CHIEF

His Intellect, Will Power and Physical Strength Have Won Renown.

W. H. Gilstrap, secretary of the State Historical Society, has returned from a trip along the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, during which he secured valuable data relating to old Indian tribes that for many centuries made their tribal headquarters and had their hunting and fishing grounds on the straits.

One of the features picked up by the secretary during the trip was the history of How-a-Thlub, hereditary chief at the Noah Bay agency, who, at the age of 80 years, is still hale and hearty, and Mr. Gilstrap declares one of the greatest Indian characters in the Northwest, in the matter of intellect and will power. He also is imposing looking in physical appearance. How-a-Thlub, whom the whites call Peter Brown for short, is the third son of the great chief, He-di-ah-Tah-Wish, a celebrated Indian of bygone days. Tats-Kit, the oldest son of He-di-ah-Tah-Wish, was killed in a battle with the Clallam Indians more than a half century ago. Whay-Lash, the second son, then became chief, and he dying, How-a-Thlub assumed the tribal dignity.

In physical strength and endurance, How-a-Thlub, in the days of his prime, showed extraordinary distinction. He is credited with being able to pick up any man who had the hardihood to attempt a wrestling bout with him and throw him over his head. In those days he measured fifty-four inches around the chest, and excelled in woodcraft and in resource in the exigencies of the chase.

In addition to being probably the best hunter of his tribe, his daring and courage on the sea as a whale hunter was celebrated among all the tribes of the Olympic peninsula. In one of the largest canoes ever made by Puget Sound Indians, How-a-Thlub, fifty years ago, with a selected crew of Indian sea hunters, would venture far out on the ocean in pursuit of schools of whales. They rarely returned empty-handed.

In the expeditions How-a-Thlub did the harpoon work, and Secretary Gilstrap was fortunate enough to secure the harpoon which he used in those ancient times, with all its attendant apparatus.

While it is a weapon of primitive character, in the hands of a man having the power of arm of How-a-Thlub it became a terrible menace to a whale, rocking peacefully in the long swells of the ocean. The staff of the harpoon alone is prodigious when it is considered that it is a weapon that must be thrown. It is about sixteen feet long and weighs forty pounds, and Indians who hunted with How-a-Thlub in the old days say that he would throw it anywhere from fifty to seventy-five feet. The long rope attached to the harpoon is made of sinew from the belly of the whale, and is so strong that there would be no possibility of its being broken.

As floats to be attached at regular intervals to this harpoon rope, a number of air bags, made of sealskins, were used. The entire apparatus was turned over by How-a-Thlub to Secretary Gilstrap, and will probably be kept in the city museum or some other depository as examples of the weapons used by the primitive people of the northwest in whaling.

After the killing of Tats-Kit, How-a-Thlub's brother, by the Clallams, How-a-Thlub, true to traditional usage among the Indians, made a descent upon the Clallams and killed a member of that tribe. The white soldiers were then appealed to, and, going to the straits, arrested How-a-Thlub, who made no resistance, but asked that he be not shackled.

Nevertheless, the soldiers put handcuffs on him. Enraged at their lack of respect for his position as chief, How-a-Thlub, without wench of his hands, tore off the manacles and walked off the steamer upon which he had been placed in order to bring him to Stellacoom for trial. He was finally prevailed upon to go peaceably and unbound to Stellacoom, where he was tried and given his liberty. For many years How-a-Thlub has been an Indian policeman of the Noah Bay tribe, and is regarded by the whites as a man of integrity and honor.—Seattle Post Intelligence

Indians of South Must Hustle Now

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 23.—With the protecting arm of the United States government removed, the 1,500 Indians of the Mission and Tule river Indian agency in Tulare and Riverside counties today, for the first time, found themselves dependent on their own resources for support. Heretofore the government has supplied them with agricultural implements, seed and other supplies.

The order that brought about the change is the same that has caused Indians on various reservations throughout the United States to rebel and in some instances to make warlike demonstrations, but little apprehension is felt that the Missions or the Tulare Rivers will complain. Many of the Mission Indians are prosperous ranchers and others are employed as laborers on ranches. Most of them have lost the old tribal spirit.

But the reservation lands, in many instances, are poorly adapted to ranching and it is feared by some that the Indians will have a hard time in caring for themselves, although they say they are glad to be free from the little restraint that in the past has held them

S.F. Call. Nov. 24, 1907.

Renegade Redskins Are Suspected of Murder

S.F. Call. Nov. 24, 1907

Killing of Two Prospectors Is Believed to Have Been Done by Desert Indians

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE CALL
GOLDFIELD, Nov. 23.—A band of desert Indians infesting the country south west of Silver peak and having a rendezvous in Fish lake valley are believed to be the murderers of Barney Griffin and Jim Connors, two prospectors who were found dead near the new camp, Stimler. Justice Henley and Under Sheriff Bart Knight returned by auto from the scene of the tragedy this evening and said there was strong reason to believe that the men met death at the hands of the outlaw redskins.

From a number of Plutes and Shoshones living in that section nothing could be learned, although several mounted Indians, heavily armed were seen in the neighborhood on the day of the killing. Hoof marks of unshod horses near the bodies lend color to this theory.

Griffin was shot over the right eye, the ball penetrating the head, while the bullet that killed Connors entered the body, breaking the spine. The camp of the men had been destroyed and their pack burros and mining tools stolen.

Posses from Silver Peak and Goldfield are searching for the outlaws.

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*Evening
Telegraph
Philadelphia*

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MRS. JEREMIAH CURTIN TO FINISH HUSBAND'S WORK S.F. call - Dec. 7, 1907 She Also Will Write Book on the Indians of California

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE CALL
MILWAUKEE, Dec. 6.—Mrs. Jeremiah Curtin, widow of the famous writer and translator, told today of her plans to complete the work which her husband, who was born in Milwaukee, left unfinished at the time of his death in Vermont in 1906. Mrs. Curtin had just finished reading a proof of one of the three unfinished books, "The Mongols," to be out about December 15. President Roosevelt wrote the preface. The other two are "The Mongols in Russia" and "Mongol Religion and Myths."

A trip around the world was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Curtin in 1900. They penetrated countries in which white women had never before been seen. Mrs. Curtin talks interestingly of the trip through Siberia in 1900 in study of the Mongols. After leaving Milwaukee Mrs. Curtin will go to Los Angeles for the winter.

"But I will not be idle," said she. "Mr. Curtin left a vast collection of facts on the Indians of California, and I will write a book on their customs, religion and myths."

Wash. Star - Dec. 15, 1907. How Cherokee Se-qua-yah Invented an Alphabet

Special Correspondence of The Star.

MULROE, I. T., December 12, 1907.

Of the 756 different languages or dialects spoken by as many different tribes or nations of Indians from the time when there was not a white man on the American continent until the present only one nation—that of the Cherokees—has a written or printed language. It requires twenty-six letters to write or express the English language, while those of the Cherokees run to eighty-seven, many of them being formed exactly like the English.

The story of the invention of this alphabet is one full of interest and is furnished by Mr. W. T. Whitaker, founder of the Whitaker Orphan Home. It is known that when the Cherokees occupied a large portion of North Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee there was in the tribe one buck who was regarded as especially dull and lazy. This was Se-qua-yah. He took no pleasure in the chase for game, seldom had the bow and arrow and the warwhoop had no fascination for him. In the dances which filled the hearts of the braves he took no part; but he was good-natured and kind, although he had the appearance of being burdened with some deep and hidden sorrow. His peculiar actions could not be understood by his fellows. He was regarded as of unsound mind—as Indians would say, "Head heap go round." When not assisting his squaw around the wigwam he was in the woods alone.

By and by there came to Se-qua-yah's home a little girl babe, and there shone a new light in the queer Indian's eyes upon her advent. The little one was named Oo-he-chae, which means "has arrived" or "been given." As the child advanced in years the father became more and more devoted, and would spend hours with her in the woods, returning to the wigwam only when the face of the Great Spirit—the sun—had gone down behind the mountains now called the Blue Ridge. Se-qua-yah was not idle while spending his time in the woods. While listening to the prattle of his child, the notes of the feathered songsters and the barkings of the squirrels the mind of the Indian was solving a problem which none of his people had ever been able to solve, and which was to lift them from ignorance to intelligence and Christianity.

*
* *

Years rolled by and still the Indian was in the woods cutting queer-looking characters on pieces of bark stripped from poplar trees. As each character was finished he would sit down and teach Oo-he-chae, who had grown to the age of perhaps fifteen years, how to pronounce it.

When eighty-seven characters had been cut or as many pieces of bark Se-qua-yah declared his work finished, and told Oo-he-chae that they would talk with "mouth open." It was not long before the two could put words and sentences together by cutting the characters on bark, and then Se-qua-yah told his people what he could do. This, of course, they doubted, but he proved it by sitting on a large rock many miles away from his daughter and receiving and sending messages. For many moons hundreds of Indians gathered to see the wonderful Indian and his work, and at first both father and daughter were regarded as evil spirits. Eventually other Indians were taught the characters, and when it became common his people realized that Se-qua-yah was indeed a great man.

After a few years Se-qua-yah conceived the idea of printing a newspaper, the first publication being called the Cherokee Phoenix. After the Cherokees were tramped over the dirt road to their present home the paper was revived and is still published. It is called the Cherokee Advocate, and, while first printed in all Cherokee, is now issued in both Cherokee and English. This paper has been a great educator, and is often referred to as Se-qua-yah's paper.

*
* *

There are many Cherokee's now living who still remember Se-qua-yah, whose English name was Guess. This was his given name, for a full-blood Indian has no surname. When Se-qua-yah located in the present Cherokee nation he built him a log cabin in a district which is now called Se-qua-yah in his honor. This same rude log cabin stands today about eight miles from this place, and the Indians point it out as a place of historic interest. Se-qua-yah was unquestionably the greatest man his nation ever produced. He was paid a liberal annual pension up to the time of his death and his widow received the pension until she passed away.

The Cherokees are the most enlightened of all nations of Indians, and until a few years ago were the richest people on earth, when the Osages took first place in wealth, receiving annually from the government about \$400 per capita. But they are lazy and shiftless and have little to show for their vast wealth. The Cherokees are thrifty and progressive, a majority of them following agricultural pursuits and cattle raising. They manage to keep the government deeply in their debt, being paid about \$80,000 every quarter.

THE INDIAN'S VIEW OF IT

A distinguished army officer tells a story on himself which relates to the days when he was a young lieutenant in the far West and a good many years ago. He was of a party who had gone to see the Indians at Spokane Falls. Among the redskins was Chief Moses, who was fairly well educated and spoke capital English. The young lieutenant addressed Chief Moses in the Indian tongue, saying: "Moses, I have often heard of you and I have seen your picture and your name in the newspapers, but I have never before seen you," and, offering his hand, added: "I am glad to meet you." Moses scanned him from head to foot, and as the young man stood with outstretched hand the lengthening silence and stolidity of the chief were becoming painful when old Moses at last and with great deliberation, said in English: "Young man, I have never heard of you before and I have never seen your picture or your name in the newspapers but," he added lightly, "nevertheless I am glad to see you." and accepted his hand.

STRANGE INDIAN NAMES.

Civilization Hasn't Altered the Red Man's Fondness for Odd Titles.

From the New York Sun.

However rapidly the Indian is traveling the path of civilization, it is plain from a casual reading of the notices in the South Dakota newspapers of inherited Indian lands for sale that their names do not change. In one of these advertisements appear the following:

Edward Snow Boy, Emily Crow Dog, Joseph Red Leaf, Little Bird, R. Spotted Eagle, Lob Long Ear, Lizzie Lone Bull, Jonah Iron Whip, Samuel Four Star, John Omaha, Julia Humming Bird, J. Pretty Feather, Jonah One Elk, R. Crazy Eyes, Lizzie Long Ear, Medicine Horn, Feather-in-the-Ear, Cecilia Curly Feather, Robert Kill Bear.

Probably a fourth of these Indian heirs bear the names of white fathers. Half a century ago a colony of Frenchmen settled in the vicinity of the Mandans and Brule Sioux, and nearly every one of them married an Indian. Their progeny are represented by such names as Picotte, Archambeau, Arconge, DeFond, Brunot, Dezera, Tasagye, Bruyer. Descendants of these Frenchmen own great tracts of land and many cattle in the northwest.

Many of the Indians still retain their old form of name. From another advertisement come these: Sunkakokipapi, Iwan-kemwastwin, Cuncagewokanna, Ouncage-topawain, Wawoklyewin, Pejutatowin, Yakocoarawin and the like.

GENTLE ART OF SCALPING.

A Puritan "Heroine" Won Money Slaying Women and Children.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

The scalping of enemies seems to have been a practice rather uncommon in America up to the advent of the European. According to a statement by George Friederici, in the annual of the Smithsonian Institution, it was the whites who really popularized this engaging pursuit. Previously, he asserts, all the Indians on this continent had been head hunters.

The white man not only offered prizes of money for scalps, establishing a regular market for them, but furnished knives suitable for the purpose, vastly more efficient than the knives of shell, of stone, and of fish tooth, which had been up to that time the best obtainable by the untutored aborigines. The scalping knife, shaped usually like a butcher knife, soon became a familiar article of merchandise, commonly sold by traders.

As far back as 1637 the Puritans of New England (scalping being as yet unknown in that part of the country) offered bounties for the heads of hostile Indians, large numbers of which were brought in and duly paid for.

Forty years after the colony of Connecticut advertised for both heads and scalps, and in July, 1675, the "heroine," Hannah Dustin, received \$250 and "many expressions of thanks" for eight scalps which she had taken with her own hands, two of them being those of women and six of children.

Subsequently, when, in the last decade of the seventeenth century, the English

fought the French, both sides sought and paid for each other's scalps. In 1755 Gen. Braddock guaranteed his soldiers and Indians \$25 for every trophy of the kind taken from the enemy, and nine years later Gov. Penn, for the colony of Pennsylvania, offered \$134 for every scalp of an Indian warrior and \$50 for every scalp of a slain squaw.

During the Revolution scalping was freely practiced on both sides, the English paying from \$8 to \$15 apiece for them as a rule. Such methods of warfare have long been abandoned by civilized countries, yet in the middle of the nineteenth century the legislatures of the North Mexican States offered \$100 for every scalp of a male Apache, \$50 for that of a female, and \$25 for that of every Indian child.

This state of affairs continued, indeed, well into the eighties, the bounties for scalps being raised as high as \$500 for those of hostile warriors. Such prices naturally attracted the attention of adventurers, who formed themselves into scalp-hunting bands, and, as far back as 1845, the leader of one of these marauding parties, whose name was Kirker, achieved such success, through the surprise of an Indian camp and the massacre of all ages and sexes, that the treasuries of Sonora and Chihuahua were able to pay him only a part of the scalp money due him.

The Truth for Once.

From the Chicago News.

The resolute parent stood with the uplifted slipper.

"Johnny," he exclaimed, sternly, "this hurts me more than it does you."

And for once the resolute parent was right. The slipper was two sizes too small for him and he had six corns and a bunion.

CHIEF TWO MOONS' STORY OF THE FATEFUL DAY WHEN CUSTER'S MEN MET DEATH.

Wash. Star - Jan. 18, 1908.

THE first time I saw Chief Two Moons he was pointed out to me in a dance tent, while the Crow Indian fair was at its height last fall, at Crow agency, Montana. Ragged and unkempt, and showing the poverty that is breaking the heart of his great tribe, Two Moons sat unmoved while the tom-toms were sounding and the Crows and Sioux were mingling in the "owl dance." Around him were grouped a few Cheyenne braves, veterans of many a hard battle with white soldiers. All were ragged and poverty stricken in appearance, like their leader, but, proud and reserved, they sat apart from the festivities. Like most of the Cheyennes, the retainers of Two Moons were small of stature, their chieftain towering above them like a giant, yet our soldiers unite in declaring that these little Indians are like the Japanese—veritable demons in playing the fighting game, and the bravest of all the plains tribes.

Next morning I called on Two Moons, finding him in a ragged tent in the part of the camp ground pre-empted by the Cheyennes, 1,600 of whom had trekked over from the northern Cheyenne reservation to partake of the hospitality of the Crows. Entering the tent, I found the chieftain surrounded by the same retainers, who had grouped themselves about him the night before. A handshake all around, a few pulls at the long pipe that was being circulated, and under the magic of the sweet-smelling kinnikinnick, which the Indians still smoke in lieu of tobacco, Two Moons' heart was opened and his tongue loosened.

In answer to a question, he gave me the briefest and most significant story of the Custer fight.

"Big fight," said Two Moons, who talks little English, and who is under a heavy handicap in the absence of an interpreter. "Lots of Indians. Get around soldiers, so. Pretty soon, all gone—so."

To illustrate his description he had formed a circle with his hands, and then he passed one hand over the other to demonstrate how rapidly the fatal circle about Custer was closed.

A little later, with the interpreter present, the great chieftain of the fighting Cheyennes stood on the brow of Custer hill, the central point in one of the most awe-inspiring panoramas in the west. Two Moons is nearly blind, but when directions and locations had been pointed out to him he was living over again a scene that must be indelibly impressed on his memory. Every detail of the battlefield seems to be stamped on his mind as freshly as on that fatal June day in 1876 when the allied tribes slaughtered every one of the men under Custer. Standing on the brow of the hill, where the white headstones stretch toward the Little Big Horn from the great granite monument, Two Moons told of the Custer battle from the standpoint of one of the principal actors. In effect his story was as follows:

"We Cheyennes were down there," pointing to the south, and thereby indicating that the Cheyenne braves must have occupied the lower part of the big camp which Custer intended to strike from the north while Reno attacked from the south. "We were not looking for the white soldiers up here. They got between

us and our horses before we saw them, and our squaws' yelling told us what had happened. We jumped on any horses we could get and attacked. The Sioux were attacking from the north. One bunch of soldiers had black horses, another had gray horses, and one had red (sorrel) horses. The black-horse men dismounted down there (pointing along the ridge toward the place where Keogh and his men made their last stand). We killed lots of

them, and pretty soon they were all gone. The gray-horse men fell back along the ridge. (Evidently this was the group with Custer, who fell near the end of the ridge.) Pretty soon they were all gone, too. The red-horse men were the last to be killed. They had dismounted on the other side of the ridge (pointing where the ridge slopes to the north from the monument.) Some of them tried to get away by running toward the river, but we killed them all. One got far off, but we got him, too." (This would explain the finding of bodies far down the slope toward the position of the camp in the Little Big Horn bottoms. Some military experts have maintained that these were skirmishers, thrown out ahead of the main body of Custer's men.) As he stood on the brow of the ridge,

with the Custer monument behind him, and surrounded by the white headstones and the big cross that denotes where the white chief and his bodyguard fell, Two Moons made an impressive spectacle. His face was lighted with the enthusiasm of battle, and he did not seem like the same silent, reserved Indian who sat like a bronze statue in the dance tent of the Crows.

It is estimated that there were 1,000 lodges in the Indian camp along the bottoms of the Little Big Horn river. This means that there were from 4,000 to 6,000 Indians, probably half of whom were able-bodied fighting men—the best in the history of Indian warfare. The Indians consisted of Sioux and Cheyennes, under such

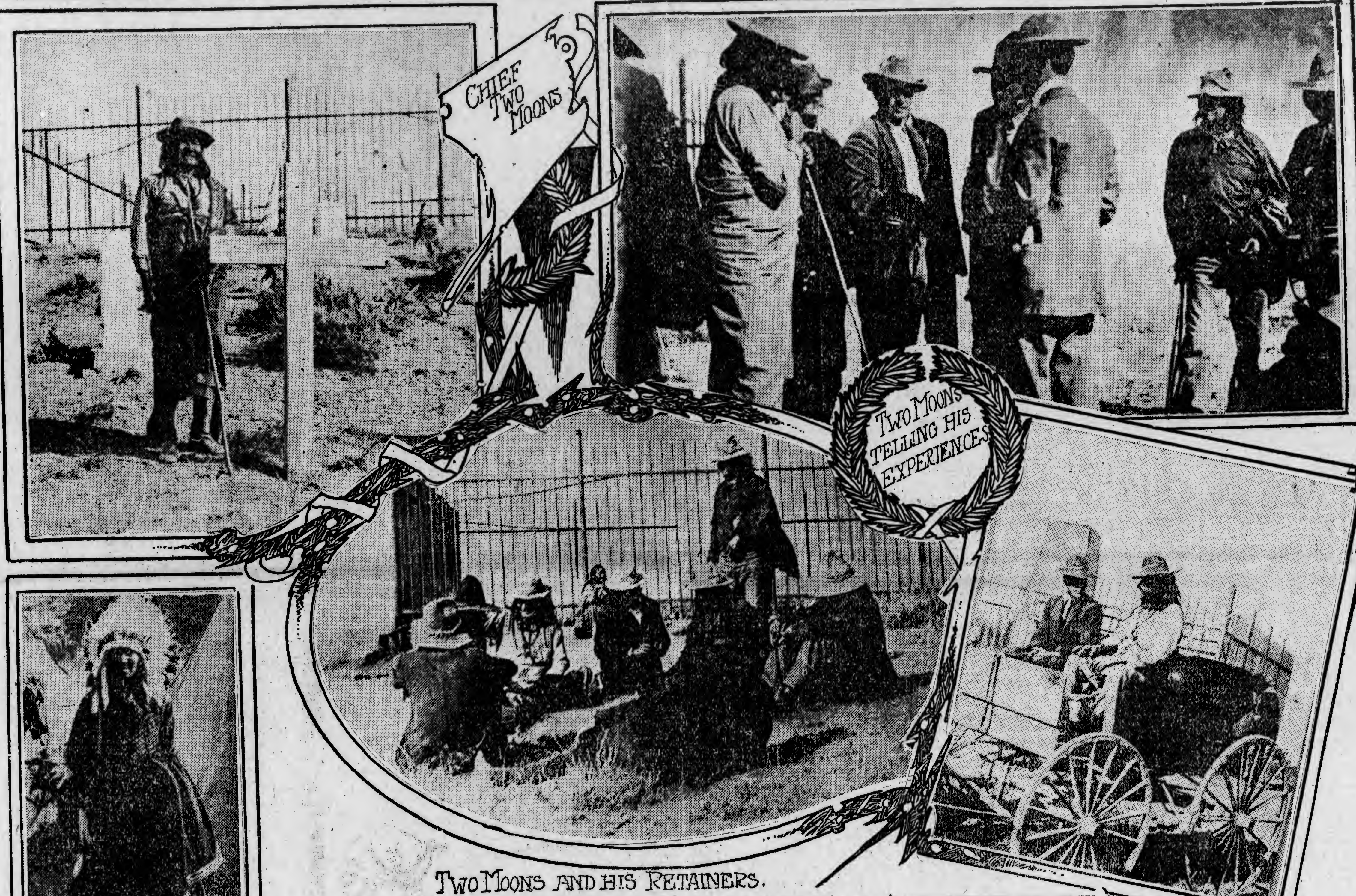
leaders as Gall, Crazy Horse, Rain-in-the-Face and Two Moons. Crazy Horse and his Sioux were with the Cheyennes. Every brave in this great camp was a veteran, as all the faint-hearts in both tribes had been left on the reservations, content to draw their rations and abide by the peace treaty. The allied fighters represented the determined spirits among the plains tribes—men who preferred the hardships and dangers of the warpath to a life of ease under the white man's dominion.

Gen. Custer had divided his regiment into three detachments, two of them, under Reno and Benteen, to attack from the south and west, while Custer, with Troops C, E, F, I and L, swept around to the east and north and surprised the Indians at the rear of the camp.

Reno's desperate plight is well known.

TWO MOONS ON CUSTER HILL.

He found himself confronted by a large and determined body of savage fighters, and was beaten back to the bluffs, where he remained, not daring to change his position for fear of annihilation. Only the fact that he was joined by Benteen saved him from Custer's fate. Reno heard the firing that denoted Custer's engagement, and has been criticised for not going to the aid of his commander. But a person who looks over the Custer battlefield and



TWO MOONS AND HIS RETAINERS.

WHITE POWDER.

bears from the Indians how advantageously the red men were situated, and how eager they were for battle, cannot see where any censure of Reno is justified in this particular. His men would have been wiped out had they tried a march over the barren hills to Custer's aid, as the plains were fairly alive with hostile Indians seeking more of the divided white forces to slay.

From Two Moons' account of the battle it is evident that the Cheyennes and the Sioux under Crazy Horse must have engaged Keogh (the troop with the black horses) at the opening of the battle. Then the rest of the troops, scattered along the ridge as the chieftain described, met their fate. Keogh and his men were found as they had fallen. There is a little cluster of white headstones about the cross that shows where Keogh fell. From this cluster, toward the monument on top of the ridge, extends a long, straight line of headstones. This shows that Keogh's men fell while in line of battle.

Miles Keogh, who opposed Two Moons in this grim tragedy of the plains, was the oldest soldier in the 7th. He had been an officer in the Papal Zouaves in early life, and had a fine record in the civil war. Discipline was his hobby, and he and his troop must have died gloriously. Keogh's horse, Comanche, was found several days after the battle, badly wounded. The animal's life was saved, and he was the pet of the 7th Regiment for many years.

Since the day of the fight Two Moons had not revisited the scene of Custer's last stand until the day he told his story to the writer of this article. The old chief lives with the remnant of his tribe on a barren reservation in Montana. Their land is too poor to farm successfully, yet, under the present policy of the government, most of their rations have been cut off. Today the Cheyennes are ragged and miserable. But the spirit within them is proud, and, in the words of a man who has lived among them, "If they had weapons and horses they would be on the warpath today." Two Moons, owing to his blindness, lost his ascendancy among the Cheyennes; but he is still the "big chief" to the few survivors of the fight on the Little Big Horn, and is looked upon with reverence by the few remaining veterans of this great fighting tribe.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

How to Get Poor.

From Success Magazine.

Do not try. It is too much. In savings much. In sun po.

ORDERS INDIAN TO PAY \$40 A MONTH ALIMONY

The domestic troubles of Francis La Flesche, the Indian Government clerk, who was sued by his wife, Rosa, also an Indian, for maintenance, have been ended for the present. Justice Clabaugh has ordered La Flesche to pay his wife \$40 a month alimony.

La Flesche is a member of the Omaha tribe. His wife is a Chippewa. The spirit of the two tribes is different. It would seem, for while there were no outbreaks, there was a vague discord, which, according to the husband, manifested itself in the wife's discontent and restlessness. It was the call of the West, he intimated, and due to the restraint of city life.

Two years ago, when La Flesche got his annual leave of absence, they went West to visit the homes of their people, and he returned to Washington alone. Mrs. La Flesche declared to the court that she wrote him many times asking him to send her money to defray her expenses East. He never did so, and then she came to Washington of her own accord, but her husband, she says, advised her to live somewhere else.

When Scalps Were in Demand.

From the Indian's Friend.

The scalping of enemies seems to have been a practice rather uncommon in America up to the advent of the European. According to a statement by George Friederici, in the Annual of the Smithsonian Institution, it was the whites who really popularized this engaging pursuit.

As far back as 1637 the Puritans of New England (scalping being as yet unknown in that part of the country) offered bounties for the heads of hostile Indians, large numbers of which were brought in and duly paid for. Forty years later the colony of Connecticut advertised for both heads and scalps and in July, 1675, the "heroine" Hannah Dustin received \$250 and "many expressions of thanks" for eight scalps which she had taken with her own hands, two of them being those of women and six of children.

Subsequently, when in the last decade of the seventeenth century the English fought the French, both sides sought and paid for scalps. In 1755 Gen. Braddock guaranteed his soldiers and Indians \$25 for every trophy of the kind taken from the enemy; and later Gov. Penn. of Pennsylvania offered \$134 for every scalp of an Indian warrior and \$50 for that of every slain squaw.

STUBBORN SNAKE INDIANS.

Will Neither Vote Nor Sign Any Paper Presented by a White Man.

From the Baltimore American.

"About the most stubborn people it has ever been my lot to encounter are the Snake Indians, a small tribe of redskins that live in McIntosh County, Okla.," said Mr. J. E. Dowell, of Muskogee, at the Stafford.

"These snake Indians are not of a degraded and illiterate type. On the contrary, they have attained a fair degree of civilization, and nearly all of them can read and write. They are not especially trouble or obnoxious in any way, but for downright, unreasoning, superlative stubbornness, they take the cake over all created things, the mule included.

As a sample of their lovable ways, they absolutely refuse to sign a paper of any kind that a white man presents; neither will they talk to any one whom they suspect to be in the employ of the United States government, and finally they long ago resolved not to take mail out of the post-office. They won't sign a paper for fear they may be parting with some of their ancient rights; they won't talk to a government agent lest what they say shall be used as evidence adverse to them, and they reject mail because it may be a deed to an allotment of land in severalty; in policy they are as hostile to us as they were at the time of the creation of the Dawes commission.

"Among their other winning ways of acquiring the dislike of white people is their unwillingness to vote. In some of our counties there are enough of the Indians to decide election results if they could be induced to vote solidly, but owing to their suspicious nature and fear of being tricked by the paleface politicians, nobody up to this time has been smart enough to get them at all interested in the pending campaign, and the chances are that they will not wake up to a realization of their responsibilities as voters."

ments now were intended to...
Star Indians Make Remonstrance.

President Roosevelt has received a curiously worded document signed by Chas. Asaw, Choctaw, Creek and Cherokee Indians of Oklahoma, protesting against their general treatment by the government and the white people. Their kick is evidently based on the bill now before the President removing restrictions from the sale of Indian lands, although it is based upon the general plea that the government has failed to act fairly in all its treaties, especially that of 1832.

The petition is written in a legible hand, but the use of words is true to the Indian nature.

"As long as the sun rises, water flows and the grass grows," was the promise of the white man and this government as to protecting the Indian and supplying him with money and whatever else he needed, according to the letter.

"Now the government has divided our land without our consent, despite the fact we are the real owners of the country, and if the government of the United States wants anything from us he should come on the white paths and find out from us whether we would agree with them or not."

Also this:

"We would like to know why the people called our country Oklahoma and builded the big pasture and also disturbed our people by the whites, assessing the property what belongs to the Indians."

Representative Davenport of Oklahoma talked with the President today about the removal of restrictions under the bill, which is expected to be signed in a day or so.

"This bill will be of the greatest benefit to everybody concerned in the Indian section of our state," said Mr. Davenport. "Without it we cannot make progress. Titles cannot be acquired and everything will remain stagnant. This is not good for the Indian or the white man. It is not true that the removal of restrictions will permit white men to grab off the lands of the Indians." May 26, 1908

CUT BY MERRY WIDOW HAT, MAN IS SENT TO HOSPITAL

PLAINFIELD, N. J., April 25.—Gashed by the sharp edge of a "Merry Widow" hat, which cut nearly into the jugular vein, James Sutton, of this place, is under the care of a physician, who had to stitch up his wound.

Sutton, in crowding to get on a train, brushed past a woman who wore one of the popular hats, and the sharp edge raked across the jugular. He bled profusely, and had to be sent to the hospital.

It was found necessary to perform an operation to close the wound. The cut was so close to the important vein as to be a very dangerous one, and lacked but little of being a fatal gash.

W. B. MUNSON DIES SUDDENLY.

NEW YORK, April 25.—The death of W. B. Munson, founder of the Munson steamship line, and one of the pioneers in the steamship enterprise, was a shock to his friends in this city. Thursday Mr. Munson was enjoying the best of health. He was driving in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, with his wife. He was in good spirits and normal health when he retired. Yesterday morning, about 5 o'clock, he was stricken with apoplexy. His death came before physicians arrived at his home, in Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn.

When they hurried to the bank. The paying teller demurred, but upon consulting the cashier that gentleman at once agreed to telephone to the bank in Philadelphia, whose correspondents they were, and learn if the check of Lewis Gordon was good for \$2,600. He could have an answer in, say, ten minutes. This arrangement proved satisfactory to all parties, Farren grumbling a good deal about not being trusted. Before the half hour had elapsed the cashier had confirmation from Philadelphia, and readily passed twenty \$100 notes to Mr. Farren, with profuse apologies. "I 'spose it's all right, and business is business, but a gent don't like to have his check turned down an' his fren's check's the same time." He rolled up the money and deposited it in a capacious pants pocket, thanked the cashier, and passed out with Brown. "Rough diamond," said the cashier to the paying teller as the door closed behind the dealers in real estate.

Sent a Cipher Telegram.

Farren left his companion at the corner, saying that he would be at the office to close the deal at 12 o'clock. He sought the first telegraph office and sent this message:

"Lewis Gordon, Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia: Your Aunt Jane is much better. Advise me if you will come."

When Gordon got this message he

Japanes

pretty self-colored

29c yd.

good range of the most desirable s... This luster is permanent. It w... reason it is especially good for sur

bsolute control of t

ave the following shades:

.Pink....Cream....Saddle Brown
and Fast Black.

fabric recommends to all. It is v...
hen fiber introduced for this very p

GOLF SUITINGS—Equal in appearance to fabrics several times the price. Dainty cream grounds, with colored and black striped designs; for seashore or mountain attire. 12½c
Yard.....

COLORED LINEN SUITINGS—36 inches wide; 50c quality. Offered in blue, pink, natural linen, and pongee shades. A fine coat suit or separate skirt wash material. Special..... 35c

shadow 9¾c

but indications were that before the day is over the republicans of the House and Senate in charge of the bill would agree upon a measure. In that event, and if the bill should be supported by the republicans of the House and Senate, the leaders in Congress are disposed to keep Congress in session until public pressure brings to an end any filibuster.

The efforts of the republican conferees were being bent today toward unanimous agreement among themselves upon a bill which would embody the essential features of the Aldrich bill, modified by some features of the Vreeland bill under proper restrictions.

Today's Conferences.

The first event of the day was the assembling of the republican House conferees. This followed a meeting at the Arlington Hotel between Senator Aldrich and Representative Vreeland. That meeting resulted in a tentative proposition which the Senate conferees thought might be acceptable to the House conferees. At last night's meeting between Senator Aldrich and Mr. Vreeland, Mr. Aldrich was not disposed to make such a proposition.

The House conferees spent about two hours going over the suggestions from the Senate and then went over to the Senate wing and assembled in the committee or finance room, where they were joined by Senator Aldrich and Senator Hale. After they entered the conference room and closed the doors behind them they remained for an hour in strict seclusion and very little could be learned as to their proceedings. It is known, however, that their discussion was based entirely upon the compromise proposition to dovetail the Aldrich and the Vreeland bills. The conferees realized the obstacles in the way of getting such a measure through the Senate, but there were some indications that they would take the chances even in the face of the prospect of delay.

It was said that as a result of this talk the Senate conferees

BRAVE PIMA INDIANS FRIENDS TO WHITES

The Pima Indians, who live on the banks of the Gila river (pronounced in Spanish Heela), are the most civilized of any North American Indians. They live in houses, manufacture useful articles, and are known for simplicity of character, peacefulness, and honesty. But they have had their wars. A battle took place near the "broad trail," which is now sometimes called the Temple road. Ursuth was war chief then, and he led his people against a band of Apache Indians. The Pimas were far outnumbered by Apache warriors, and yet many were killed on both sides, but, although Ursuth received three wounds, he was able to keep the Apaches back till the Pima women and children had escaped and reached a place of safety.

The Pimas are proud of the fact that they have never killed a white man. They hate the Apaches and make war against them, but have always been the white man's friend.—St. Nicholas.

The Pima Indians.

Gen. O. O. Howard in St. Nicholas.

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hot-water heat..... 25.0
my30-2t

FOR RENT—

1209 Q nw, 10r...\$45.75
459 Mo av nw, 9r.30.50
2026 13th nw, 6r.30.50
216 Bryant nw, 6r.22.50
1222 I ne.....18.50
1227 I ne.....18.50
104 Corcoran st, Ivy
City.....12.00
336 Bland al n.....11.50
12 Col ter nw, 4.....10.00
126 Q sw.....9.50
Rear 311 Linworth
place sw, 5r.....8.00
131 Central ave, Ivy
City, 3r.....7.00

APARTMENTS.

1501 N. Cap. n.e., flat 3d fl., b. heat fur., 6r. \$35.50
1503 N. Cap. n.e., flat 3d fl., b. heat fur., 5r. 30.50
1505 N. Cap. n.e., flat 3d fl., b. heat fur., 5r. 30.50
927 9th st. n.w., 4r. and bath, 3d floor.... 20.00
439 9th st. n.w., Rooms 10, 11, 12, 3d floor. 18.00

UNFURNISHED ROOMS.

439 9th st. n.w., Room No. 1.....\$20.00
1405 1st st. n.w., 4 rooms, 2d floor..... 15.50
2010 H st. n.w., 2 rooms..... 10.50
215 4½ st. n.w., 3 rooms, 4th floor..... 10.00
1405 1st st. n.w., 3 basement rooms..... 10.00
413 K st. n.w., 2 east rooms..... 8.00
116 D st. s.e., 2 rooms, 1st floor..... 6.50
439 9th st. n.w., Room 15, 4th floor..... 6.00

STABLES.

Rear 100 J st. n.w., 12 stalls.....\$15.00

N TELLS OF AMERICA



THE INDIAN WEAVER

Yonder amidst the blist'ring sands
The Indian's rude-built hogan stands,
Under the blue and flowless sky
'Neath which fair crest and cañon lie.
Patterned with mystic, strange design—
With square and fretwork and bar and line—
Here on the loom behold it grow:
The blanket of the Navajo.

Ploddingly, woven, thread by thread,
In white and black, in gray and red,
Emblems bearing of life and death,
The lightning's path, the storm cloud's breath
Slope of mountain and drench of rain,
The four winds, issue of peak and plain
Village, and journey long and steep,
The blanket fills while graze the sheer

Patient the swarthy toiler weaves;
For a friend or alien alike achieves;
Pictures a country loved right well;
Thereof old legends; and may not tell
Whether a pale-face eye afar
Will only a rug regard bizarre,
Or see, interpreting the lore,
The Painted Desert on his floor.

—[Edwin L. Sabin.]

Los Angeles June 7 1905

The Measles Cannibal.



THE MEASLES CANNIBAL.

UNIQUE CEREMONY OF THE TRIBES ON VANCOUVER ISLAND FOR GETTING RID OF AN UNWELCOME GHOST.

Post Jan 3 1909
[Scientific American.]

A FEW years ago, an epidemic of measles broke out among the Indian tribes living on Vancouver Island in British Columbia, not far from Ft. Rupert, and the shamans or medicine men came to the conclusion that a cannibal sorcerer, whom they termed the hamatsu (measles cannibal), was slaying their children to eat them, and that he would continue to do so until he was killed.

As they could not slay a ghost in his own person, they arranged a ceremony in which one of their number posed as the cannibal, and was treated as they would have liked to treat the real foe. This fact of a substitute was, of course, not made public, only the medicine men knowing the truth of the matter.

Against a wall of rock was painted an imitation opening, in the center of which the "cannibal" was fastened, just as he appears in the accompanying photograph

(which, by the way, was not taken at the time, but some days later, when the medicine men were induced to give a private exhibition for the benefit of members of the Bureau of Ethnology). At the proper time, after going through various incantations, a covering was jerked away, exposing the cannibal, apparently springing through the solid rock. He was promptly grasped by two of the priests, who dragged him out and rushed him through a fire which was burning in front of the place and which was surrounded by all the members of the tribe, beating drums and singing at the top of their voices. By some jugglery the cannibal was got rid of, and the people were told that he had flown away through the air and would not come back.

After this ceremony had been repeated several times to put an end to other epidemics, which were only too prevalent among the Indians, it grew into a sort of annual affair, managed by the members of a secret society whose members know that the supposed hamatsu was only a man.

SUN SHINES AND WATER RUNS

BUT TREATY OF 1832 WITH INDIANS IS DEAD.

And Now the Red Man Wants Congress to Explain and Order Commission to Square Things.

What shall be the future of the American Indian?

Is he still a ward of the United States government? Or is he a citizen of the state in which he resides?

In order to determine the future and the status of the red men Congress will be asked early this week to appoint a commission to hold sessions during the recess and arrive at a solution of the vexed Indian question once for all time.

A monster petition has been received by officers of the Indian Protective League requesting the appointment of such a commission, to be composed of senators and representatives. The petitioners are members of the four civilized tribes—Creeks, Cherokees, Chickasaws and Choctaws.

Reports from Oklahoma are that Indians resent the methods of state officers in that portion of the state formerly known as the Indian Territory, and that, as many cannot speak English, it is difficult to make them understand the ways of the white men and their laws and systems of taxation. The result is said to be unrest and suspicion on the part of the Indians.

It is believed a congressional commission could arrange for the education of the red men and their gradual breaking into the methods of the whites. It is pointed out that the Indians are not nearly so ripe for citizenship as was the negro at the close of the civil war.

The negroes had been reared by white masters and were in daily contact with the customs of the white race. The Indians, on the contrary, are fresh from tribal relations, widely divergent from social forms of modern civilization.

Indians of the civilized tribes, known familiarly among themselves as "the four mothers," cannot understand why the government does not live up to the treaty of 1832, which promised them protection and immunity from the ways of the white "while the sun shines, water runs and grass grows." It is for these reasons the appointment of a commission will be asked, that the present strained condition may be relieved by the body that authorized making treaties with Indians—the Congress of the United States.

Among Indians active in securing hundreds of signatures to the petitions and leaders of the full-blood element in Oklahoma are Thlechum Fixico and Eufaula Harjo, known as the orator of the four nations. After the petitions are presented to Congress the Indians propose to send a delegation of their best men to Washington to urge that their request for a commission be granted.

While on a recent visit to this city Eufaula Harjo had a conference with the assistant attorney general for the Interior Department. Harjo says it is his opinion that the controversy should be settled by Congress.

He has also asked by what legislation the Indians were constituted citizens of a state. He adds that if they are not citizens but still wards of the national government, by what right of law do the officials of Oklahoma impose duties of citizenship upon them.

The matter presents several interesting sides. It is the opinion of certain white men who are friendly to the Indian and his cause that Congress cannot do less than grant the request of the red men—once the owners of all this continent—for a respectful hearing before the great law-making body with the view of finally settling the great and growing Indian question.

Harjo refers with pride to a saying of President Roosevelt in addressing a delegation of Oklahomans recently:

"Treat the Indians with justice and fairness. They are older Americans than either you or I. They were here long before we came."

INDIANS APPEAL TO THE COURT

CHIPPEWA TRIBE IN MONTANA SUFFERS FOR NECESSITIES.

Pitiful Plaint of Chief Rocky Boy and Emaciated Bodyguard to Judge Hunt.

Special Dispatch to The Star.

HELENA, Mont., January 8.—Chief Rocky Boy of the Chippewa tribe of Indians, accompanied by a thinly clad and emaciated bodyguard of twenty redskins, presented himself in the federal court here yesterday and handed Judge Hunt the following communication:

"I come to visit you and shake hands with you for a good new year. This morning the babies cried because they have nothing to eat.

"We could get no work to earn a living, so I come to you for help. I heard that you were wise and good. I would like you to help me. We are having a hard time this winter. We are waiting for land that is going to be given us. I have the letters here in my pocket from United States inspector.

"I think there is no help for us at all in hard times like other Indian reservations. It makes us feel bad, and we are nearly frozen sometimes. The Indian department are going to give us land and is done fixing the papers. But we have to wait for a long time yet.

"CHIPPEWA INDIAN CHIEF ROCKY BOY."

Almost Nothing to Eat.

Rocky Boy said that 600 members of his tribe were camped in the mountains west of Helena and that there was almost nothing to eat in the camp. Even his chieftains, he said, with a gesture which included his bodyguard, shared in the tribe's privations.

Judge Hunt said that he would make an earnest endeavor to secure relief for the tribe from the President and Indian bureau. This tribe, he said, is the only one which the government has made no provision for.

The temperature at the place where the Indians are camped is said to be 40 degrees below zero.

Wash. Star - Jan 5, 1909.

Wash. Star - Jan 8, 1909.

Wash. Star—Feb. 8, 1909.
INDIANS WARDS OR CITIZENS?

**ORATOR EUFAULA AND CHIEF
COSAR HERE TO FIND OUT.**

**Want Congressional Commission to
Fix Status—Bring Wampum Belts,
Record of Treaty They Invoke.**

A delegation of Indians, representing the four civilized nations in Oklahoma, reached this city Saturday evening and took up quarters at the Rochester on E street. The party comprises Eufaula Harjo, orator of the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws and Chickasaws; Chief Cosar Fixicohlee and John Smith, interpreter.

The purpose of their visit to Washington is to request Congress to appoint a joint committee, to be composed of senators and representatives, to determine the status of the Indians. The query propounded by Harjo is: "Are the Indians still wards of the government and entitled to its protection under the treaty of 1832, or are they citizens of Oklahoma under the new statehood act?"

They claim they occupy an anomalous position in the light of recent events in Oklahoma, including the arrest and imprisonment of members of the tribes because of their failure to work out the road tax and other burdens of citizenship. Members of the delegation report the Indians as in a state of unrest because of the uncertainty of their status.

The four tribes recently held a general council at Hanna, Okla., and sent to their representative here, J. Walter Mitchell, a petition containing the names of nearly 16,000 fullbloods who ask for the appointment of the commission or for some other way of solving the problem. The petition is now in the hands of Representative Bird McGuire of Oklahoma, who is expected to take some action in the premises this week.

The Indians brought with them the wampum belts—imperishable records of the four nations—bearing upon the treaties made with the government about eighty years ago. Duplicate belts are said to be in possession of the government as pledges of good faith.

Eufaula Harjo and Cosar Fixicohlee will deliver addresses before members of the Randle Highlands Citizens' Association and the Indian Protective League in the mission hall at Randle Highlands next Wednesday evening. The remarks of the chiefs will be interpreted by John Smith of Oklahoma.

NOTED INDIAN CHIEF IS DEAD
Star ————— Feb. 7, 1909.

**GERONIMO, HEAD OF CRAFTY
APACHES, NO MORE.**

**Had Been Confined as Prisoner of
War at Fort Sill in Oklahoma for
Number of Years.**

LAWTON, Okla., February 17.—Geronimo, the noted Indian chief, died today at Fort Sill, where he had been confined as a prisoner of war for a number of years.

Geronimo was by all odds the most crafty, bloodthirsty and thoroughly hated of the Tonto Apaches. He was the leader of most of the outbreaks in the southwest from 1880 until the time of his capture by Gen. Nelson A. Miles, after more than a decade of raiding, murdering and cattle lifting.

He escaped from the troops many times, leading his band of hostiles over the border into Old Mexico, only to be chased back by the rurales from that side of the border and continuing his depredations in the United States.

It was said at the time of his capture that he had more murders to his credit than any other Indian living. When he was finally rounded up, more by the aid of the heliograph than any other agency, the troops in the southwest used this method of communication to head off the Indians when they had started on the warpath and were able to cope with them as it was an impossibility before the heliograph system of signaling was established.

After the final capture of Geronimo he was imprisoned at St. Augustine, Fla., where he remained for years. He volunteered to head a band of Apache scouts during the Spanish-American war, but the United States government would not accept his offer. He was allowed to go to St. Louis during the exposition there. His last appearance off the reservation was at President Roosevelt's inauguration, when he rode in the inaugural parade with five other Indian chiefs.

SURRENDER OF OLD GERONIMO

Star - Feb. 18, 1909.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE
MADE PUBLIC AT THE TIME.

Conditions and Promises Said to
Have Been Made to Insurgent
Indian Chiefs.

Questions having arisen as to under what conditions Geronimo, the famous Indian chieftain who died yesterday, and his band had been taken by Gen. Miles, led the Senate, it was recalled here today, to call on the Secretary of War in 1887 for all the telegraphic and other correspondence bearing on the subject.

This shows that some of the dispatches received at the War Department declared that Geronimo's surrender, instead of being a capture, was, contrary to expectations at Washington, accompanied with conditions and promises. Gen. Miles was asked to report by telegraph direct the exact promises, if any, "made to them at the time of surrender," and he requested permission to come to Washington in order that the President might fully understand every circumstance leading up to the surrender. The President refused this permission, however. Failing to obtain the information desired, the War Department gave directions to Gen. Stanley, commanding at San Antonio, to get what was wanted. The latter examined Geronimo and Natchez, one of the other chiefs, both of whom, he reported, said they never thought of surrender until Lieut. Gatewood and others came to them and said the Great Father wanted them to surrender.

Gen. Miles declared, however, that the Apaches had made overtures of surrender, desired certain terms and were informed that they must surrender as prisoners of war to the troops in the field.

Star - Feb. 18, 1909

GERONIMO LAID IN GRAVE

OLD INDIAN WAR CHIEF
BURIED AT FORT SILL.

Goes to the Happy Hunting Grounds
According to Abridged
Apache Rites.

LAWTON, Okla., February 18.—Geronimo, the old Indian war chief, who died at Fort Sill yesterday, was buried today in the Apache burying ground northeast of the army post. The Rev. L. L. Legters, the Indian missionary, conducted the services, which were as similar to the Apache system of burial as the clergyman thought proper.

War Department officials had set aside today as a holiday for the Apache prisoners of war at Fort Sill, and the 200 warriors joined in the slow procession that carried the body of their old leader to the grave.

It was only by great effort that Geronimo's widow was kept yesterday from killing the old warrior's sorrel driving horse, his favorite, so that it might pass on with him to the happy hunting grounds.

Geronimo died in the faith of his forefathers, which knew no white man's God. The sun was his conception of deity. Four years ago, when Geronimo feared that the injuries received in a fall from his horse would prove fatal, he joined the Reformed Church. He was suspended from the church two years later because of excessive drinking, gambling and other infractions of church rules.

As a Dukluge, who has been acting chief of the Apaches in all their dealings with the government, will likely succeed Geronimo. Dukluge is the last of the hereditary chiefs of the Chiricahua branch of the Apaches to which Geronimo belonged.

WARRIOR GERONIMO LOSES LAST BATTLE



GERONIMO.

Apache Chief Who Was Captured After Desperate Pursuit, Dies at Fort Sill—Buried Today in Indian Cemetery.

FORT SILL, Okla., Feb. 18.—Geronimo, the great Apache warrior, has gone to his last account. His body will be buried today at the Indian cemetery near here under the auspices of the Christian missionaries, the old chieftain having professed Christianity three years ago.

Geronimo is given a place among the great Indian battle chiefs of the last century with Chief Joseph, Cochise, Sitting Bull, and Victoria. By many of the soldiers with whom he has fought he is placed on a higher plane than any of the other Indian warriors named. No one knew just how old the wily savage was when he died. He was probably nearly a hundred, however. Born the son of a chief, Geronimo became a war leader at the age of sixteen and after training under Victoria, Cochise, and Natchez, he became chief of the Apaches on the death of Natchez in the '70's.

For ten years Arizona and New Mexico were terrorized by Geronimo. He was captured several times and made promises to be good, only to break them after he and his men had rested. In 1886, General Miles, after a campaign of more than a year, received word of the capture of the chief by Capt. Henry W. Lawton—later General Lawton—and his detachment of the Fourth Cavalry, together with a detachment of scouts commanded by Lieut. Leonard Wood, assistant surgeon.

Warned by previous experience, Gen-

eral Miles placed the chief and his principal men on board a Southern Pacific train and hustled them to an old military post in Louisiana, from which point he reported the capture to the War Department. There was quite a disturbance at the department over this action of General Miles, but it was allowed to stand, and Geronimo was kept a captive in Louisiana a few years.

He was then taken to Florida, from which point he escaped only a few years ago and hurried West, intending to help the Government suppress an Indian outbreak in the Northwest, he said. He was caught in Indian Territory and taken to Fort Sill, where he was confined until his death.

GERONIMO THE TIGER

Wash. Star—Feb. 25, 1909.
War His Religion and Revenge
His Dream.

WORST OF "BAD" INDIANS

Gen. Miles' Characterization of the
Old Apache Chief.

HISTORY OF HIS WILD LIFE

On Warpath Almost Continuously
After the Murder of His Family
by Mexican Troops.

Geronimo, "tiger of the human race," is dead. The bloodthirsty chief of the Chiricahua Apaches will never again go upon the war path. On February 17 he was gathered unto his fathers in the happy hunting grounds where all brave warriors go. He is the man whom Gen. Nelson A. Miles, in a report to the government, characterized as the lowest and most cruel of all the Indian savages of the North American continent. But for years he was the idol of his tribe.

The end came at Fort Sill, where he had been confined as a prisoner of war for many years. He died of pneumonia in the hospital of the fort. In the Indian cemetery nearby he was laid to eternal rest the next day by Christian missionaries, for Geronimo embraced Christianity three years ago and abandoned his savage ways.

Born in the Ho-doyohn canyon, Arizona, some eighty-five years ago, he was reared in that country which lies about the headwaters of the Gila river. Among these mountains the Apache wigwams were hidden. The valleys contained their fields; the boundless prairies were their pastures, and the dark caverns their burial places. Here Geronimo, as a babe, hung on his mother's back or played around his father's tepee. Sometimes slung from the bough of a tree in his tsoch (Apache cradle), he was warmed by the sun, rocked by the winds and sheltered by the trees. His mother taught him the legends of his people, of the sun and moon, the stars and sky, the clouds and storms, and to kneel and pray to Usen (God) for wisdom, health and strength. His father told him of the brave deeds of the Apache warrior, of the joy of the chase and the glory of warfare.

Worked in the Fields.

When he was old enough he helped his mother in the fields to gather the melons and pumpkins, the corn and tobacco, which grew wild. All Indians smoked, men and women, but no boy was allowed to smoke until he had hunted and killed big game. Out on the prairies, which surrounded his home, wandered herds of buffalo, antelope and deer. When he was about ten years old he began to hunt. Buffalo were hunted on horseback and slain with spears and arrows; deer on foot. It was necessary to crawl long distances carrying a bush or bough in front, so that the approach would not be noticed by the timid deer and antelope, and by this method several out of a herd could be killed before the others would run away. The flesh was dried and packed away and the skins used for clothes, bedding and to make tepees.

At the age of seventeen Geronimo was admitted to the council of warriors and was able to share the glories of the warpath and to marry Alope, a beautiful and slender maiden, by whom he had three children. Of all his eight wives this was the one whom he loved the best, if he can be said to have known love. Up to this time he had never seen a white man. Thus peacefully passed his early life.

His Whole Family Slain.

In the summer of 1858, being at peace with the Mexicans and neighboring Indian tribes, Geronimo and his wife went into old Mexico to trade. One day, having pitched their camp near a place called by the Indians "Kas-ki-yeh," the men went into the town to trade, leaving a small guard so that their supplies and women and children might not be disturbed. Late in the afternoon, when returning, they met a few fleeing women and children, who told them that Mexican troops had attacked their camp, killed the guard, women and children and captured all their supplies. In one fell swoop Geronimo lost his mother, wife and children. From this date he commenced his bitter and bloody warfare with the Mexicans and other whites—a warfare which never ceased until his fighting days were over. So terrible and implacable was his hatred for the Mexicans that even as an old man, converted to Christianity, he said: "I

to travel, even with women and children. His familiarity with all the ravines, caverns, canyons, defiles, gorges and places inaccessible to horses gave him a great advantage over the soldier, but with all of these his ability as a tactician and a leader of his band must be granted.

Always Kept His Word.

One virtue is universally ascribed to him that he was a man of his word. L. M. Barrett gives a striking illustration of this. Geronimo had promised to visit Mr. Barrett on a certain date, but at the appointed hour he was very sick with cold and fever. It was a cold day, but the old chief rode ten miles, reeling from exhaustion, to keep the appointment. On arriving, he dismounted and said in a hoarse whisper: "I promised to come. I am here."

"Autres temps, autres mœurs." Still it is pathetic to recall that this old warrior chief, with unnumbered murders, cruelties and barbarities to his credit, at the end of his petition to President Roosevelt said:

"Let me die in my own country, an old man who has been punished enough and is free."

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Geronimo's hand was now against all men outside of his own tribe. Fire and rapine, battle, murder and sudden death, torture and unspeakable horrors continued for years, until the outraged settlers and all who had interests in Arizona and New Mexico appealed to the United government to end this unbearable state of affairs. Gen. Crook, the famous Indian fighter, was intrusted with this undertaking. The earliest field of operations was in that part of New Mexico between the Magdalena mountains and the boundary of Arizona. Geronimo knew this country as well as if he had made it himself. Thence he fled south until he crossed the Mexican line.

Chased Into Mexico.

Fortunately a treaty existed with Mexico whereby troops from either country were permitted to cross the boundary in chase of fugitive Indians. Gen. Crook followed close and the pursuit continued across the Rio Grande.

Hemmed in on all sides by United States and Mexican soldiers, Geronimo was surprised in the month of January, 1886, at Lacori in the state of Sonora. All was in train for an immediate end of hostilities. The Indians were subdued and had determined to surrender, when Geronimo and his band stole out of camp and the pursuit was on again.

Gen. Crook now tendered his resignation and Gen. Miles was ordered to take command. In May, 1886, Capt. Lawton entered the field and on September 3, after travelling more than 3,000 miles, succeeded in forcing Geronimo to surrender to Gen. Miles at Skeleton Canon, Ariz., with the twenty-two warriors that remained of his band.

This war cost the government over a million dollars, many valuable lives and some reputations. It not being deemed advisable to allow Geronimo to remain in the southwest, he and his warriors were sent to Fort Pickens, Fla. The next year they were removed to Mount Vernon, Ala., to improve their health and were joined there by Geronimo's wife and family and some 400 more of his tribe. Finally in 1894 Geronimo and 240 of his band were sent to Fort Sill, Okla. Here, in peace and prosperity, but with a discontented spirit, he passed the last years of his life. He visited the St. Louis exposition and four years ago rode in President Roosevelt's inaugural parade. Last year he visited Washington to petition the President to allow his tribe to return to their fatherland in Arizona.

A Physical Marvel.

Geronimo was of sturdy build, about five feet nine inches tall, with broad shoulders and deep chest, indicating his marvelous powers of endurance. He was rather darker than the average Apache, being more chocolate than copper color. The most remarkable of all his features were his eyes, which were keen and bright and, strange to say, a decided blue.

Gen. Miles called him "the tiger of the human race." War was his life and revenge his dream. To attack a Mexican camp or village and run off a herd of cattle, he would incur every risk and display a courage which would be extolled as heroism in one of our own race. Infinite resource, invincible determination and unflagging energy were his.

When on a raid he and his warriors could live on rats, mice and rabbits, and if these failed would kill and eat their horses and mules. A hundred miles or more a day was not an unusual distance

to travel, even with women and children. His familiarity with all the ravines, caverns, canyons, defiles, gorges and places inaccessible to horses gave him a great advantage over the soldier, but with all of these his ability as a tactician and a leader of his band must be granted.

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"Autres tempo Autres mœurs." Still it is pathetic to recall that this old warrior chief, with unnumbered murders, cruelties and barbarities to his credit, at the end of his petition to President Roosevelt said:

"Let me die in my own country, an old man who has been punished enough and is free."

INDIANS' FRIEND BURIED.

Funeral Services Held for Veteran Hotel Keeper.

The funeral of the late Benjamin F. Beveridge, for over half a century one of the District's best known hotel men and whose hostlery became noted as the headquarters for Indians who came to Washington from time to time, took place this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from Lee's undertaking establishment, Pennsylvania avenue near 4½ street, Rev. Donald C. McLeod of the First Presbyterian Church conducting the services. The interment, which was private, was made in the family burial plot at Rock Creek cemetery.

A large number of Mr. Beveridge's intimate friends and associates, formed during his residence of fifty years in this city, including several Indians, who were guests at his hotel, 224 3d street, at the time of his death, attended the services. A number of handsome floral pieces sent by the friends of the deceased were banked about the chapel where the services were held, including one or two designs from persons out of the city.

The pallbearers were Messrs. Bryan McDonald, William Skelly, John Connors, James T. Newkirk, J. A. Spottswood and Dr. Newton Edmonds.

FIRST STATUE OF INDIAN.

Memorial to Chief Mahaska to Be Dedicated in Iowa Town.

OSKALOOSA, Ia., May 5.—The heroic statue of Chief Mahaska will be dedicated in the city park here May 12 with appropriate exercises under the auspices of the Improved Order of Redmen of the Iowa reservation. So far as is known, this is the only statue in the world executed in memory of an Indian, and this fact, coupled with the prominence given the event by the state and national organizations of the Redmen, has attracted attention all over the United States.

The statue is of bronze, over nine feet high, and is the work of an Iowa artist, Sherry Fry of Creston. It won several prizes while on exhibition in Paris, and is said by critics to be one of the most life-like statues ever made. The statue is a gift to the people of Oskaloosa by J. O. Edmunson of Des Moines, in honor of his father, William Edmunson, one of the organizers of Mahaska county, and the first sheriff ever elected here. Visitors and Redmen will come by special and regular trains from all over the state, and it is estimated that at least 50,000 people will be here.

The address in behalf of the town and of Mr. Edmunson will be made by Maj. John F. Lacey, former representative in Congress from this district, and Carl Keuhnle of Denison, Iowa, will respond in behalf of the Redmen. Maj. S. H. M. Byers of Des Moines will read a poem entitled "Mahaska."

The statue occupies a commanding place in the park and faces westward, peering into the great beyond, where the vanishing red men of the forest are wending their eternal way.

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F&S - 732

May 8, 1909.

The Modern Indian.

NEW YORK, May 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Modern Indian life has many paradoxes. The dignified savage who to-day may be seen tinkering a mowing machine with nickel-steel knife-bar, to-morrow may be observed manufacturing a stone-headed club in the style of his ancestors a thousand years back, for, so far as he is concerned, he is living in a combined age of stone and nickel-steel, and though steel tools are readily accessible, the rudest and simplest stone implement—a split pebble from a mountain brook—is often used for graining and softening buckskin, probably for the reason that in skilled hands it is more effective for the purpose.

Sitting Bull talking in his native tongue over the telephone would seem another curious anomaly. I saw his first, and perhaps only attempt, in the use of this instrument at Standing Rock in 1884. He had expressed the belief that the telephone was a mere bluff on the part of the white man to puzzle and intimidate the Indian, but was convinced when he found it spoke his own language.

For years past many Sioux have been able to read and write the Dakota language, thanks to the efforts of missionaries among them, and thus much of the trouble caused by the ghost dance uprising of 1890-91 was brought about by the use of the United States mails as a means of easy and secret communication between the different agencies. But even among tribes who have no means of writing their own language, the illiterate usually have no difficulty in finding an educated Indian of the younger generation who can write in English for them. Several individuals have kept up a correspondence with me by this means.

Topamby, a son of the late Chief Tendoi of the Shoshones, a promising young fellow who is likely to succeed his father in the respect of the tribe, wrote recently that he had visited the Lemhi Valley, where he found that the white people had subscribed \$700 for a monument which they had erected to the memory of his father, the chief, to whose protection the settlers owed their safety during the Nez Percé war.

I believe this to be a case almost unique in our history, where so sparse a population, in a remote valley, far from towns and railroads, and where blanket Indians are still no rarity, has raised so large a sum to erect a memorial to an Indian chief recently deceased. It speaks volumes for the character of Tendoi and for the generous appreciation of the people of Idaho.

DE COST SMITH.



TENDOI, THE CLIMBER.

Late Chief of the Shoshones, from a photograph taken about 1883.

How to Solve the Indian Problem.



OUR declaration of independence, our constitution, our laws, and the decisions of our courts all seem to say the Indian is a citizen equally with us. If the Indian is a citizen he is one of us, and for his own sake and ours as well he is entitled to the fullest development of his powers that he may fairly share all the privileges we enjoy and help bear our government burdens. As the original inhabitant who once occupied undisturbed all of the more than two billion acres now our wonderfully prosperous home and our "greatest government on earth," it seems to me he is more entitled to all the school benefits and industrial privileges of the country than foreign immigrants.

Years ago I wrote to Mr. Edmunds, when he was chairman of the judiciary committee of the United States senate, asking him what was necessary to make the Indian a citizen of the country, and he replied: "Let him quit being an Indian, pay taxes, and be ready to fight for the government. No other ceremony is necessary."

In all of our many treaties with the Indians we acknowledged his manhood and equality, but sought to enslave his freedom. So long as he could keep away from and be independent of us we said to him by treaty, "You are a man, a nation," but as soon as we got him subjugated, whether by treaty or force, we reversed our tactics and denied and deprived him of all equality of privilege and segregated him far away from all chances to qualify himself for his inevitable new life.

In some treaties with the Indians we guaranteed that certain lands should be theirs for their exclusive homes "as long as grass grows and water runs," and soon after the Indians were shoved aside and these same lands came into the full possession of the white men. In treaties with some tribes we promised education for all their children, and these treaties if carried out in good faith would have cost us far more than all we have ever expended for education for all the tribes.

Gen. Sherman said that the United States has made over 900 treaties with the Indians and never kept one. Gen. Sherman did not give in his arraignment a fact in regard to these treaties which makes the violation of them still more discreditable. The Indian never sought to enter into any treaty agreements with the United States. It is exceedingly doubtful whether the Indians ever wrote one paragraph in any one treaty. Every expression and substance of every treaty was formulated by our government. I will go farther and affirm that few treaties were entered into amicably and that practically all of them were forced upon the Indians.

Our course of treatment clearly says the Indians have no rights in this country which we feel called upon to respect. All experience in dealing with the Indians and all study of our systems of control prove this.

As an army officer I have been with the Indians in peace and in war. I have talked and planned with their ablest men, and sought to know what they thought and felt. I have been present officially in many councils, have employed and served with them as soldiers against their own people, had supervision of them in their homes, and have endeavored to promote their civilization and development.

For a number of years I had charge of some of their strongest chiefs, held as prisoners of war, part of the time shackled and handcuffed. I myself revolted against our system, but did not desert the people. I removed the shackles and adopted the kindest system of treatment possible in prison life, and endeavored in every way to heal the wounds and make them worthy, self-respecting men by giving to them education and industrial usefulness.

I filled them with the hope that instead of being members of a little tribe of Indians, and for that reason always to be hated and oppressed by us, they might become individually intelligent and useful citizens, having equal rights with us as citizens and the liberty to go and come and live and prosper among us the same as the black or white men. That there were good and encouraging results the official records clearly prove.

It has been loudly proclaimed that the Indian is exceptionally treacherous. This is not true. I have had command of a company of Indians from fifteen different so-called savage tribes, directing them in battle, fighting portions of their own tribes who were hostile, and a number of times have been with them in great danger in engagements with those hostile Indians, with no other white man along but an interpreter, miles away from our other troops, and in every respect found that they were as true and brave as any soldiers in my experience. Their record in "fighting for the country" as a duty of citizenship is complete.

The Indians have as deep love for their children as we have for ours, and, uninfluenced by designing white men, will cheerfully make as many sacrifices to see their children rise to intelligence and worth as

By Brig. Gen. R. B. Pratt.

the white man will. They love liberty, and when deprived of it feel it more keenly because they are children of nature and freedom.

The Indian is a citizen having great wealth in unused lands, and yet the fact of his ignorance and lack of training lies at our door and not at his, for he has been subject to our absolute control for many years. Our system of control is now and always has been calculated, if not intended, to keep him both ignorant and untrained. His ignorance and our oppressive treatment have brought to him disease and death in vastly undue proportion. His only relief and future safety depend on his becoming an intelligent, productive citizen, and as such taking full possession of himself and all that is his.

Properly advised, he is not averse to such education and training, nor is he in any way incapable of acquiring and using the same. His Indian qualities do not and cannot help him in any way to become a successful, self-respecting man and citizen in this country, nor will he at all care for his old qualities if he can have ours.

I say, then, give the Indian our language, our education, our industry, and our laws. He needs no others. Being enabled by these, he will flee from his worthless past, hold his own among us, and have greatest pride in the usefulness and distinction these will bring to him. This will end our long drawn out Indian problem. There is no other ending except annihilation.



6/16/1919
Pratt's paper

SOME LOYAL INDIANS

Chieftains to Whom Memorials
Have Been Raised.

BRANT OF THE SIX NATIONS

Accused of Massacres and Other
Atrocities.

OSCEOLA, SEMINOLE LEADER

Cornplanter, Who Lived to Despise
Favors of Whites—Cornstalk's
Murder Caused War.

[May 20, 1909]

BY WILLIAM E. CURTIS.

Written for The Star and the Chicago Record-Herald.

Mr. Edgar R. Harlan, curator of the historical department of Iowa, opened a mine of exceeding interest when he asked for information concerning monuments which have been erected in the United States to the memory of Indian chieftains. In discussing monuments that have been erected to American women I have already described the statues to Sakajawea, "The Mother of Oregon," who guided Lewis and Clark on their memorable expedition across the continent in 1804, and that of Pocahontas which has been made by William Ordway Partridge for the Pocahontas Memorial Association, to be erected on Jamestown Island, and I have heard of eighteen other statues and monuments that have been erected in the United States to commemorate the achievements and the loyalty to the whites of warriors, sachems and chieftains of the aboriginal tribes of North America. There are probably more, and I am sure the readers of these letters will appreciate any information on the subject.

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Cornplanter, Famous Seneca Chief.

Cornplanter was a famous Seneca chief, also known as John O'Ball, and is supposed to have been born between 1732 and 1740 on the Genesee river, New York. His father was a white trader named John O'Ball or O'Beel, said by some to have been an Englishman, although Harris (Buffalo Historical Society publication, VI, 416, 1903) says he was a Dutchman named Abeel; and Ruttenber (Tribes Hudson R., 317, 1872) also says he was a Dutch trader. His mother was a full-blooded Seneca. All that is known of Cornplanter's early days is contained in a letter to the Governor of Pennsylvania, in which he says he played with Indian boys who remarked the difference between the color of his skin and theirs; his mother informed him that his father resided at Albany. He visited his father, who, it appears, treated him kindly, but gave him nothing to carry back; "nor did he tell me," he adds, "that the United States were about to rebel against the government of England." He states that he was married before this visit. He was one of the parties to the treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1784, when a larger cession of land was made by the Indians; he also took part in the treaty of Fort Harmar in 1789, in which an extensive territory was conveyed to the United States (although his name is not among the signers); and he was a signer of the treaties of September 15, 1797, and July 30, 1802. These acts rendered him so unpopular with his tribe that for a time his life was in danger. In 1790 he, together with Halftown, visited Philadelphia to lay before Gen. Washington the grievances complained of by their people. In 1816 he resided just within the limits of Pennsylvania on his grant seven miles below the junction of the Connetquot with the Allegheny, on the banks of the latter. He then owned 1,300 acres, of which 640 formed a tract granted to him by Pennsylvania March 16, 1796, "for his many valuable services to the whites." It is said that in his old age he declared that the "Great Spirit" told him not to have anything more to do with the whites, nor even to preserve any mementos or relics they had given him. Impressed with this idea, he burned the belt and broke the elegant sword that had been given him. A favorite son (Henry O'Beal), who had been carefully educated, became a drunkard, thus adding to the trouble of Cornplanter's last years. He received from the United States for a time a pension or grant of \$250 a year. He was perhaps more than ninety years of age at the time of his death February 18, 1836. A monument erected to his memory on his reservation by the state

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While there he secured sufficient funds with which to build a church for his people—the first Episcopal church ever erected in upper Canada. His last days were spent on his estate at the head of Lake Ontario—a gift from the king—upon which he built a large residence, and here resided with him his youngest son, John, who afterward became a chief, and a daughter, Elizabeth, who married William Johnson Kerr, a grandson of Sir William Johnson, while his wife preferred the simple life of the savage and dwelt with the tribe in the Indian village at Grand river. The last survivor of the Brant children was Catherine B. Johnson, who died at Wellington Square, Canada, in 1867.

Osceola, Greatest of the Seminoles.

Osceola, the great chief of the Seminoles, who fought Gen. Jackson in Florida with such stubborn ability, lies buried within an inclosure at the entrance of Fort Moultrie, near Charleston, S. C. He was buried where he died January 30, 1838. There has always been a controversy over Osceola's ability and character. Some writers have represented him to be a coward and a knave; others have made him the greatest of chiefs, the ablest of counselors and bravest of warriors. He was born on the Chattahoochee river in Georgia in 1804. He was not a chief by birth, his father being an Englishman named William Powell, and his mother a Greek of the Red Stick tribe. He was taken by his mother to Florida at the age of four years, and by his force of character early attained prominence among the Seminoles. He was slender, well formed, muscular, an excellent tactician and a great admirer of order and discipline, having become versed in military movements among his white neighbors. His manner was bold and impressive, well calculated to influence the timid and encourage the brave. The Seminole war of 1835 was largely instigated by him, both on account of personal affronts and in resistance of American encroachments. He directed every important action. At the beginning of the war the Seminoles numbered 2,000 men, but in June, 1835, with seventy-nine men, he precipitated the battle of Outhlacoochee. In this fight Osceola, dressed in his red belt and feathered headdress, sheltered himself behind a big tree, occasionally stepping out to level his rifle, and bringing down a man at every shot. It took several volleys from the whole platoon to dislodge him, and the tree was literally shot to pieces. Osceola, after the battle, had an interview with Gen. Gaines in relation to terms of peace. The general told him to move to the south of the Outhlacoochee and hold himself ready to attend a council when called, and they would not be disturbed. He was attacked near Fort Drane, and had it not been for a faithful spy Osceola would have been taken prisoner. Making a narrow escape, he met Gen. Call at Wahoo in a sharp fight, in which the American army was badly handled. Osceola's severe blows in that contest still made him master, though the report was circulated that he had been deposed for cowardice. When Gen. Jessup, certain that the war was at an end, called upon Osceola to bring his men in for removal, the latter broke up his plans,

who, it appears, treated him kindly, but gave him nothing to carry back; "nor did he tell me," he adds, "that the United States were about to rebel against the government of England." He states that he was married before this visit. He was one of the parties to the treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1784, when a larger cession of land was made by the Indians; he also took part in the treaty of Fort Harmar in 1789, in which an extensive territory was conveyed to the United States (although his name is not among the signers); and he was a signer of the treaties of September 15, 1797, and July 30, 1802. These acts rendered him so unpopular with his tribe that for a time his life was in danger. In 1790 he, together with Halftown, visited Philadelphia to lay before Gen. Washington the grievances complained of by their people. In 1816 he resided just within the limits of Pennsylvania on his grant seven miles below the junction of the Connewango with the Allegheny, on the banks of the latter. He then owned 1,300 acres, of which 640 formed a tract granted to him by Pennsylvania March 16, 1796, "for his many valuable services to the whites." It is said that in his old age he declared that the "Great Spirit" told him not to have anything more to do with the whites, nor even to preserve any mementos or relics they had given him. Impressed with this idea, he burned the belt and broke the elegant sword that had been given him. A favorite son (Henry O'Beal), who had been carefully educated, became a drunkard, thus adding to the trouble of Cornplanter's last years. He received from the United States for a time a pension or grant of \$250 a year. He was perhaps more than ninety years of age at the time of his death February 18, 1836. A monument erected to his memory on his reservation by the state of Pennsylvania in 1866 bears the inscription, "Aged about 100 years."

Cornstalk, Who Was Murdered.

Cornstalk was a celebrated Shawnee chief (born about 1720, died in 1777) who held authority over those of the tribes then settled on the Scioto, in Ohio. He was brought most prominently into notice by his leadership of the Indians in the battle of Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha river, W. Va., October 10, 1774. Although defeated in a battle lasting throughout the day, his prowess and generalship on this occasion—where his force, mostly Shawnee, numbering probably 1,000, was opposed to 1,100 Virginia volunteers—won the praise of the whites. After this battle he entered into a treaty of peace with Lord Dunmore in November, 1774, at Chillicothe, Ohio, although strenuously opposed by a part of his tribe, and faithfully kept it until 1777. In the latter year the Shawnee, being incited to renew hostilities, he went to Point Pleasant and notified the settlers that he might be forced into the war. The settlers detained him and his son as hostages, and they were soon after murdered by some infuriated soldiers in retaliation for the killing of a white settler by some roving Indians, thus arousing the vindictive spirit of the Shawnee, which was not broken until 1794. Cornstalk was not only a brave and energetic warrior, but a skillful general and an orator of considerable ability. A monument was erected to his memory in the courthouse yard at Point Pleasant in 1893.

First Slain in Revolution.

Crispus Attucks, half Indian and half negro, whose name meant "small deer," was the first person slain in the first hostile encounter between the Americans and the British in the revolutionary war. In consequence a monument was erected to his memory in Boston Common in 1888.

Leatherlips was a Huron chief of the Sandusky tribe whose honorable character and friendship for the whites inflamed the jealousy of Tecumseh, who ruthlessly ordered him to be killed, on the plea that he was a wizard. Tecumseh's fanaticism being so overmastering that he assigned the execution of Shatelaronthia to another Huron chief named Roundhead. He was apprised of his condemnation by his brother, who was sent to him with a piece of bark on which a tomahawk was drawn as a token of his death. The execution took place near his camp on the Scioto about fourteen miles north of Columbus in the summer of 1810, there being present a number of white men, including a justice of the peace, who made an effort to save the life of the accused, but without success. He was tomahawked by a fellow-tribesman while kneeling beside his own grave, after having chanted a death song. The Wyandot Club of Columbus, Ohio, in 1888 erected a granite monument to Shatelaronthia in a park surrounded by a stone wall, including the spot where he died.

North American Indian Trail Markings



INDIAN TRAIL MARKINGS.

AMONG the many methods of marking a trail that of tying a knot of grass as practised by the Sioux, the plains Indians of North America, is one of the most ingenious. A bunch of grass tied in an upright position, as in the first illustration, signifies "This is the trail," as tied in the second "Turn to the left," and as tied in the third "Turn to the right." The forest Indians, such as the Milicetes, denote their trail by "blazing" trees. The blaze in the fourth illustration means "This is the trail," that in the fifth "To left," that in the sixth "To right." Stones and smudge fires are other well-known Indian signs. — MALCOLM C. BROAD IN "COUNTRY LIFE."

Wide World map May - 1909

An Indian Hotel in the Heart of Washington

Benjamin F. Beveridge, Tells of the Famous Chieftains He Has Entertained at His Hostelry, Which Is Exclusively for the Accommodation of the Red Man—Red Cloud an Old Friend of His.

SCARCE a stone's throw from the Capitol, within the very shadow of its dome, there lives a man who has seen and known more Indians than any other man in the United States. There is not a tribe or nation with whose chiefs he is not personally acquainted; there is not an Indian of note for the past 40 years whom he has not met and conversed with, whether that Indian's reputation be founded upon wise councils to his people or the number of scalps he has reaped upon the Western battlefields. And yet this man has never been 50 miles beyond the confines of the District of Columbia.

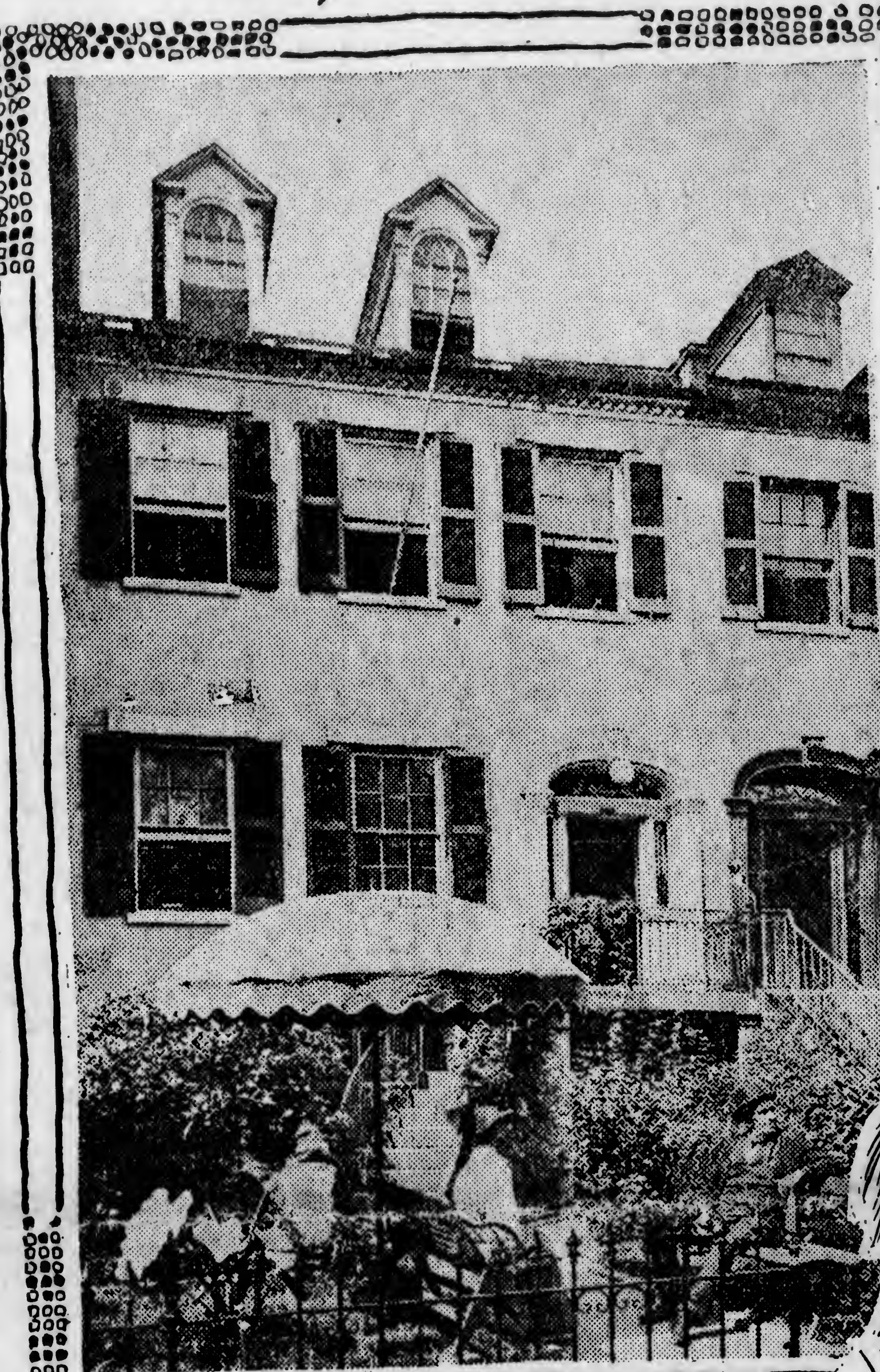
The man is Benjamin F. Beveridge, and he lives at 224 Third street northwest. It is at his boarding house here that Indians most do congregate. For 40 years Mr. Beveridge and his comfortable home have been the host and hostelry with whom all the famous Indians from every quarter of the country have abided when they came to Washington to visit the Great Father.

"There isn't a tribe of Indians that ever roamed the plains or broke off a reservation but what I've had their chieftains lodge with me when they came here to Washington," said Mr. Beveridge, as he sat comfortably in his yard beneath a great spreading sun umbrella. "How did I come to have the monopoly of lodging the Indians? Well, it's been so long ago that I cannot recall it just now. Forty years is a long period, but it's that length of time that I have been boarding all the visiting Indians. Just after the civil war and along through the seventies the Indians came to Washington very frequently. You see some of the more important tribes had been engaged in that contest siding with the South, and it took a good deal of conferring, 'pow-wowing' and 'palavering,' as the Indians call it, before things were straightened out with them. It was during that period that I began making a specialty of having Indians for my guests. I reckon I pleased them. At all events, it wasn't long before my home was known as the official headquarters of every big Indian who came to Washington.

Chiefs From Every Tribe His Guests.

"Since that time I have had my house fairly filled with the chiefs of every tribe and nation. Last winter I accommodated something over two hundred Indians. Tribes? Oh, I can't remember just how many tribes were represented, but they included Indians from coast to coast; Senecas from New York who had lived in civilization for some generations and wild Apaches from the Sierra Madre country down to the Mexican border, and Indians from all the country in between."

"How do your Indian guests behave?" Mr. Beveridge was asked. "Why just like other folks," he replied with a smile. "I have noticed that no matter what a terror an Indian may have been out on the Western plains and deserts, when he comes here he always deposits himself with dignity and decorum. Even the bloodthirstiest of the Apaches conduct themselves with an easy grace and quiet that might be a good object lesson to many a fresh young man in fashionable society. Some twenty years ago I had seventeen Apaches staying with me for quite a while. It was just after the fierce Apache war of 1886, when Gen. Crook came very near following the fate



BENJ. F. BEVERIDGE, PROPRIETOR OF THE HOTEL
TAKING HIS EASE IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE

PHOTO BY
DAVID B. EDMONSTON.

of Custer and being wiped out—as he would have been but for Gen. Miles. You remember Geronimo and that savage campaign of his during that year, don't you? Well, these seventeen Apaches were Geronimo's military staff, as you might call it. Not one of them but what had killed and scalped his dozen within the twelve-month just previous to their coming here. They had been brought up in an atmosphere of fire and blood. Yet I never saw folks more gentle and courteous than were these same fierce and lawless Indians during their stay in my house.

Always Self-Controlled Here.

"It is a strange thing," said Mr. Beveridge, when asked about the ability of these children of nature to restrain their savage propensities. "No matter how savage an Indian may be by nature and breeding, when he is here he restrains all his savage instincts with a self-control that would be beyond the power of a Caucasian. Yes, I've seen them quarrel and even fight among themselves. But in their intercourse with white men they preserve a decorum and restraint that would do justice to one of the diplomatic corps. Personally, I have never had the slightest trouble in getting along with even the fiercest of them, whether Apache or Brule Sioux."

When one observes Mr. Beveridge's quiet and genial manner, he begins to understand how he has for 40 years dealt with wild Indians without a hitch. He is big in body, and his heart fits his physical make-up. When one hears his even, soft voice and marks his perfect placidity of bearing and manner, it is easily seen how he has become the patron saint of all visiting Indians. Used to residing in their host something more than a mere landlord, and he becomes at once their friend. Some of these friendships have extended over nearly two score years. Throughout Mr. Beveridge's house are



CHIEF GALL, LEADER IN
THE CUSTER MASSACRE.

evidences of the high regard in which he is held by his red guests. The walls are lined with photographs of famous Indians given him by the originals of the pictures. In the entrance hall there hang nearly fifty such pictures. Among them are such celebrated Indians as Geronimo, Sitting Bull, Chief Gall, Red Cloud, and others of equal note.

Knew Red Cloud Well.

"Oh, yes, I knew Red Cloud quite well," Mr. Beveridge replied in answer to a question regarding this celebrated



HALLWAY OF HOTEL SHOWING PICTURES
OF FAMOUS INDIAN GUESTS.



Red Cloud—
A FAMOUS CHIEFTAIN.

PHOTO BY
DAVID B. EDMONSTON.



SIoux DELEGATION WHICH VISITED BEVERIDGE'S HOTEL.

Top row—High Hawk, Fire Lightning, Little Wound, Two Strike, Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, Spotted Elk, Big Road. Second row—F. D. Lewis, He Dog, Spotted Horse, American Horse, Maj. George Sword, Louis Shatgrau, Bat Pourica. Third row—Zaphier, Hump, High Pipe, Fast Thunder, the Rev. Charles S. Cook, P. T. Johnson.

tain. "He and Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses were the two leading chiefs of the Sioux that straightened out the affairs between their nation and the United States government after the disastrous campaign of 1876, when Custer and most of the Seventh cavalry were wiped out at the battle of the Little Big Horn. Red Cloud was in that fight. He never liked to hear it spoken of as the 'Custer massacre,' the term that is always used by white men. He thought it implied some unfair advantage taken of Custer and a subsequent slaughter, and I think that was right. Custer attacked the Indians and was defeated. The battle

took place in open daylight, and for the first hour the Indians were panic-stricken. But Chief Gall and Crazy Horse—there are both their pictures hanging by the door—rallied their warriors, drove back Reno, cut Custer off from reinforcements, and proceeded to annihilate him. Red Cloud, who was there, always said it was a fair fight; that they did to Custer just what he was trying to do to them. I think Red Cloud was right, although the disaster to our army was most deplorable. But no matter how hard Chief Gall and Red Cloud may have fought on the plains, when they were in my house no master of ceremonies could

Each Indian brings his interpreter with him, and he carries him around pretty close, too. He doesn't like the idea of being at sea in the great city of the Great Father. When they gather together in social converse their interpreters conduct the conversation, translating to each other into English and then back into the several Indian tongues."

One of the most widely known of the Indians that have patronized Mr. Beveridge's house was "John," of the Senecas, the real if not the titular head of that nation. For years he spent the winters here guarding the interests of his people. He had a mild stored with the old folklore of the Senecas, learned at his father's knee when he was a child, and with these old legends he would entertain his red brothers on the long winter's nights. Last winter Mr. Beveridge, coming down early one morning, found him lying unconscious in the hall. The old man had been stricken with his death sickness. He was taken to a hospital and in a few days passed away, watched over by Mr. Beveridge as tenderly as though he had been his own son. It is that kindly spirit that has so endeared Mr. Beveridge to the hearts of his dark lodgers. They look upon him for guidance and instruction far more than they do that Great Father up in the White House. Mr. Beveridge was asked whether the Indians were much addicted to dissipation when they found themselves surrounded by all the temptations of the Capital.

Once Indians Came in Native Finery.

"No," he replied, "not so much as at the same number of white men under similar circumstances. Of course the saloons of the city are not allowed to sell them intoxicating liquors, but if they want it there is no difficulty in their procuring it. I have seen some of them at times under the influence, but it is not a common thing. No, that is a mistake about their reverting to the original savage when intoxicated. As a fact, they always studiously avoid any intercourse with white people when in that state. I have never had the slightest trouble with them on that account—which is more than many Washington boarding-house keepers can say with regard to their white patrons."

"Thirty years ago, when the Indians came here, they always dressed in their native garb, highly colored blankets, moccasins, feathered headgear, and all the rest of the brilliant trappings of a big chief. Of late years, however, they have come decked out in his native finery the first thing he does is to go to a clothing store and purchase garments that are inconspicuous as possible. He has the native timidity of the man who dwells near to nature and doesn't like to be a mark for public curiosity."

"What do Indians eat?" innocently queried a youth who had stood silently listening to the conversation. Mr. Beveridge looked like he would for once lose that even temper of his. "Eat?" he ejaculated. "What do you suppose they eat? Hay?"

Original Defective

293

INDIANS FOUND DEAD

Washⁿ Star

One of Them Had Blown Out

March 4, the Gas. 1910.

THEY HAD BEEN WARNED

Probably So Tired and Sleepy That
They Forgot.

MOURED BY COMPANIONS

One of the Victims Said to Have
Been the Oldest and Most Belov-
ed Member of His Tribe.

Pay Baum We Che Waish Kung and Ane Way Way Aush, Chippewa Indians, the former nearly 100 years old, and the latter, his nephew, sixty years old, were found dead in bed this morning in their room at the Halladay House, 222 3d street northwest. Inhaling illuminating gas ended their lives. One of them had blown out the light.

They were found by Ma Chi Skung and Day Bwa Wundung, companions, who occupied the adjoining room. Rev. F. H. Pequette, interpreter, was sent for and after Coroner Nevitt had ended his investigation of the accident the interpreter got in communication with the Indian bureau to make arrangements for sending the bodies to the Fort Bois Indian reservation, Minnesota.

Pay Baum, said to have been the oldest and most beloved member of his tribe, was here in 1866 and was one of the signers of the Indian treaty of that year. It was thought by Rev. Mr. Pequette and the hotel proprietor that the aged men well understood how to operate the gas fixture and but little thought was given the matter.

The Indian spoke English fluently and was well acquainted with most of the methods of his white brothers. He came here yesterday, reaching the Union station about noon, and the four tribesmen and interpreter went to the Capitol to see Senator Clapp. They found the senator too busy yesterday afternoon to attend to them, and early last evening they returned to the 3d street hotel and retired.

Went to Bed Tired and Sleepy.

It was said at the hotel this morning that the Indians were very tired when they reached the hotel last night. Each of them carried a small bag of oranges to his room. The aged man and his nephew occupied a room together, while the others were assigned to the adjoining room. It was said they were warned about the danger of the gas, and told not to blow it out, but they were so tired and sleepy that they probably forgot their warning.

Last night after retiring to their room, it is stated, the two victims of the gas indulged in a smoke and ate some of the fruit they had purchased while on their way to the hotel from the Capitol. It was probably not later than 8:30 o'clock when they retired. It is thought that the aged man was first to retire, and that the nephew blew out the gas. Shortly after 7 o'clock this morning the two companions of the gas victims went to their rooms to call them and were startled at the sight which was presented.

Gas Jet Found Wide Open.

One gas jet was wide open, while the door and window were closed. They did not fully comprehend just what was the matter, and they summoned the proprietor and his wife from the office. The latter was first to respond to their appeal, and when she reached the room she found the two Indians lying on the bed and the gas still flowing from the fixture. When she had stopped the flow of gas and opened the window her husband appeared and proceeded to make an examination of the two occupants of the room. He found their bodies were cold and concluded that death had occurred several hours earlier.

A call was sent to the Emergency Hospital for physicians, however, but when a physician reached the hotel he could only tell what was already known. The proprietor of the hotel started to make an effort to revive the younger of the two men. He thought the condition of the body of the nephew indicated he had been the last one to die.

Pay Baum had removed only his shoes and coat before retiring, while his nephew wore only his undergarments, and the positions of their bodies suggested that

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Pay Baum had removed only his shoes and coat before retiring, while his nephew wore only his undergarments, and the positions of their bodies suggested that they had moved about the bed while their life was fast ebbing away. Not a sound was heard in their room by their companions in the adjoining room, and the surviving members of the quartet suspected nothing wrong until they opened the door leading to the death chamber and smelled the odor of gas.

Mourned by Companions.

The surviving members of the quartet and the interpreter were much disturbed over the fatal accident.

"Poor chief," one of them said, "he lived to be old man and gas kill him."

At the Indian office this afternoon it was announced that the office had not been informed as to the business which Pay Baum We Che Waish Kung, Ane Way Way Aush and their companions desired to bring to the attention of Commissioner Valentine. The Indian commissioner was aware of the fact that the party was in the city. The Chippewas have a grievance every now and then, and Mr. Valentine, after a conference with their representatives, usually straightens matters out to their satisfaction.

O as o in note, but as approaching to aw in law.
U as oo in moon, or short as u in pulli.
V as u in but, nasalized.

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

G, is sounded hard approaching to k; sometimes before e, i, u, and v, its sound is k. D has a sound between the English d and t; sometime, before o, u, and v its sound is t; when written before l and s the same analogy prevails.

All other letters as in English.

Syllables beginning with g, except ga have sometimes the power of k; syllables when written with tl, except tla sometimes vary to dia.

hecekat MOMEN
EMECPVPO
este satake
hakan oket omes ce.

TSTPA DPAE, DAZ Gah ic GStot TE
TAAJ, JHGOV OFA TAAJ OFOT.

UJAJOT OPAW I JHGOV DPA, KTA
DPA.

VWZ OFOS DPAE DE DOKTAE
OFOT OFOT.

hecekat MOMEN
EMECPVPO
este satake
hakan oket omes ce.

hecekat MOMEN
EMECPVPO
este satake
hakan oket omes ce.

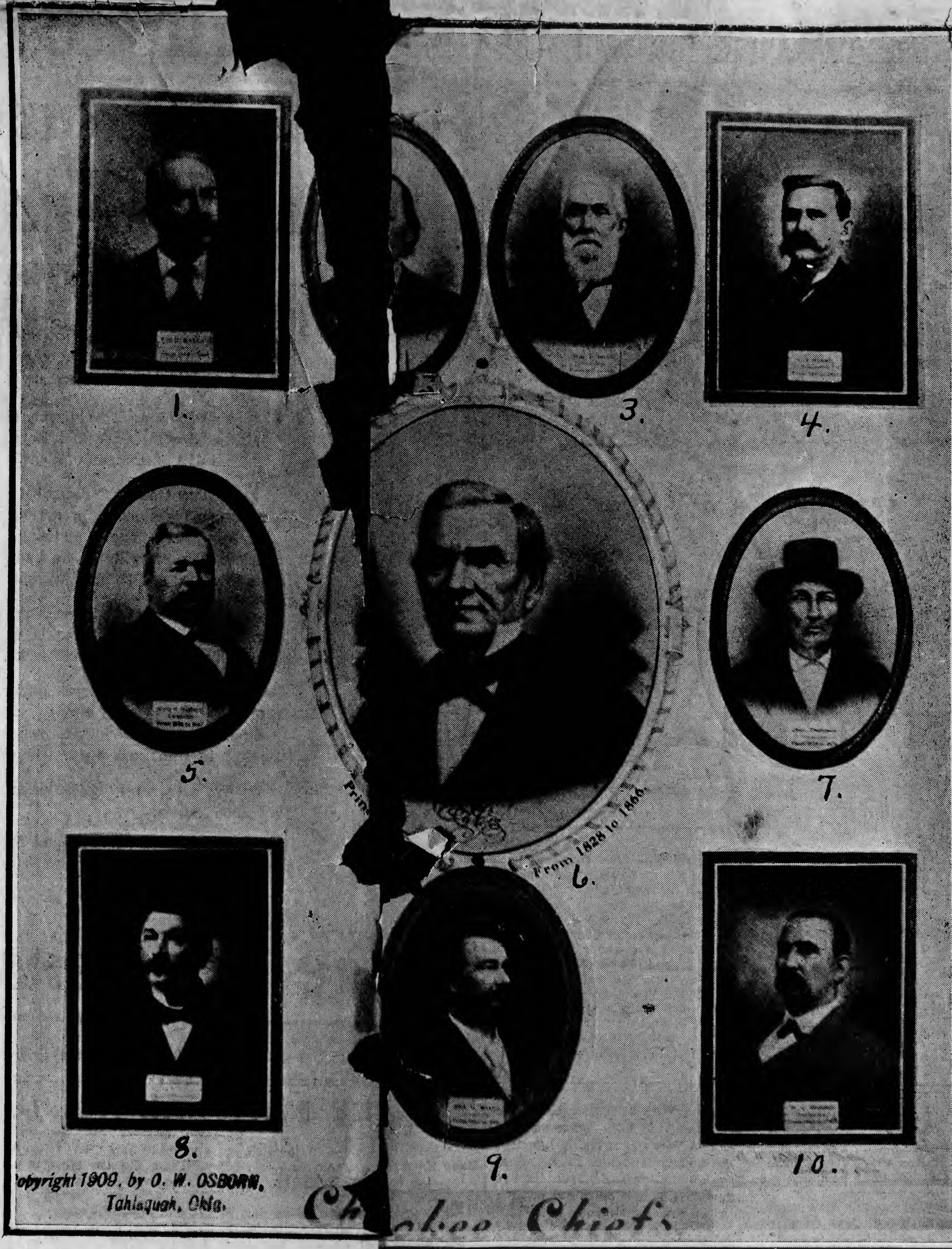
Oklahomv Ekvutvsk emofvn
hytm etemvrkv ocvrant os este
enwiketv taranat sahekvv Hay-
orakko emofvn. Hiyome enwiketv
hahoyate sehoket ennak afastetv
enhecekat heret omat monkat here-
mahoket omaten kerrecket ometok

he a pe mah na he keyo-pe villa
chiponta akinle ho ai ettilawichet
peishe banna.

Hattak vpehomma Nan isht imai
asha ya ahluppolli cha chi ka, I
moma kot nalyokpat micha lbash
vt kepehisa. U. S. Koffamant vt
pe alokpane hincne kot imoma ka
nana pemachuk mala he keyo hoke.

Hattak kanime kot nan vehtaka
achukma hash U. S. I Koffamant a

CHEROKEE FROM 1826 TO THE PRESENT TIME



(1) Samuel H. Mayes (2) Louis Downing (3) Wm. Thompson (8) T. M. Buffington (9) Joel B. Ross (4) C. J. Harris (5) D. W. Bushyhead (6) John Ross (7) Charles Jeff Davis have a right to act as imbeciles when they please.

presented—hence you will find their advertisements in Indian Home and Farm, such as Patterson Mercantile Company, Turner Hardware Company, Chandler Mercantile Company, Smith-Bass Furniture Company, The First National Bank and others too numerous to mention in this issue, but who will receive attention all along. The exceptions are those who have fallen behind or dropped out of the progressive class.

It is a matter of special pride to Indian Home and Farm to point out citizens of the Five Tribes who have been elected to office and who have made good. Among these in the Cherokee Nation are Judge Littlejohn, county judge of Sequoyah county; Judge Albert, county judge of Adair county; Joe M. Lynch, Register of Deeds, Adair county; Henry C. Walkley, Register of Deeds, Tulsa county. Wherever an Indian has been elected to a county, district or state office, he has made good—mighty few exceptions.

Jacob Homer is connected with Indian Home and Farm as Choctaw translator. He is a young man of fine character and splendid ability and will do his best to give his people the news concerning them and their affairs both here and at Washington.

Hon. Sam Grayson, whom everybody knows, now living at San Antonio, Texas, writes for Indian Home and Farm. Sam Grayson is one of God's noblemen—no truer Indian lives than he. His family are being restored to health, so he writes.

Indian Home and Farm has secured the services of Richard Glory as its Cherokee translator. Mr. Glory is a Christian gentleman and has the good of his people at heart, and will take pains to see they get the facts and news concerning them.

Johnson E. Tiger, we are pleased to state has accepted the position as Creek translator for Indian Home and Farm. Mr. Tiger loves his people and will always be found looking out for their best interests.

Every business man of Muskogee, and other towns throughout the old Indian Territory portion of Oklahoma should reach out for part of a good portion of the (\$5,000,000) five million dollars soon to be paid out to the Cherokee people, by placing their advertisements in this paper—Indian Home and Farm—the only medium through which they can be reached—their paper. Five thousand copies of this paper go out weekly to these people. Stick a pin here.

Muskogee business men will fail to do their duty if they neglect to reach out for a goodly portion of the Five Million Dollars soon to be paid, per capita, to the Cherokee people.

Thomas B. Ferguson, candidate for governor on the Republican ticket is an old newspaper man—he is close to the people—and should he get the nomination would be a strong candidate.

The Indians of this state are proud of their Indian representatives in Congress, Senator Owen and Representative Carter.

This paper is under obligations for courtesies rendered it by the press of Muskogee. No city of the Southwest has better newspapers than the Phoenix, Times-Democrat and Glick's Weekly Review.

Under the constitution and in the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, Gov. Vardaman and Senator Jeff Davis have a right to act as imbeciles when they please.

Original Defective

AY, JANUARY 7, 1911

GOOD INDIAN LOCATED IN THE STATE OF TEXAS

**Secretary Ballinger Highly
Commends Tribe of Alabama.
Appeal to Congress.**

The long-sought-for "good Indian" has been found. Secretary Ballinger of the Interior Department has discovered his type in the Alabama tribe in Texas, and a report has been sent to Congress asking that everything possible be done to keep him in the straight and narrow path.

Poor Lo of the Alabamas knows but little of the trouble caused by "fire water." He takes a drink now and then, but it is only to give him a "strong constitution," for never has he been known to get too much. He has abandoned tribal customs and adopted the ways of the white man. They have built little one-story houses for their homes and are self-sustaining.

Congress Solicits Information.

Congress not many months ago heard of these Indians, and the Interior Department was directed to inquire into their condition. Secretary Ballinger reports that they number 192, have made marked progress in civilization, are peaceable and law-abiding and have no claim on the government, but would like more land to cultivate and a school for manual training.

The chances are, it is believed, that Congress will be able to find more acreage for them in the public lands of Texas, and a school such as they want will be given to them; in fact, everything within reason will be provided to keep up the good work of being good.

arranged.

RED CLOUD IS DEAD.

Famous Old Sioux Goes to Happy Hunting Grounds.

Red Cloud, the famous old Sioux Indian chief, is dead. This information was received today by Supt. Brennan of the Pine Ridge Indian agency, who is in Washington attending the meeting of those interested in the education of the Indian. Red Cloud belonged to the old type of Indian. He was eighty-six years old and for the past twenty-five years had lived at the Pine Ridge agency.

Wash. Star - Dec. 10, 1909.

"Talk about your wireless telegraph," said Capt. "Jack" Stovall, of Phoenix, Ariz., at the Metropolitan. "Out on the Arizona plains the Apaches have a wireless telegraph that is the marvel of all who have seen its mysterious workings."

Capt. Stovall was once a Texas ranger, and for years "fit the varmints," as he called the Apaches.

"The Apaches," said Capt. Stovall, "have a system of communication over long distances of country that always has been a mystery to the plainsmen in Texas, on the Mexican border, and in Arizona and New Mexico. They are able to notify each other of occurrences that happen simultaneously miles apart, and this without any runners, signal fires, or the flashing of signs on the heavens by means of polished pieces of stone, as was one of their practices in war time. I have never learned how they do it, but have seen by personal observation many instances of it. They must have some sort of mental telepathy, or means of communication unknown to the whites, something that probably has been a tribal secret for centuries."

1909

CHECKERED CAREER ENDS.

Wash. Star - Feb. 24, 1911

QUANA PARKER DEAD

Passing of Famous War Chief of Comanche Indian Tribe.

LAWTON, Okla., February 23.—Quana Parker, chief of the Comanche Indians, last of the great Indian braves who once spread terror among the white settlers of the great southwest, considered by many the greatest "blanket Indian" of later days, is dead, at sixty-seven years. He died at his home, fifteen miles west of Lawton, yesterday, from a severe attack of the rheumatism and asthma.

Parker had three wives and fifteen children living. In his lifetime he had seven wives and twenty children. He led the Comanches in numerous raids on the whites of Oklahoma and Texas, and surrendered to Gen. McKenzie, at Fort Sill, in 1877.

Eschiti, a rival leader, will probably succeed Parker as chief.

Chief's Life Record.

Quana Parker was well known in Washington, having during the peaceful years of his life had much business with the government. James Mooney of the bureau of ethnology, in the "Handbook of American Indians," a Smithsonian publication, the final volume of which has just been issued, gives an interesting account of the chief's life. Mr. Mooney says:

"Quana Parker—from Comanche Kwaina, 'fragrant,' joined to his mother's family name—was the principal chief of the Comanche, son of a Comanche chief and a white captive woman. His father, Nokoni ('wanderer') was the leader of the Kwahadi division, the wildest and most hostile portion of the tribe and the most inveterate raiders along the Texas border.

"In one of the incursions, in the summer of 1835, the Comanche attacked a small settlement on the Navasota river in eastern Texas, known as Parker's Fort, and carried off two of Parker's children, one of whom, Cynthia Ann Parker, then about twelve years of age, became later the wife of the chief and the mother of Quana, who was born about the year 1845. The mother, with a younger infant, was afterward rescued by the troops and brought back to Texas, where both soon died.

"Quana grew up with the tribe and on the death of his father rapidly rose to commanding influence. The Kwahadi band refused to enter into the Medicine Lodge treaty of 1867, by which the Comanche, Kiowa, Apache, Cheyenne and Arapaho were assigned to reservations. The band continued to be a disturbing element until 1874, when, in consequence of the depredations of an organized company of white buffalo hunters, Quana himself mustered the warriors of the Comanche and Cheyenne tribes, with about half the Kiowa and some portion of the other two tribes, for resistance.

Fruitless Attack on Fort.

"The campaign began June 24, 1874,

with an attack led by Quana in person at the head of 700 confederated warriors against the buffalo hunters, who were entrenched in a fort known as the Adobe Walls, on the South Canadian in the Texas panhandle. In addition to the protection afforded by the thick walls, the white hunters had a small field piece which they used with such good effect that after a siege lasting all day the Indians were obliged to retire with considerable loss.

"The war thus begun continued along the whole border south of Kansas, until about the middle of the next year, when, being hard pressed by the troops under Gen. McKenzie, most of the hostiles surrendered. Quana, however, kept his band out upon the staked plain for two years longer, when he also came in.

"Recognizing the inevitable, he set about making the best of the new conditions, and being still young and with the inherited intelligence of his white ancestry he quickly adapted himself so well to the white man's road as to become a most efficient factor in leading his people

up to civilization. Through his influence the confederated tribes adopted the policy of leasing the surplus pasture lands, by which a large annual income was added to their revenues. He popularized education, encouraged house building and agriculture and discouraged dissipation and savage extravagances, while holding strictly to his native beliefs and ceremonies. All of his children of proper age have received a school education, and one or two of his daughters married white men.

"For nearly thirty years he had been the most prominent and influential figure among the three confederated tribes in all leases, treaty negotiations and other public business with the government, and in this capacity made repeated visits to Washington, besides having traveled extensively in other parts of the country. In addition to his native language he spoke both English and Spanish fairly well. He lived in a large and comfortable house, surrounded by well cultivated fields, about twelve miles west of Fort Sill, Okla. Quana, a town in northern Texas, was named in his honor."



QUANA PARKER.

(Photograph From the Bureau of Ethnology.)

ST Exr.
ECEMBER 8, 1912.

Takes Office Oath As Indian Chief

Wesley of Wintoons Follows the
White Man's Custom; Women
Vote at His Election.

[Special Dispatch to "The Examiner."]

REDDING, December 7.—For an Indian to take the oath of chief and file it with the County Recorder is unprecedented in this State, but that is what Charles Anderson Wesley, newly elected chief of the Wintoons, did today.

He was chosen chief at an election held by his tribe last month. Every woman Wintoon voted, too. They insisted that the establishment of woman suffrage in California made voters out of Indian women as well as white women.

Wesley's election was particularly unanimous. It was his own idea that he should be sworn in like white men officers.

In his oath, which was subscribed to before a notary public at Baird, Chief Wesley swore not only to enforce the laws of the Wintoons, but to uphold the constitution of the United States.

The Wintoons were once the most powerful tribe in Northern California. They numbered their braves by the hundreds, but since the advent of the white man's civilization their numbers have gradually decreased until there are now only about two hundred of them.

They live along the McCloud river and from time immemorial have been friendly to the whites. Chief Wesley is a natural peacemaker, has a good influence over his tribesmen and is highly regarded by the whites. He can read and write and he signed his oath of office in a hand that is as legible as copy book script.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.
Bee
JUN 24 1916

JUN 24 1916

INDIAN, 115 YEARS OF AGE, REGISTERS

SANTA ROSA (Sonoma Co.), June 24.—Fernando El Ciano, who says he was a "man with whiskers" when the first white man came to Alexander Valley in this county, registered at the Court House, giving his age as 115 years.

The astonished look and actions of County Clerk W. W. Felt, who was registering a party of Indians, including Ciano, caused the aged man to nod his head and repeat "one hundred and fifteen." It is believed that Ciano is the oldest registered voter, if not the oldest man, in the State of California.

Ciano and a party of Indians from the northern part of Sonoma County were brought here to register by Rev. Frederick Collett, Field Secretary of the Indian Board of Co-operation, who says it is the purpose of his organization to teach the Indians to adopt the standards of the whites in their everyday life.

Miscellaneous

1922-1939, n.d.

2 of 2

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c

JANUARY 13, 1922.

Washington Star

INDIANS WIN \$4,000,000 IN TOWN AND CITY LAND

United States Supreme Court Says
"Plucking Flower" and Descend-
ants Have Tribal Rights.

UTICA, N. Y., January 13.—Squat-
ter sovereignty is squelched, tribal
rights are upheld, ancient Indian
treaties of the wampum days de-
clared part of the supreme law of
the land, and the claims of Gar-Gea-
Jun-Tar (Plucking Flower) and her
descendants declared paramount, to
thirty-four acres of improved farm
and city property in Oneida, worth
\$4,000,000, by the decision of the
United States Supreme Court.

Title of; contesting whites to the

original reservation land is denied
and possession ordered restored to
redskins, under the decision.

NIGHT LIFE GETS BLOW.

Montreal's Public Dance Halls
Must Close at 1 A. M.

MONTREAL, January 13. — Night
life in this city sustains a severe
blow in the by-law adopted by the
executive committee of the city coun-
cil, which fixes the closing hour for
public dance halls at 1 a.m., except
on Saturdays, when they must close
at midnight. In case of such social
events as charity balls the closing
hour may be extended on application
to the chief of police.

The by-law states that no persons
conducting a dance hall shall permit
children under sixteen to be admitted
to such establishments.

INDIANS HOSTS OF C. E. CONVENTION HELD AT SACATON

Most Unique Gathering In
History Of State Organ-
ization Opens Friday—
Prominent Speakers On
Program.

For the first time in the history of Arizona the Christian Endeavor convention is to be held at Sacaton, with the delegates going as guests of Indian members of the organization. It will be unnecessary for the delegates to make hotel reservations as they will camp on the Indian reservation during the convention. The convention will open tomorrow and extend over Sunday.

The Indian hosts will have their hands full in the entertainment of their guests as more than 750 are expected to be in attendance at the opening session, which occurs at 6:30 o'clock tomorrow evening. Delegates are expected to come from all parts of the state to attend this convention, which will probably go down in history as the most unique assembly in the annals of the organization.

Prominent speakers and Christian Endeavor workers from all parts of the Southwest will be present and address the meeting. Virtually the entire program has been arranged by the Indian members of the organization and they will take a leading part in the program, especially the entertainment features.

Prominent Members Coming

Among the more prominent members present will be Alma Atkinson of Phoenix, state president of the society; Clarence C. Hamilton of Boston, field secretary; W. Roy Breg, southwestern secretary; Harold R. Singer, field secretary of Oklahoma, and many others of like note.

Features of the opening program will be a patriotic entertainment given by the Sacaton Indian school, the address of welcome by Dr. W. W. Allen, convention chairman, and the appointment of committees. This session will close with a social hour at which time the delegates will make an effort to get acquainted with each other.

The outstanding feature of the program Friday morning will be denominational conferences and the meeting of the training course classes.

In the afternoon Clarence C. Hamilton will address the convention. His address will be immediately followed by a musical entertainment and the district rallies.

To Hold Barbecue

A large portion of Saturday morning will be given over to the training course classes and in the afternoon the annual business meeting will be held. The evening program will be started off with a barbecue, followed by a number of discussions and a summary of Arizona's progress by Harold R. Singer and special music by the Indian choir.

Sunday being the last day the afternoon will be largely taken up by the installation of the new officers and winding up of last year's business. A regular Christian Endeavor meeting will be held in the evening.

THE EVENING

INDIANS WIN DISPUTE OVER ALASKA FISHING

March 17, 1922.

PHILADELPHIA, March 17.—Secretary Hoover of the Department of Commerce has decided the long controversy between the Alaskan Indians and the big salmon fisheries interests in that territory in favor of the Indians, it was stated in a telegram received from the Secretary by Bishop Peter Trimble Rowe.

In announcing receipt of the telegram Bishop Rowe, who for twenty-seven years has directed the missionary work of the Episcopal Church in Alaska, said that the bureau of fisheries two years ago had promulgated regulations under which no more commercial fishing was to be permitted in the Yukon and other rivers after September 1, 1921, and that the packing companies had appealed to the Department of Commerce.

"Mr. Hoover's decision," the bishop said, "is that the regulations shall stand. He has done a wise and humane act. It is upon the fishing in these rivers that the natives depend for food for themselves and their dogs."

"This commercial fishing has been going on wholesale, and the result is that the natives have been hard pushed to secure food. I know of instances where their children are starving and they have had to kill their dogs because they had no food for them."

SAN DIEGO, CAL., UNION
FEBRUARY 22, 1923

Indians to Get Land Titles From S. P.

(Associated Press)

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 21.

The title to 200 acres of land claimed by two Indian families on lands patented by the Central Pacific Railroad company in Siskiyou county, will be given to the Indians without question in view of a decision of the United States supreme court declaring them as a part of an Indian reservation, the Southern Pacific company announced today.

In a previous statement the company announced that the lands had been covered by treaties that had not been ratified by the senate, but the treaty matter was not part of the action whereby the lands were given with unimpaired title to the present settlers, and the title therefore stands in their name.

FEBRUARY 23, 1923

White Wife Of Aged Indian Oil Made Millionaire Defies World To Unmake Bargain

Clovis Woman Relates Quaint Story Of Bride's Refusal To Separate

Special to The Republican

CLOVIS, Feb. 22.—Locked in an apartment for two weeks with her full blood Creek Indian husband, Jackson Barnett, 60, wealthiest Indian in the world, in an effort to "sicken her of her bargain," Mrs. Jackson Barnett, white, 40, and mother of a charming daughter of 16, "stuck it out" and defied the world to separate them, according to Mrs. May Case, Clovis newspaper woman, who knew them both.

Mrs. Barnett returned to Muskogee, Oklahoma, last week after a short business visit to Los Angeles.

In spite of a storm of protests, Mrs. Barnett married Jackson, who later settled 550 thousand dollars on her and dozed in peace before the fire of his palatial home near Muskogee, while she came to Los Angeles to enter her daughter in an exclusive girls' school.

Barnett, made fabulously rich by Government oil, lived in a veritable pig pen before his marriage. Now he lives in state in a mansion, and according to Mrs. Case, wears a high silk hat on occasion to please his wife.

Mrs. Barnett in a recent statement issued to the Associated Press at Muskogee defied the world to take her husband from her. "I dare 'em to try," she said. "I married Jackson because I loved him and when he dies I will never marry again." Speaking of the settlement made recently by Jackson of more than a half million dollars, she said: "We made the settlement to protect his fortune from designing grafters. The settlement was his wish."

Whether or not the Creek millionaire is happier married remains a question. Mrs. Case believes after seeing him "informally" dressed in Oklahoma last summer that he probably sits before the fire and dreams of the olden days before black water ran out of the ground to sell for much wampum, bringing with it such irksome trifles as baths, white collars and high hats.

According to Mrs. Case, Mrs. Barnett was arrested several times following her marriage in an effort to annul the marriage and was at one time locked up in the same apartment with "the sage of Sapulpa," as he is known in the Middle West, for two weeks in an effort to "sicken her." She remained firm.

Richest Indian

Jackson Barnett, 60, full blood Creek Indian of Muskogee, Oklahoma, said to be the richest in the world who recently settled 550 thousand dollars in cash upon his white wife who was in California last week.



FEB 28 1923
Los Angeles, Cal., Express

WEALTHIEST INDIAN HAS ONLY \$500,000

364-7



—Photo copyright by Harris & Ewing.

MR. AND MRS. JACKSON BARNETT

Jackson Barnett is the richest Indian in the world, but his fortune is much smaller than it was a short time ago. He is said to have given away \$1,100,000 with the sole object of keeping his money out of the hands of designing persons.

Barnett has only \$500,000 now.

He is an elderly man, well educated and long accustomed to the ways of the white man. His wife is white. The "richest Indian" gave \$550,000 to his wife, and the same sum to the Indian school at Baconne, including the Murrow Indian Orphans' home, in the heart of the Indian country, operated by the Baptist Missionary Society.

MARCH 1, 1923

INDIAN DECISION STILL DEBATABLE

Supreme Court Action Grant- ing Indians Possession of Land Disputed

Southern Pacific Contends That
Treaties on Siskiyou Land
Were Not Ratified

The right of the government to dispossess the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific railroad systems from control of certain Indian treaty lands on the railroad grant in Siskiyou county, in accordance with a decision of the United States supreme court Monday of last week, is still debatable despite the decision, according to a press dispatch from San Francisco.

The Southern Pacific Company has announced the decision held that land granted by the government to a railroad can be recovered if such land had been secured to Indian settlers by treaty previous to the issuance of the patent to the railroad. The Southern Pacific contends that in 1852 there were 18 treaties drawn up covering the lands in question and considerable more Indian land in California, but the treaties were never ratified by the senate and are inoperative at the present time.

The land involved in Monday's decision, 200 acres in two different plots, near Fort Jones in the Mofitt Creek district of Siskiyou county, was covered by one of those unratified treaties. One of the tracts was settled by George and Maggie Wall and the other by Ellen Ruff.

All the grant was not made until 1866, and was not located until 1871 and no patent issued until 1904. The Southern Pacific contends that the absence of an operative treaty establishes the validity and the permanency of the patent, and that it can not be recalled therefore, on the ground that it was superseded by any operative pact with the Indians, treaty or otherwise.

Los Angeles, Cal., Times
MARCH 4, 1923

AN OLD INDIAN SECRET

Hollywood Author Finds Mineral Deposit from Which Mojave Pottery Came—Kaolin, Lost Clay

BY BILL, THE PROSPECTOR

The ancient secret of the Indian pottery makers has just been discovered by a Hollywood scenario writer. It is a valuable deposit of kaolin, a rare clay from which the aborigines molded ware that is the marvel of entymologists.

The finder of this lost lode is Arthur A. Statter, former Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury during Theodore Roosevelt's administrations, and now a continuity writer for Lasky, Goldwyn, Universal and other companies.

The kaolin mine lies on the wind-swept desert wastes midway between Mojave and Randsburg. Statter has filed mineral claim to the property, has recorded it under the name of "Black Butte Mine," and expects to begin quarrying operations soon. The product will be shipped from Mojave to Los Angeles, to be used in the manufacture of china and high-grade tile.

Samples of the clay, tested, show it to be equal to the renowned deposits in France from which Haviland china is made.

Over a juniper twig fire, at the mine, Statter has baked samples of the native clay. Even by such

crude baking it becomes a fine-textured substance which explains the age-lasting qualities of the Indian pottery.

THE OLD DIGGINGS

Traces of old diggings, presumed to have been made by aborigines, are found in the vicinity of Black Butte, a landmark which can be seen for miles.

The Mojave Indians were pottery makers. Other tribes wove baskets. They lacked the fine clay beds, did the other desert people and the Serranos, or Indians of the mountains. So they were obliged to spend painstaking hours in weaving containers for food.

A wide variety of minerals and metals is found in this part of the desert.

Sacramento, Cal., Bee
MARCH 12, 1923

Indian Forests Are Held Valuable Lumber Supply

WASHINGTON, Mar. 13.—The importance of the Indian forests as factors in the present and future lumber supply of the United States is shown by the recent sales of great quantities of timber by the Indian service of the department of the interior is the nucleus of a statement by the research department of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association.

The Indians own 7,000,000 acres of forests of commercial importance in fifteen states, containing 35,000,000,000 feet of merchantable timber worth \$100,000,000.

The per capita forest wealth of the American Indians is \$430, if it were distributed among all of them. This marks the Indian as the wealthiest race in the world. Their per capita holdings total \$2,400 as compared with \$2,000 for white persons. The forest wealth alone of the Klamaths in Southern Oregon is placed at \$25,000,000.

For the last ten years the gross returns to the Indians from their timber have averaged more than \$1,500,000 and are expected soon to reach \$2,000,000.

BLUE LAKE, CAL., ADVOCATE
September 27, 1924

SALE OF IN- DIAN LAND AT HOOPA

364
Only 19 Allotments Were
Bid On Out of A Total
Of Forty

ONLY THREE BIDDERS THERE

Bidders Were T. C. Greig,
J. J. Paulsen of Marsh-
field and Sage Land
& Improvement Co.

At the public sale of Indian allotments on the lower Klamath River, held at the office of Supt. C. W. Rastall of the Hoopa Indian Agency, on September 19th, only three bidders were in evidence.

They were T. A. Grieg of Crescent City, who put in two bids on two allotments, John J. Paulsen of Marshfield, Oregon, who bid on fourteen different pieces, and The Sage Land & Development Co., who put in three bids on three different pieces, which adjoined their timber holdings on the Klamath.

There were forty allotments advertised for sale in the Advocate on that date and only nineteen allotments were bid on. It is understood that all these bids were a trifle higher than the appraised values thereof.

SALT LAKE, UTAH TELEGRAM
APRIL 8, 1923

Indian Statue Board Named By Governor

364
The recent legislature, among other laws, passed one which created a commission to provide a statue of the famous Indian Chief Washakie, who in the pioneer days in Utah was so friendly to the white people.

Saturday, Governor Charles R. Mabey appointed the following as members of the commission: C. H. Blanchard, Mrs. C. S. Kinney and George Albert Smith, of Salt Lake; M. O. Packard, of Springville and John Browning of Ogden. - The bill under which the commission will work is as follows:

"Section 1. There is hereby created a commission, to serve without compensation, which shall consist of five members, to be appointed by the governor. Such commission is authorized to select a suitable site and procure funds and contract for making a statue of the Indian Chief Washakie, and erecting the same within the state of Utah in commemoration of the valuable services by him rendered in exercising his wonderful influence over the Indian tribes who inhabited the territory of Utah, and thereby causing them to maintain friendly and peaceful relations with the early settlers of the territory.

"Section 2. Said commission is authorized to receive subscriptions from the citizens of the state for the purpose of providing funds for carrying out the provisions of this act. It is understood that no part of the cost of said statue shall be paid from the funds of the state.

"Section 3. This act shall take effect upon approval."

SALT LAKE, UTAH, TRIBUNE
APRIL 22, 1924

Bannock Indians Are to Participate in Cache Pageant

364
LOGAN, April 21.—A large number of Bannock Indians from the government reservation at Fort Hall, Idaho, have been procured to participate in the Cache valley centennial celebration here next July 24 and 25. A committee from the local chamber of commerce, headed by Secretary Merlin R. Hovey and City Commissioner James R. Thomas, went to Fort Hall last week to negotiate with the reservation superintendent for the Indians to participate in the centennial festivities, and were successful. The Indian participants in the pageant, which will be a feature of the celebration, will be in charge of Eugene Edmo, well-known Indian broncho rider, and two squaws who took part in the filming of "The Covered Wagon" also may appear during the celebration.

YERINGTON, NEV., TIMES
July 30, 1924

Stored Water Fails to Reach Indians

364
The attempt to deliver water to Schurz through the Walker River has resulted in absolute failure. It was believed by the agents at the reservation that if water was stored for a period of five days in the Topaz reservoir, and then allowed to flow in the accumulated volume that sufficient water would reach Schurz to be of material benefit to the Indians' crops. This experiment was agreed to by the Walker River Irrigation district and the water users concerned as a compromise measure after the Indian agents had filed suit in the federal court, and secured an injunction denying the right of 250 farmers on the river to interfere with the flow of the stream.

On Tuesday of last week, water that had been stored during the previous five days in Topaz and Bridgeport dams was released, and on Thursday the water had reached Yerington the flow at the weir one mile below this city increasing from practically nothing to 30 second-feet. The water continued to run at this rate for 36 hours, and estimated total of 200 acre feet having passed the weir.

But not a single drop of water ever reached the Indians, the entire flow having been absorbed by the dry sand of the river bed a few miles below the George Parker ranch. This test has proved conclusively that it will never be possible to deliver water at the reservation during the latter part of the year without the construction of adequate storage reservoirs below Mason Valley, and the further development of a drainage system in this valley.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—BEE
August 9, 1924

INDIAN CROPS FAIL WHEN WHITES TAKE ALL THE WATER

RENO (Nev.), Aug. 9.—Failure of the plan recently put into effect to save the crops on the Walker River Indian Reservation was confirmed yesterday by Indian officials and attorneys representing the government in adjudication of water rights on the Walker River. Under the agreement reached with the white settlers, the waters of Topaz Lake were impounded for five days and released, but none of it reached the reservation.

As a result all the grain and hay planted by the Indians is a total loss. It was said by government officials yesterday that the Indians would be compensated for their losses and definite arrangements made to protect their rights next season.

OAKLAND, CAL. TRIBUNE
February 19, 1925

Treat for Commuters

Here's how a "thick" fog looks in the Sierra Nevada region. When a cold snap sets in during a heavy fog the latter freezes on pine needles into bunches of beautiful crystals. Picture taken recently at Susanville.



Sierra Indians Call Frozen Fog 'White Death'

SUSANVILLE, Feb. 19.—Bay district commuters will have to visit this region of the Sierra Nevada to learn "all there is about fog."

The atmospheric condition called "puganymph" or "white death" by Indians living on the high plateaus of northeastern California and western Nevada has been unusually prevalent this season.

Puganymph is a climatic state resulting when a heavy fog persists with a temperature far below freezing. The deadliness of this condition has been known to the aborigine with his lack of housing wherewith to combat it, for many generations. Pneumonia exacts its toll and swells the mortality rates to high figures.

The striking name of "white death" is given by the Indians to this persistence of fog and zero temperature because the fog freezes on trees and all vegetation, presenting a most beautiful appearance even though the unwelcome herald of rising mortality percentage to the red man.

The white death or "puganymph" has no terrors for Caucasians. Proper clothing and comfortable homes are the antidotes which the Indian neglects to provide, preferring to live as his ancestors have lived since time immemorial, and consequently paying the penalty when dense fog and piercing cold combine to make life uncomfortable.

SANTA ANA, CAL., REGISTER 42

APRIL 24, 1925

INDIAN BLOOD MIXING

The Indian race is not dying out, as many have supposed. It is growing—on the color fringes. The full-bloods are just holding their own. The mixed bloods are increasing at the rate of about 1,000 a year.

Here is another surprise. It used to be traditional that an Indian half-breed was "no good." Yet half-breeds are now turning into substantial citizens, successful farmers and capitalists. There are 43,000 Indians settled on farms, against 20,000 ten years ago, and western banks have \$35,000,000 of Indian money.

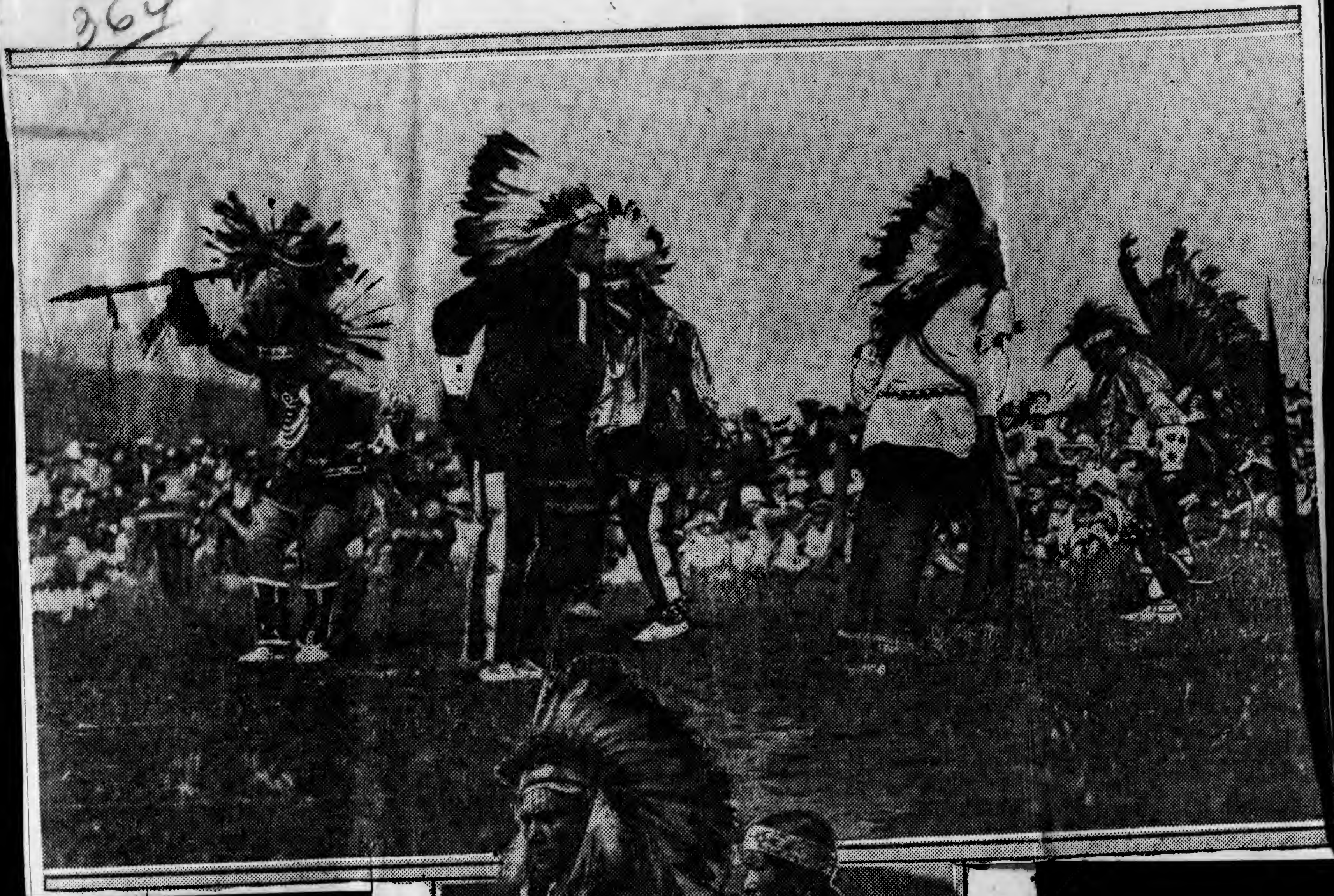
The race will probably die out in time, just the same, not by extinction but by assimilation. The half-breeds marry more and more with the dominant whites, thinning the red strain in their blood. There are bound to be more and more mixed marriages of the full-bloods. Eventually the "redskin" will be gone, having added a little copper to the average American complexion and a little more calmness to the American character.

Los Angeles, Cal.

TIMES
MAY 25 1925

NOBLE RED MEN POWWOW WITH DUE SOLEMNITY

Wedding Fails to Enliven Visages of Even the Bridal Couple at Outdoor Party



Just Married—But No Smiles

The solemn-faced bride and bridegroom are shown in the lower picture and the celebrating chiefs are portrayed above doing their war dance or something.

THE noble red man retained his characteristic dignity throughout. "Sid Grauman's

manufacturer. Even this gift did not break the bride's and bridegroom's funeral calm.

TUNES ON DRUM





Just Married—But No Smiles

The solemn-faced bride and bridegroom are shown in the lower picture and the celebrating chiefs are portrayed above doing their war dance or something.

THE noble red man retained his characteristic dignity throughout "Sid Grauman's Indian Pow-wow," as thousands of roadway placards announced it, way out in Cahuenga Pass yesterday afternoon. An audience of 2000 or 3000 persons was draped over the hillside to witness the tribal dances "never before enacted in the daytime in the history of America" and a "bona fide marriage of two Indians," which was performed by Judge Frederickson assisted by "the living replica of Abraham Lincoln." These are quotations from the magnavox announcer, Chief Ham Beall of the Hotcopi tribe.

Mr. Grauman, who is himself not an Indian, thus honored the twenty Arapahoes and Shoshones who have come down from Wind River, Wyo., to sojourn in Hollywood. The Wyoming Indians had as guests representatives of 100 tribes, and these, numbering twenty, not counting the squaws, were introduced in their new Indian suits. Everyone proved to be a chief. Mr. Grauman, who is known affectionately by his redskin friends as Chief Watch the Box Office, proved to have longer hair than any Indian present, except a Hopi dancer, who came from Arizona only recently.

PAIR MARRIED

Chief Goes Ahead, an Arapahoe was married to Josie Washikie of the same tribe. Judge Frederickson had some difficulty in getting the bride and bridegroom to repeat the words of the civil ceremony. He reminded them of the white man's dictum that "marriage is the most beautiful of human relations." This is the second time in history, the announcer said, that two Indians have been married according to the white man's rites, all the Indian missions to the contrary.

The Indians present performed a "stately wedding march" by wandering around the space the police had cleared, to the tune composed by Herr Wagner, and after the marriage they did a "festive dance" which consisted in moving around in a circle by moving the feet as little as possible and the rest of the body not at all.

To carry out the quaint ceremony, wedding gifts from local business concerns were presented the happy couple, who were as solemn as could be. Among the suitable gifts, the announcer explained, were two vacuum bottles from the Owl Drug Company, a phonograph from the Rudolph Wurlitzer Company and a radio set from the Educational Toy Company. One of the many chiefs present gave the newlyweds a pair of beaded baby moccasins, but he failed to state the name of the

manufacturer. Even this gift did not break the bride's and bridegroom's funeral calm.

TUNES ON DRUM

The tribal dances were done to the tune pounded on an orchestra base drum by two braves. Every time they pounded the drum, hundreds of sparrows gathered overhead and circled about while the Indians danced. This touch was entirely unplanned, it was admitted, and it added greatly to the wildness of the scene.

"Sid Grauman's Indian Powwow" was marred by only one thing. The

police insisted that those at the front sit down so those behind could see, but Nature, in her bounty, had strewn the hillside with species of burrs which made many of the spectators very uncomfortable in their seated posture during the ceremony and for some time thereafter.

Misc

Hiawatha and Minnehaha



—Vanderbilt Photo

INDIAN NUPTIALS—Judge William Frederickson (left), assisted by Judge C. E. Bull of Reno, is pictured marrying Chief Goes-Ahead and Miss Josie Washakie at ceremonies in Cahuenga pass in the south. The Arapahoe and Shoshone tribes were hosts to representatives of ten other tribes at a powwow on this occasion.

ROMANCE OF SEQUOIAS TOLD IN INDIAN LORE

364
With club women of the state attending the California Federation of Women's clubs, devoting their attention to a program for conservation of the redwoods, attention has been called to the fact that there are two distinct classes of redwoods, one the Sequoia Sempervirens, or the coast redwoods, and the other the Sequoia Gigantea.

In the former class are the great redwood trees of Santa Cruz county, famed the world over, which thrive along the coast range, not so large as those of Santa Cruz, but of the same class.

The trees of the second class are found higher up in an altitude 5000 feet or above, and abound profusely in the Sierra Nevada mountains. They are entirely a different kind of tree, the wood being very brittle and does not make good lumber, as does the coast redwood.

The question as to just where the name Sequoia came from has been raised, and according to Margaret A. Logan, in an article entitled "The American Cadmus," published in Out West, she says:

"There could hardly be more appropriate title than this, which has been given the truly great aborigine who is commemorated by science in the name of the hugest trees in the world—for the Sequoia Sempervirens, the incomparable redwood of California, was christened in honor of the only American Indian that ever invented a written language, the only Indian 'educator' (as we use the word nowadays), Se-quo-yah, the Cherokee.

"Se-quo-yah's mother was a Cherokee maiden whom a Dutch peddler, named Gist, wooed and married while trading among her people. Gist was a lazy vagabond, and deserted his bride before the end of two years, and was never seen again. Three months after he disappeared a little son came to cheer the widow's solitude, and she called him 'Se-quo-yah,' which means 'he guessed it,' a probable reference to the family name Gist, or Guest; but poetically apt in the light of later events. Among the English he was afterward known as George Guess."

Her story goes on and tells of the youth's growth and his mar-

riage, and of how his mind became busy over the mystery of what was termed "the talking leaf," a paper found upon a white man taken prisoner by the Cherokees. The prisoner explained that it was a letter from a friend and read it to them, but the Indians declared it must be a message from the Great Spirit.

"No," said Se-quo-yah, "the white man knows how to make his words fast upon paper, just as we catch a wild animal and tame it." He then vowed he would write an alphabet for his people that they, too, might have talking leaves. After long labors, during which he carved and painted upon bark the things which stood for certain sounds, he perfected 82 signs which represented every sound of his native tongue.

He then summoned neighboring chiefs and explained what he had accomplished, and to prove its practical use called in his little daughter, Ah-yokeh, the only one of his family who had shown much faith in his self-appointed task. The child was sent from the room, the story related, while some of the chiefs repeated sentences which Sequo-yah wrote upon the bark, and when she returned, Ah-yokeh read them off as readily as if she had heard them spoken. The chiefs were at last convinced, and the news of the great discovery spread. When it reached Washington, congress voted a silver medal and \$500 bestowed upon the inventor. He afterward received a literary pension.

This great Indian never got farther west than Colorado, and he never saw the great forests of redwoods of the Pacific coast state which bears his name.

These giants of the forest were given their name by Stephen Endlicher, and, according to the new International encyclopedia, this distinguished Austrian botanist, born at Pressburg, Hungary, also became interested in literature.

It is stated that he was so impressed by the story of this ignorant Indian and the great work he did in creating a written language for his people that he gave the name Sequoia to the greatest of all world trees—those of Santa Cruz county—in commemoration of the Indian whose story he had learned.

PORTERVILLE, CAL.—Recorder
June 15, 1925.

WHAT IS AN INDIAN?

A California Indian has started an agitation to abolish the word "Indian" from official nomenclature and from American usage. "Indian," he says, properly means "native of India." The American aborigines should be called "The Red Race."

So far as the American Indians are concerned, it is a matter of sentiment, which perhaps few of them share. But there is a real reason of practical convenience, also. The American language has no word for "native of India." In English, they are "Indians," while our native American race is called "Red Indians," or "American Indians."

In America we are inclined to call them "Hidus." But a Hindu is only one sort of a people of India. What are the others, and what name, in American, comprehends them all? If we could find some acceptable name for our natives, "Indian" might be reserved for its proper meaning.

JUNE 18, 1925

Indians

364
The Indians being the sole owners of this vast land of ours before the invasion of the white man, it would seem only fitting that we give them honorable mention in the early history of this Pass.

The story of the Banning Indians is the same pathetic tale. After losing their homes and vast hunting grounds to the white men, they lived on tracts of land or reservations given to them by the government.

The Banning reservation is known as the Potrero Indian Reservation, and each full blooded Indian is entitled to ten acres of land. The early industry of the Indians in their new home was cattle raising, and later they began raising grain and hay to feed their cattle. At present fruit raising is one of the most important industries on the Potrero, the excellent quality of the fruit being very well known.

The Indians have not given up all their early forms of amusements, for they still hold their annual fiestas, which include barbecues, war dances, peon games, fire eating contests, horse racing and bronco busting.

The Indians in this section of the country are not like the Indians farther east. They are large and fat, and are not so active or warlike as the eastern Indians. They seldom harmed the early white settlers, although it was the best policy to comply with their requests as far as possible. Sometimes they would rob the stage coach that operated between Los Angeles and Yuma, but the average Indian was friendly to the early pioneers of Banning.

JUNE 22, 1925

What's an Indian?

364
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SEPTEMBER 3, 1925

Mise

Heroic Indian Children Fight Forest Fire to Save Home; Take Refuge in Well

BY EDWARD H. DAVIS

One of the most interesting incidents connected with the recent fire on the slopes bordering on the San Luis Rey river and Warner ranch was the presence of mind exhibited by two Indian children, living on the timbered slopes which form the ramparts of Mesa Grande near Henshaw dam.

Edith Guassac, 16, and her brother, Agado, 11, were left at their home, situated in a dense growth of oak trees, while their father with 50 other men was fighting to hold the fire back in the San Luis Rey canyon a mile or so away.

The coast breeze, which comes up regularly at 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, swept through the canyon as though it were the flue of a chimney and lashed on the flames through the brushy and timbered slopes and the fire became a hurricane as it whirled through the dry and inflammable materials, brushing the men aside like chaff. It raced along the hillside with the speed of a race horse, whipping into the grass, brush and great oak trees in its path and consuming them like so much tinder. The flames reached a height of at least 100 feet.

Directly in the path of the flames stood the Guassac cottage. Two successive dry years have dried up most of the springs and streams along the foot of these slopes and water is carried by the Guassacs for 250 yards over rolling and rocky ground from a well dug in a dry wash.

SET BACK FIRES

This well is eight or nine feet

deep and six feet in diameter. With rare presence of mind, the children set back fires around the edge of their little place and beat out the fire, spreading near the house. There was no dry brush around the house and ground had been tramped bare, a condition favorable to the safety of the house. But burning embers, ashes and leaves were carried on the crest of the flames and jeopardized everything in their path.

At one place, flaming embers set the grass on the Warner ranch afire and then a fierce race was on to save the pasture where thousands of cattle grazed. Vaqueros, Indians, Mexicans and ranchers whipped back the flames on the sides to keep them from spreading while the wind shot a tongue of flame speeding across the ranch and far ahead of the fighters.

For a mile and a half the fight went on until the point of the tongue of flames was within a quarter mile of the brushy end of the Volcan range. There, during a slight lull in its ferocity, the fighters quelled it.

From the Warner ranch grade this burned-over space looks like a triangular blot of black ink, covering hundreds of acres. Had it ever reached the Volcan mountains, a thousand men could not have controlled it.

During all this time the Guassac house was forgotten and while 50 men helplessly watched the flame, the Guassac children had done all they could to protect their home, and then fled for their lives, enveloped in smoke and followed by the wind-blown flames. With quick presence of mind they ran for the old well 800 feet away. While Edith had won many a foot race in competition with her white and brown sisters, this race was of far greater importance.

CLIMB INTO WELL

With Agado a close second she reached the well, lifted the lid and the two climbed down the ladder into the water and pulled the lid down after them. This was done none too soon as the flames swept around and surrounded the well, roaring past and leaving smoking devastation in its wake.

The father, William Guassac, and his brother ran their horses through the blazing grass to the house, which miraculously escaped the flames and finding it deserted, called and began a frantic search for the children. They picked up their tracks on the trail and pushed over to the hill where once stood the house of their father in the long deserted village of La Puerta Gloria. Nearby was the well and near the lid stood the pet dog barking. Lifting up the lid and peering down, they saw the two children clinging to the ladder.

The fire was finally stopped after it had run for 10 miles along the slopes bordering Mesa Grande but the main part of this region was not touched except at its outer edge.

RIVERSIDE, CAL., ENTERPRISE

JANUARY 15, 1926

ASKS MORE LAND FOR MORONGO RESERVE

Representative Leavitt's
Bill Cooperates With
Mrs. Atwood

Active days spent in the interest of her wards, the Indians, are crowding the stay of Mrs. H. A. Atwood in Washington, D. C., according to word received by her husband, Dr. Atwood. Mrs. Atwood, who is chairman of the Division of Indian Welfare for the General Federation of Women's Clubs, has been in Washington for some time and has been frequently called into conference by the house committee on Indian affairs.

When Mrs. Atwood first went to Washington to present the various needs of the American Indians, she found herself far from welcome and in a recent letter she tells of the gracious greeting accorded her this year by the same committee.

According to telegraphic word received last night by the Enterprise, Chairman Leavitt, an old time friend of Mrs. Atwood, who directs the activities of the house committee on Indian affairs, yesterday introduced a bill to authorize the government to withdraw certain lands adjacent to the Morongo Indian reservation, near Banning, to be incorporated into the reservation lands. It is presumed that the lands referred to are located in the watershed adjoining the Indian reservation which were visited last year by Chairman Leavitt.

San Francisco
CHRONICLE
JULY 12, 1925

Indians Seek Lea's Aid To Rename Their Race

Congressman Clarence F. Lea of Santa Rosa has been appealed to by a representation from the Sonoma county Indians to interest himself in the movement to have the name "Indian" changed to "Red race." The suggestion was first made some months back and yesterday a delegation was to call upon the Congressman and ask his aid at Washington.

FRESNO. CAL. REPUBLICAN
NOVEMBER 11, 1925

Dr. Waterman Talks To Cosmopolitan Club On 'The American Indian'

"The American Indian" was the subject of a talk given Monday night by Dr. T. P. Waterman of the Fresno State college faculty speaking before the bi-weekly meeting of the Cosmopolitan club held in the state school faculty room.

"The Indians would inevitably have been displaced from the North American continent," Dr. Waterman declared, "but it was the manner in which they were displaced which is regrettable." The United States Government has ever lacked a real policy in dealing with the Indian."

All American Indians were not organized into tribes, according to Dr. Waterman, and when they were organized it was for social rather than political reasons. Dr. Waterman concluded his talk with a description of some of the religious customs of the Indian.

INDIAN CHIEFTAIN SAYS TRIBESMEN FACE STARVATION

Leader of Yuroks Here From
Klamath Country to Plead
for White Man's Aid.

Soft-spoken, gentle and sensitive, Robert Scott, 27-year-old Yurok chieftain, has come down to Oakland from the Klamath to make a final appeal for his people at Weitchpec, at the junction of the Trinity and Klamath rivers.

Robert's real name is Spot. His father, Chief Spot, withstood the relentless encroachment of the white men on Indian lands until, at the age of 90, he died. To his son, whom he called Wogwu, he left the obligation of representing the Klamath Yuroks in their dealings with the white men.

PLIGHT SERIOUS.

Speaking brokenly, Robert told of the plight of his tribe.

"They have taken away all our lands except little patches along the river bank," he said. "It is not enough to support us. We can not hunt in the ranges, and if we did most of the game has been killed off by your sportsmen. We, who catch fish only for livelihood, may not fish except during white man's season. We can not burn the underbrush to protect the deer of the forests from the panther. It is against the law. We need a school and a doctor."

Robert told of his father's negotiations with the white emissaries.

"My father trusted them," he said, "and relinquished his hold on some of the lands when they promised they would allow each family to keep ten acres, and would give each a cow, a team of horses and some implements. We still are waiting for them to keep their promises."

Conditions are so serious in the reservation the young people are compelled to go away to seek employment in the mills and canneries, he said. A long journey must be made several times merely to apply for a job, and then white men are given preference.

The young redskin is a member of tribal aristocracy. His kind has been pronounced by ethnologists as representative of the highest Indian civilization.

SERVED IN WAR.

He served with the American Expeditionary forces, and was gassed in his last major engagement in the Argonne.

"I heard there was a war somewhere and everybody was going," he explained. "They were going to fight for their country, he said. I had an uncle who couldn't read or write, and he was a soldier, so as I could write my name I knew that I should be willing to do as much as he did. So I enlisted, although they told me I could stay home if I wanted to. No, I didn't know where the war was, but they said it was fighting for our country. And now it seems we Indians haven't got any country."

Robert was put into service as a sharpshooter and served in some of the hottest engagements of the campaign. He was running mess-

Here for Powow With Paleface

ROBERT SCOTT, son of Chief Spot of the Yuroks of the Lower Klamath, who has come down from the mountains to plead for return of some of the land taken from his people, who, he says, are starving.



ages from line to line when he was gassed.

Scott is to speak before the Commonwealth club in San Francisco tomorrow night in an appeal for correction of conditions on the

reservation. He also will demonstrate some of his tribal songs and dances.

He is staying with Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Roberts, 239 Mather street, Oakland.

March 17, 1926.

Oakland Tribune - March 17, 1926.

Week 17: 26

Oakland Tribune - March 17, 1926.

Allen's Clipping Press Bureau

SAN FRANCISCO.

LOS ANGELES.

PORTLAND. ORE.

CLIPPING FROM

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—BEE
APRIL 7, 1926

INDIAN FLOWER SHOW.

VISALIA, April 7.—Indians of the Tule River Reservation are planning a wild flower show, which will be held at the reservation, east of Porterville, this month, under the auspices of the Tulare County Federation of Women's Clubs.

Born Century Ago



BIG CHIEF HORSE EAGLE,
authority on Indian affairs, noted
lecturer, now a San Francisco
visitor.

BIG CHIEF HORSE EAGLE, CENTENARIAN, BUT LIVELY AND ONE SPIFFY DRESSER

By J. LAWRENCE TOOLE.

All good Indians are not dead Indians. The Rev. Big Chief Horse Eagle lives. He has been living now for more than a hundred years and still gets a kick out of it, a huge kick.

Just how long he has been living the Rev. Big Chief Horse Eagle isn't quite sure. He wouldn't swear whether it's 103 or 104 years since he was born. The Osage tribe was moving around too fast in the Black Hills of North Dakota at the time to bother with birth certificates or fuss with registration Papooses, even the papoose of a chief, weren't of much account when he was born. And there were no date books or diaries kept in skin tents.

He was born in 1824 or 1823; it may have been 1821. For a long time his life was just one skin tent after another. But since the days of the skin tent he has awakened often in places far different. Mansions and palaces here and there about the world have furnished him with bedrooms. Servants of presidents and rulers have called him.

THIS IS DIFFERENT.

He awakened the other morning in a San Francisco hotel room, a room in the Whitcomb Hotel and a hotel valet laid out his mocassins. Big Chief Horse Eagle dressed carefully. He was here to lecture, and that day was scheduled to talk to school children. The valet brushed his buckskin suit. A bit dazed that valet was. It was the first buckskin suit he had handled and the beads that fringed it were a nuisance to handle. The mocassins were hard to manage. Jeweled they were and required careful polishing.

Big Chief Horse Eagle permits no alien hand to touch his vest. A slip-on sweater affair, it is woven of little turquoise beads in colors, a mosaic of flowers and geometrical designs. Valuable that vest is, worth \$1,000, he told the valet. He has a dozen like it and changes every day, just as a fastidious man does his shirt.

His jewelry Big Chief Horse Eagle donned himself. Brown, almost black, fingers, gnarled and long, handled the first necklace lovingly. Made of seeds of a tree now extinct it is long and heavy. Seeds of the old avoboboe tree they are, he told the valet, the only necklace like it in the world, worth at least \$7,000. Over it he draped a long and dangling necklace of pale green jade beads, large as marbles, while the valet gasped. Not so good this necklace, Big Chief Horse Eagle smiled, not worth more than a couple of thousand dollars.

HE'S A MASON.

An intricate and heavy collar of woven silver, half a dozen bracelets of beaten silver, carved in strange designs and jeweled with brightly colored stones, and a huge, gold Masonic emblem complete the toilet of Big Chief Horse Eagle. The valet, gaping, was politely curious. About how much altogether? Oh, Big Chief Horse Eagle smiled, used to that query, not much, maybe \$10,000, depends on whether a museum or a jeweler is bidding. The valet left, enlightened when he learned the Osage Indians of whom Horse Eagle is the Big Chief, come from Oklahoma where there is oil.

Big Chief Horse Eagle completed his toilet alone. He is fussy about his hair and likes time for its doing. There is still a lot of it left. It is nearly a foot long and falls in a sort of pig tail from the crown of his head to tangle in the layers of beads and silver around his neck. Oiling and brushing it requires care, but when it is done, and the face and neck it surmounts doused with ice water till the skin has the color and patina of old mahogany, Big Chief Horse Eagle looks every inch an Indian, the sort of Indian school kids read about but almost never

that from my youth. The first time I saw Glacier Point I was a young papoose. We camped near there. Always Indians of my tribe camped on high ground. I remember shooting burning arrows from Glacier Point to tell the Indians in the valley of our coming. That was before the white men came, before the Spanish even. San Francisco was a pueblo then and there were tribes of Indians encamped all around the bay. I came down here then. We hunted through the San Joaquin Valley. I chased wild horses over the plain where Fresno stands now. Yes, indeed, I knew California before any of this was dreamed of—he waved an arm in the direction of the window — “I knew it before the days of gold. Curious to look back, I sometimes think.”

A lot of things the big black eyes of Big Chief Horse Eagle, now blinking in the smoke of an ornately banded cigar, had looked at in the 100 years they have been seeing and remembering. The growth of America. Libraries have been filled and emptied and filled again with the story of what he has seen and part of which he was. The story of his life is the story of America.

ORIGIN OF HIS NAME.

“My name, Horse Eagle? I chased wild horses afoot when a boy. And caught them. No Indian runner of my tribe or any other could excell me”—the chief talks English good as any senator’s — “Eagle is my family name. To live up to it I had to catch an eagle. I have a dozen bonnets. Hundreds of feathers they have, tail feathers of eagles I caught with my hands. A long time ago that was, a long time. Now I preach and lecture on Indian lore and—”

“He is the greatest authority on Indian lore living,” put in Miss Goodwin admiringly, “and the greatest authority on Indian history and on Indian rock picture painting, petroglyphs—” Big Chief Horse Eagle smiled and bit into his cigar.

“Yes,” he said, “and maybe hieroglyphics. They call me ‘the Rosetta stone’ of Indian rock pictures. It’s a gift. My father handed it down to me”—he spoke with conviction. “Just now I have come from the Painted Rocks in the Carissa Plains, near San Luis Obispo. I read the message painted there by Indians hundreds, maybe a thousand years, before the white man came. It was simple.

THE PAINTED ROCKS.

“The Painted Rocks marked a great place of Indian worship and sacrifice, a great cathedral where earth worshiping and sun worshiping Indians gathered. I found the altar where they made human sacrifices, sacrificing to appease the gods they feared. It was all very plain to me—”

“It’s a gift,” declared Miss Goodwin in a tone of belief. “He can read Indian inscriptions that have baffled scientists and students for years and years, read them at a glance. He knows the secret of every painted rock. He—”

“But I haven’t time to go around deciphering the secrets of old rocks. My time is taken up with lecturing. No, I’ve never written anything scientific. Never written anything. I lecture and live. Lecture to live and live to lecture. Yes. Just now we are on our way to Sacramento. I’m going to see the Governor of the State there and start a movement to have the Painted Rocks of Carissa Plains made into a national monument. There is no monument that would be like it in the country. Soon there will be no more Indians. I’m one of the last. The Spaniards, first white men in California, have monuments to their memory, the Missions. Long, long before the Spaniards Indians filled the valleys and mountains of California. They left the Painted Rocks. They should

authority on Indian affairs, noted lecturer, now a San Francisco visitor.

of little turquoise beads in colors, a mosaic of flowers and geometrical designs. Valuable that vest is, worth \$1,000, he told the valet. He has a dozen like it and changes every day, just as a fastidious man does his shirt.

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HIS ENGLISH BOSTONESE.

Dressed till he rattled and jingled at every step and glittered like a jeweler's window, Big Chief Horse Eagle was ready for the lecture platform. Half a dozen times in the few days he was here he lectured, talking like a pundit in the best Boston English, thrilling school children with Indian lore, Y. M. C. A. members with religion and other audiences with philology and ethnology. And in between lectures making a splash of color and noise in the sidewalk crowds through which he strode.

When not lecturing Big Chief Horse Eagle was being interviewed. He's an honest Indian. He doesn't shy at publicity.

"Why should I?" he said to this interviewer, "I'm on an independent lecture tour, lecturing wherever and whenever I'm asked. I have a little secretary along but no manager nor press agent. I don't need them."

He sat back in his chair and bit the end of a black cigar and smoked. Big Chief Horse Eagle doesn't look a bit older than his 103 or 104 years. And with the eyes shut, only the ears open, it would be sworn that he isn't a year over 80.

ALWAYS ON THE GO.

"People generally take him for a man of 70," said his secretary, Miss Emma Goodwin. "His activity is endless. Three lectures a day sometimes, and hosts of callers, and it never seems to tire him. He's the greatest Indian alive, you know, and has had a wonderful life. He went to Yale when he was 49 years old. He has traveled all over the world. He was a guest of Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace in 1868, I think. He was baptized in the river Jordan. He's an ordained Presbyterian minister and has a church in Oklahoma now. And he's been the friend of every great man in America since Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln was his friend. So was Roosevelt. It was the Big Chief, you know, who headed the Big Four of Indian Chieftains who buried the hatchet with President Grant—"

"Yes," smiled Big Chief Horse Eagle, "we what you call 'buried the hatchet' one snowy day at the foot of the White House steps in Washington. It was a great day."

"This is the first visit," Miss Goodwin went on, "that he has paid to San Francisco in a long time. We were through the Yosemite Valley a few days ago and—"

IN DAYS OF OLD.

"Oh, yes," said Big Chief Horse Eagle, "Glacier Point. I remember

on Indian lore and—"

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"Myself? The secret of my long life? Don't worry or grieve. Fresh air, fresh water and little food and deep breathing. Simple and trite. Yes. What isn't that is good? Yes, I smoke, a lot. Have done it twice as long as you have lived. And I drink a little, but not much nor often."

"There is no secret to long life. To live long avoid what shortens life, that's all."

The Mescal, One of the Choice Desert Dishes of the Supai

Stockton Record
July 10, 1926.

By GLEN E. STURDEVANT

(Ranger Naturalist, Grand Canyon National Park.)

GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK, July 10.—The "mescal," with its interesting ancient and modern history, is a species of agave that grows everywhere in the canyon.

The early explorers noted blackened ruins of circular pits where the ancient Indians had roasted the "mescal." That the modern trails in the Grand Canyon are merely improvements on those used by the Indians is evidenced by the occurrence of these pits along practically every trail. These ruins were and are undoubtedly the incentive that causes many an uninitiated tourist to return home with blistered hands ill-rewarded for his efforts in collecting jewelry, pottery and Indian trinkets.

The Supai Indians, dwelling in Havasupai Canyon, in Grand Canyon National Park, are one of the few remaining tribes that still use this plant for food. The plant is more familiar to them under the name of "veyel."

Resembles a Pineapple

The veyel is gathered in the spring after the bud is started. The plant is cut off close to the ground and the leaves trimmed off except the asparagus-like tender leaves near the protruding stem. Considerable precaution is necessary in gathering and trimming the "veyel," as the sharp denticulated structure and spines on the leaves may cause great bodily discomfort. The "veyel" resembles a pineapple to some extent at this point in its preparation.

When a sufficient supply is gathered a roasting pit is prepared. This is about three and one-half feet deep, two feet wide, and three feet long. The sides are walled up and rounded water-worn rocks thrown in until the pit is about one-half full. Firewood is gathered and piled into the pit.

Preparing the Roasting Pit

Who should light the fire? To a white man such a question would be immaterial. Not so with the Supai Indian, however, for certain tribal customs have been handed down that govern precisely who shall and shall not light the fires in the "mescal" pit. It is an ancient belief among the Supais that the fires shall be started only by members of their tribe whose birthdays occur in summer. It is accepted as a fact that if one born in winter would start the fire, the "veyel" would never cook but instead would look white rather than the customary brown, roasted, color. The fire is kept burning until the pit is assured of "plenty of heat and plenty of smoke."

When the fire is finally allowed to burn down, one Indian tamps the rocks. This is done by taking a rounded boulder weighing fifteen or twenty pounds and repeatedly throwing it in the pit until the rocks are thoroughly packed with a uniform slope to the center. The heat from the pit necessitates fast

work on the part of the tamper. The large rock is then thrown away and the "veyel" placed in the pit to roast.

The plants are put into the pit bottom side up. This, according to the Indian, assures more steam and better cooking. When all of the "veyel" has been placed in the pit, the top is covered with hay or a sack and finally covered with dirt and allowed to roast for thirty-six or forty-eight hours.

The Indians paint their faces with oxide of iron so as to insure a thorough roasting of the "veyel." The iron pigment is not removed until the "veyel" has been tasted and found quite palatable. This is ascertained by one of the old members of the tribe who acts as official taster. One of the "veyel" is removed from the pit. Members of the tribe standing around can soon tell the condition of the edibles by merely observing the taster's face.

One of the Choice Dishes of the Supai

They are finally removed from the pit and served to the tribe. The bottom part is sliced and cut into small portions. These are chewed and the sweet syrup-like juices extracted. The upper part is sliced, dried and served as a sweetbread. The tender asparagus-like leaves are ground into a meal and placed on a woven frame to dry. The frame is made from the dried stalk that shoots up in the spring of the year. The meal is then placed in containers until it is needed as a sweet cake flour. When needed it is soaked in water for a few minutes and mixed with corn meal. The sweet cakes made from this mixture are one of the choicest dishes of the Supai Indians.

Although the custom of roasting the "mescal" is still prevalent among the Supai Indians, it is feared that another generation will find it a lost art; with the purchasing power of the dollar familiar to them and where a can of beans may be purchased for a few cents, the incentive that has formerly caused the Indians to perform the arduous labors attached to roasting the "mescal" will be lacking.

D. C., THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1926.

INDIANS PLAN TO DANCE 3 DAYS WITHOUT FOOD

Shoshone and Bannock Tribes in
Idaho to Renew Ancient Ritual
Once Barred by Law.

By the Associated Press.

POCATELLO, Idaho, July 15.—With the rising sun Saturday morning, the stalwart bucks of the Shoshone and Bannock Indian tribes will begin the first sun dance on the Fort Hall reservation in four years.

Indians began to assemble at the big bend of the Port Neuf River, ten miles west of Pocatello yesterday. From the four corners of the great reservation they came, some in cars, some afoot, but the majority in dilapidated wagons and on horseback, to take part in the dance in honor of the sun god.

The high priests of the two tribes will for three days supervise the ritualistic dance, which for hundreds of years was believed to be the means of insuring the warriors against physical defects and promoting spiritual perfection.

During the entire three days no

food will pass the lips of the dancers, but water, made pure by the sun god, will be sparingly allowed. The dancers are not permitted to rest and must dance continuously. The sun dance was forbidden by law for the reason that it had been the practice of the participants to slit the chest muscles and insert deer sinews therein. Dancers would then suspend themselves by these sinews and remain in that position until either their muscles or the sinews gave way.

The Passion Play at Oberammergau was established in the year 1633.

Indians Tonight Begin 3-Day Sun Dance And Fast, Minus Barbaric Tortures Wash. Stat. July 17, 1926.

By the Associated Press.

POCATELLO, Idaho, July 17.—A picked band of 50 Shoshone and Bannock braves from the Fort Hall Indian Reservation this evening will start a three-day marathon about a weird totem pole in a revival of the historic sun dance.

More than 1,000 tribesmen and their families are assembled at the dance grounds at the Big Bend, on the Portneuf River, to honor the sun god. The dance climaxes weeks of fasting and ceremonies which the Indians believe will gain them spiritual and physical aid from the sun god. Refusal of the redmen to discontinue part of the barbaric rites led to an absolute ban on the dance four years ago. The revival was agreed to when

the Indians promised to abandon the practice of slashing their chests with knives and suspending themselves from poles by means of deer sinews passed under the chest muscles.

No food will be given the dancers during the ceremony, which starts at sunset and is expected to reach its climax Monday night. The dancers will be allowed quantities of water purified by the sun god.

Most of the participants drop from exhaustion at the conclusion of the dance and are then given small amounts of food in preparation for the feast which ends the ritual.

Although tribal leaders have promised no barbaric rites will be practiced, authorities will maintain rigid supervision, fearing the leaders will be unable to control the excited braves.

AUGUST 12, 1926

REV. WEINLAND GIVES HISTORY OF INDIAN MATTERS

Rev. William Weinland was speaker of the day at last Friday's Kiwanis luncheon. Rev. Weinland has charge of the Moravian Mission at the Morongo Indian Reservation near Banning, and was a missionary in Alaska in the early days.

He said that at the present time there are 20,000 Indians in the state of California, of which 17,000 are living north of the Tehachapi mountains, and the remaining 3,000 on thirty-two reservations of varying areas in the southern part of the state. The reservation near Banning is perhaps the best of them all.

The executive order signed by President Hayes, setting aside land for the Morongo Indians, was quoted, withdrawing from sale and settlement all the even numbered sections and all the unsurveyed portions of Townships 1 and 2 South, Range 2 East, and Townships 1 and 2, Range 3 East, excepting sections 16 and 36, and excepting also all tracts the title to which had passed out of the hands of the United States government. This executive order being later rescinded and the lands being restored to the public domain, resulted in various tracts being settled upon by white people who received legal title thereto. In this way the water bearing lands at the Potrero all passed in to the hands of white people, who later were dispossessed by another executive order, producing chaos worse confounded.

The disinterested efforts of Mr. C. O. Barker and of the Indian Rights Association were spoken of, resulting in the law of January 10th, 1891, 51st Congress, creating a Commission of the three with power to settle all such land entanglements and select suitable lands for the Indians of Southern California. As members of the Commission there were appointed the Hon. A. K. Smiley, Prof. Charles Painter and Judge Moore, three friends of the Indians, if they ever had any. The work of these commissioners gave to the Indians a solid body of land at the Potrero covering about twelve thousand acres, including all water rights on said land, the white claimants receiving in lieu land lying west and southeast of Banning. This plan of settlement was endorsed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, ratified by the Secretary of the Interior, and finally enacted into law by the Congress of the United States.

Taking into consideration all the varying interests involved, this settlement was eminently fair and just to both Indians and whites. The law of January 10th, 1891, referred to above, also provided for the allotment of lands to Individual Indians, not to exceed 20 acres of orchard land with water to the head of a family, and ten acres to a single individual over 21 years of age. However, when Miss True was the local superintendent, she brushed this law aside and assigned the orchard lands to the Indians on the prorata basis, five acres to each individual, men, women and children alike. There be-

The flowers came from the Bramkamp gardens, and were as follows: Shasta daisies, Rudbeckia, Penstemon, Zinnias, Petunias, Dahlias, Delphinium, French Marigolds, Stocks, Nasturtiums, Hollyhocks, English Daisies, Montbretias, Snapdragons, Cannas. M. French Gilman had the nearest correct list.

Bottell Also Speaks

County Horticultural Commissioner A. E. Bottell, a member of the Riverside Kiwanis Club, was also present and told of his work in the control of weed pests, especially the puncture vine, and asked the local club to co-operate with the Kiwanis clubs of Riverside and Hemet-San Jacinto in interesting the boys in helping to eradicate the weed pests. Last year the Riverside Kiwanis Club conducted a contest for the boys, giving a week's trip to the state agricultural school to the winner.

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Several bills before the present Congress were explained. The bill known as H. R. 9497, introduced by Mrs. Kahn, appropriates from the federal treasury a sum calculated at the rate of fifty cents an acre for every acre in the state of California not now owned by Indians, said sum to be expended by a commission for the benefit of landless Indians of California.

Another bill, known as H. R. 8036, introduced by the late Judge Raker, provides for the submission to the Court of Claims of the claims based on the 18 treaties made with the different tribes of Indians of California, which treaties were never ratified by the Senate of the United States. As the Indians have at least a moral claim in the matter, they should be given their day in court.

It is likely that bill H. R. 7826, creating courts for Indian offenses, will become a law with some possible amendment by which misdemeanors will come under the jurisdiction of state courts, where Indians have access to said courts.

The speaker pointed out that Banning has always been an ideal industrial school for the Indians of the local reservation, affording instruction in horticulture, which the Indians are applying to good advantage on their own orchards.

minium, French Marigolds, Stocks, Nasturtiums, Hollyhocks, English Daisies, Montbretias, Snapdragons, Cannas. M. French Gilman had the nearest correct list.

Bottell Also Speaks

County Horticultural Commissioner A. E. Bottell, a member of the Riverside Kiwanis Club, was also present and told of his work in the control of weed pests, especially the puncture vine, and asked the local club to co-operate with the Kiwanis clubs of Riverside and Hemet-San Jacinto in interesting the boys in helping to eradicate the weed pests. Last year the Riverside Kiwanis Club conducted a contest for the boys, giving a week's trip to the state agricultural school to the winner.

NOVEMBER 21, 1926

INDIAN SUES FOR \$20,000 IN ARREST

364

State's Authority to Interfere With Federal Ward on Res- ervation Basis of Test Case

Whether the state of California or any of its peace officers has the right to arrest Indians on reservations set aside for them and under sole control of the Federal Government, is questioned in a suit on file yesterday in Riverside County.

De Lores Norte, Indian, living on the Morongo Indian reservation, in Riverside County, filed suit in the Superior Court asking \$20,000 damages of Judge Lee D. Childers, justice of the peace of San Geronimo township, alleging that the judge caused his arrest on a charge of disturbing the peace in the reservation, and issued a complaint against him.

According to Attorney Fred Thompson, counsel for Norte, the reservation is under the sole and exclusive jurisdiction of the United States. Attorney Thompson in his complaint alleges that early last May Judge Childers ordered Norte's arrest, when Henry Pablo, another Indian on the reservation, complained that Norte had entered into a fight with him.

Norte was refused a jury trial to determine the facts set out in the complaint, he alleges, and he was falsely imprisoned for ten days before Attorney Thompson could obtain his release on a writ of habeas corpus, issued in Superior Court. It was further alleged by Norte that Justice Childers "acted with malice and without probable cause," in sentencing him to jail.

Norte alleges that he was damaged in the sum of \$20,000 by the false imprisonment.

HEALDSBURG, CALIF.
COMMITTEE
DECEMBER 21, 1925

Will Pay \$20 Acre For Sonoma Co. Land

364—
Stand back, you farmers! Don't rush, nor crowd! Uncle Sam wants to buy some Sonoma county land and has \$5000 to spend for it. He is offering you twenty dollars per acre, and no doubt the old gentleman confidently expects to be overwhelmed with acres and acres of land thrown in his face at that price.

You see he is going to buy some ranch homes for Sonoma county and other California Indians—at last.

Last week your house of representatives at Washington appropriated \$5000 for that purpose, stating that it was to go exclusively for the purchase of "homes for homeless Indians." Then in its wisdom the house directed the expenditure of the \$5000 in these glowing words:

"The money for homeless California Indians must be spent in buying tracts from two to ten acres at an average cost of \$20 an acre for small, wandering bands of Indians with no reservation now. The Indians are permitted to build homes on these tracts which are purchased usually near a town where the adult male members of the tribe will have an opportunity of earning a living."

Poor Lo. He is to have a home at last. Note the specifications: It must be bought in two to ten acre tracts at a naverage price of \$20 per acre, and it must be near a town, presumably in walking distance, so Lo can walk to the job and thus earn his living. Also he is to be PERMITTED to build a home on this land.

Lo still is out of luck. Twenty dollars might buy him the land that sticks to a Sonoma county farmer's boots some rainy day, but scarcely more than that. Permitting him to build a home on it might seem to be impossible to anyone but a member of the national house of representatives to whom all things are possible, probably.

We are becoming more and more convinced that about the best thing to do with Lo is to send him to Congress, by doing that we might get a glimmering of native intelligence in that body and help solve few of his own problems.

GOVERNMENT BUYS TRACT FOR INDIAN RESERVATION

364—
The fifty-acre tract belonging to R. A. Gobbi on the Alexander Valley highway and adjoining the Lytton school has been purchased by the U. S. Government, the deed having been recorded Wednesday. The tract is to be used as an Indian reservation and is the same tract that there was so much objection to by residents of the valley some few months ago, when negotiations were under way for its purchase.

The matter of providing better quarters and giving more attention to the welfare and comfort of the Indians in this section has been a live question for some time. Mrs. Walter Leroux of Alexander Valley has shouldered the responsibility and given of her time, and after careful investigation and co-operation on the part of many club ladies, the deal has been consummated, and much credit is due Mrs. Leroux.

About seventy Indians, embracing Geyserville, Dry Creek and the Pomona tribes will occupy the rancherie.

The price is reported to have been around \$10,000.

Having accomplished her first big purpose, Mrs. Leroux now hopes to secure federal or other aid in erecting homes for the Indians, especially for those who are aged and unable to work for themselves. Eventually she hopes to be able to provide for them a tank and water system that will pipe water to their homes, a community bathhouse and tribal gathering place, with playgrounds and athletic field adjoining it.

REDDING, CALIF.
SEARCHLIGHT
MAY 25, 1927

WILL SELL INDIAN LANDS IN TRINITY, SHASTA COUNTY

Indian lands in Shasta and Trinity counties have been listed for sale at public auction and the sale will be held June 10, sealed bids for the lands in question to be sent to the Indian Agency, Sacramento.

The listed lands in this part of the state comprise the east half of the northwest quarter of section 22, township 34 north, range 4 west, comprising 80 acres. This land is in Shasta county and stands in the name of Nina Gregory, valued at \$500.

The other tract is in Trinity county, in the name of Jim Settle, is valued at \$3000 and is described as lots 3 and 4 and the south half of northwest quarter of section 4, township 33 north, range 9 west, comprising 161.29 acres.

SAN JACINTO, CAL., REGISTER
SEPTEMBER 22, 1927

GOOD ATTENDANCE AT INDIAN FIESTA

364
The annual Fiesta at the Soboba Indian reservation opened Saturday evening to continue until this Sunday evening. According to reports it is one of the most largely attended fiestas held in recent years.

An old Indian ceremonial fire dance was held the first three nights and will be repeated on the last three nights. This takes place at 8:00 p. m. The principal feature of the program for Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights was a fire eating performance by a young desert Indian.

All kinds of Indian games and sports including base ball games are being held each day and prizes are awarded for the different events.

An Indian orchestra is providing music for the dances which are being enjoyed every afternoon and evening.

The committee in charge of the Fiesta is composed of Herman Alis, Jerome Gonzales, Manuel Largo and Teofelo Pah. Tribal officers are captain, Bernard Resvaloso; judge, Adam Castillo; and policemen, Vicente Lugo and Joe A. Lala.

NOVEMBER 2, 1927

AUDUBON SOCIETY NEARS TALK ON INDIANS

364
Roland Ross Gives Interest-
ing Data at Regular
Meeting

"The California Indians, dependent as they were upon nature for everything to sustain life, were resourceful and in their wild state showed the same intellectual traits upon which we pride ourselves," declared Roland Case Ross in his talk before the Pasadena Audubon society Saturday evening. Mr. Ross said that though his subject had been announced as "Wild Birds and Nature as the American Indians Knew Them," he would speak chiefly about the Indians' relations to nature.

"Though we love nature," said Mr. Ross, "we also fear it and would hesitate to go into the wilderness dependent on our own resources for food, clothing and shelter. Yet that is just what the Indians have done."

The California Indians were composed of numerous tribes, representing many of the large Indian family groups, and the languages spoken in California were more than among all other Indian races combined. Because of the diversity of the country the various tribes clothed or fed themselves according to the supplies available in their particular region, and their customs and religions were as varied. Because their needs were amply supplied in their own territory, they seldom traveled far from home. They were not fighters, the Digger Indians of the south in their timidity hiding from the white men. Indians lived in the mountains and the valleys, the forests and the plains, the desert and the sea coast. At the coast they were content to gather mussels, while the mountain Indians traveled long distances, using the sling shot to kill game. Northern Indians shot and snared deer and dressed in the skins. Pits were dug for the black tail deer and became so numerous that the whole region was riddled, and from this Pit river received its name. Salmon was an important food. They were trapped in the spring and fall when the great run of salmon came up the streams, dried, then flesh and bones pounded in mortars and stored away for future use. In the central valleys several tribes united in driving bands of antelope until they encircled them, when two men from each tribe shot the antelope as they raced about. Jack rabbits were hunted by the plains Indians, who killed them with a throwing stick resembling a partially straightened boomerang, which Mr. Ross showed. Other rabbits were snared. The skins were soft and tender, easily punctured, but the Indians tore them into strips, dried them in the sun, then tied the strips together and wove on a loom blankets having fur on both sides, strong and durable. Tight

cloth was woven from the inner bark of willows.

Acorn meal was the Indians' staff of life. After leaching with hot water to remove the tannin, it was stored in containers and kept dry, sweet, clean and safe from rodents. Mr. Ross said that the acorn of the tan bark oak seemed the favorite, the black oak acorn ranked high, but the golden cup or canyon oak was called the "hard to crack oak," and scrub oak acorns were only used from necessity. A Fresno Indian boy told him that the Indians still went to the mountains for sugar pine nuts and pounded and ate acorn meal.

Baskets used for cooking were shown and a sifter made from the Judas or redbud tree. The Indians obtained color by using the red roots of the dogwood, the brown inner bark of the willow, and black maidenhair fern stems. Fish nets were woven of fiber from the ground iris. The women chewed yucca stalks until the juice was extracted and a cud of many tough fibers left. Mountain sandals were woven from this fiber. The desert Indians used the agave or century plant. This yucca chew-

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For food the Indians dug lily bulbs, drove grasshoppers into pits of fire and roasted them, and did not despise fat caterpillars, slugs, and angle worms. They set piles of cholla cactus on fire at night and killed quail which they drove toward the fire.

Bird feathers were used in various ways and nests of the eagle, condor, hawk and crows were considered the property of the tribes in that locality. Mr. Ross demonstrated a bit of Indian handicraft by making sparks fly when a spindle-shaped piece of wood was rapidly twirled on a flat block.

Dr. E. C. Bull, curator of the children's room at the Los Angeles museum, had an interesting display of Indian money, ornaments and baskets. He told of the uses the Indians made of bird feathers, the eagle feathers forming head dresses of chiefs, and during the snake dances two eagle feathers are used to fan snakes attempting to coil. Dr. Bull said that hawks, road-runners and eagles always fan coiled snakes to make them uncoil and then kill them. Baskets were decorated with the feathers of the mallard duck, bluebird, canary, the crests of quail, and the red patches of woodpeckers. The red scalps of woodpeckers were regular coin among the Indians.

Roland Case Ross was elected vice-president of the society, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of O. T. Denny in June. Mrs. Sidney Moore, Mrs. Theresa Hornet Patterson and William R. Dykeman were elected directors to succeed themselves.

Original Defective

SF. Examiner - July 22, 1928

Fasting Indians Dance 3 Days in Weird Sun Ritual

FORT HALL INDIAN RESERVATION (Idaho), July 21.—(AP) —With undiminished enthusiasm, 50 Bannock, Shoshone and Lemhi Indian braves today went through the contortions of their strangest ritual, the sun dance, to the accompaniment of the reverberating throb of a huge tom-tom and the weird chant of the squaws.

The hours of continuous effort without food or water since the dance started at sundown yesterday have in no way dulled the spirits of the dancers. The ceremony will continue without interruption until sunrise Monday, when the strongest brave will be declared the greatest dancer.

INDIANS TAKE LICENSE TO WED

Chief Will Be Groom to Osage Beauty



Motion-Picture Actor Smitten by Cupid

Chief Redwing, well known in film circles, is soon to marry Rose Marie, a girl from "back home in Oklahoma" in full tribal rites at coming Elks' rodeo. With them is shown Marriage License Clerk Rosamond Rice.

NOTICE of intention to marry was posted yesterday by Chief Redwing, familiar Indian figure in motion-picture circles, and Rose Marie, wealthy Osage Indian. They plan to marry in full Indian regalia and under tribal rites as a feature event at the Elks' Rodeo at Baker's Ranch on the 12th inst.

Yesterday's action marks the second time the two have applied for

a marriage license, the first application becoming invalid when it was not used in the legal time limit.

Rose Marie, who appeared at the marriage license bureau in full Indian costume as did Chief Redwing, is 25 years of age and her home is in Ponca City, Okla. It will be her first marriage. Redwing, a Cherokee Indian, is 30, and his home is in Tulsa, Okla. It will also be his first marriage.

WHAT DO YOU REALLY KNOW ABOUT INDIANS?

What do you know about Indians? Of course everyone knows something about them, the knowledge being gained from school histories, moving pictures and popular wild west stories. But there are still things to be learned about them. Even the government is still studying our first inhabitants. Some of the service which the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington is performing in studying the redskin and preserving the early architecture and reconstructing the early history of these interesting people will be found in an article in the current number of the National Republic. "Learning About Indians" is the title of the article and it was written by Prof. J. Walter Fewkes, chief of the Bureau of U. S. Ethnology. In writing of this Indian study, Dr. Fewkes says:

"The study of the American Indians may be embraced under three heads: First, who are the Indians and where did they originate; second, to what other race are they most closely related; third, how long a time has elapsed since they emigrated to America; fourth, any and all characteristics of his development and history that make it possible for the white man properly to appreciate the life of the aborigines. Such are the aims of the Bureau of American Ethnology, which not only studies the Indians but also makes known by publications the results of these discoveries. In proof of this I may instance a series of about forty volumes of well illustrated reports and bulletins crowded with facts and knowledge obscurely known outside of specialists, much of which has

not been assimilated or taught in our educational institutions. In these reports will be found myths and legends as fascinating as classical prose and poetry and authoritative accounts of almost every phase of Indian life.

"In these the Indian is interpreted as a mason, a weaver, a potter, a musician and an artist, in all of which arts he excelled. In early days one who held that Indian music was anything more than a series of war whoops or guttural shouts was discredited; but largely through the work of the Bureau of Ethnology we have now come to regard Indian music as an artistic expression of a great race.

"The study of the languages of the Indians is now a distinct science, largely through the efforts of the Bureau of Ethnology. The Indians of Ethnology. The Indians of North America had many differ-

ent languages and idioms. Differences in languages is a means of racial classification.

"We know this social organization was of a most complicated nature. He was a politician. The Six Nations of New York devised a league of peace for mutual protection and preservation from destruction—a union for safety called the League of the Iroquois—many years before a league was devised for a like purpose by the white man. The provisions mentioned in this similarities to those embraced in the present League of Nations."

Allen's Clipping Press Bureau

misc
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
LOS ANGELES,
PORTLAND, ORE.
CLIPPING FROM

SAN FRANCISCO CALIF.
EXAMINER
SEPTEMBER 15, 1928

14 Children Help Indian Win \$2,000

Fourteen Indian children stepped into Supreme Court records yesterday and helped obtain a \$2,000 judgment for their father, A. La Count.

La Count, an Eureka Indian, was knocked from his bicycle and injured by a truck driven by Mateo Pasarich. The Superior Court awarded him \$2,000 in damages, but Pasarich appealed the case.

The Indian submitted no brief. He forwarded to the Supreme Court an affidavit declaring that he had fourteen children and was too poor to pay for a brief. The justices affirmed the \$2,000 award.

Legal 70527

BRAWLEY, CAL., NEWS-
OCTOBER 15, 1928

INDIANS OUT OF LUCK AGAIN

Indians of the Morongo reservation, near Banning, are asking for an investigation of conditions among them. It appears to be the old story of affairs under the Indian bureau, the most inefficient, rotten and wholly disgraceful department under the government, with the possible exception of that pertaining to the administration of oil wells.

The class of men almost always assigned as agents is sufficient ground to assure the Indians of ill-treatment and little consideration for anything except the well being of the agent himself. San Diego county reservations, if conducted under the county, would be the subject of a grand jury investigation as soon as one convened. Last year half a dozen Indians faced a Federal court because nothing was done to prevent bootleggers operating openly at one of the fiestas and a general row occurred. And so on down the line.

Only one result ever follows the investigation of conditions on an Indian reservation. The agent always receives a liberal coat of whitewash and the Indians responsible for the event are severely penalized. That's discipline, according to the ways of the Indian bureau.

INDIANS ASK INVESTIGATION

Conditions at Morongo Reservation Assertedly Not All They Should Be

564

Demanding a "complete investigation" of conditions assertedly existing on the Morongo Indian reservation and of administration of its affairs, a petition soon is to be circulated among Indians for signature and will be forwarded immediately to Washington.

This was the statement yesterday by three members of the tribe who visited the agency in the federal building here to file objections against treatment accorded Ramon Garcia, blind and near the century mark in years. Those who came with Garcia were Henry Mathews and William Pablo.

Stretching from a point nearly within the city limits of Banning to across the low mountains to the desert beyond, the Morongo reservation is said by the Indians to be the most fertile and promising of any in Southern California. But assertedly through the negligence of those in charge of the reservation, crops have not been properly marketed and for three years no profits have been realized.

Lack of Law Charged

The tribesmen also charge that the reservation is practically without law and has become a haven for fugitives. County and state prosecution is impossible because the land is federal property and it is claimed that the United States courts will take no action to afford protection from ruffians who take refuge within the boundaries.

Indians of the reservation are reported to have become incensed over treatment accorded the aged Garcia, relative to which the visit was paid to the federal office here. Agent C. L. Ellis was reported to have assured the redmen that an investigation will be made next week. The Indians say that a previous investigation did not materialize.

Garcia, according to Mathews and Pablo, signed a contract brought to him by agents out of the federal office here, whereby Antonio Armejo, Spaniard, could rent his land on the reservation. Armejo is said to have been required in the contract to keep the land and appurtenances in repair but instead he is reported to have permitted the property to deteriorate, to allow stock to trample fruit trees and fences to fall.

Bondsmen furnished security of \$500 at the time of the leasing of the land but they have not been required to forfeit the money, the Indians claim.

INDIANS TO SEEK GOVERNMENT AID IN CAPITAL TRIP

An "assault" upon the national capital by a band of

2,000 Indians from the open spaces of the west, is being planned by Standing Bear, great chief of tribes in the western and southwestern states.

The "invasion" will be one of peaceful penetration, however, and the "Great White Father"—in this case Herbert Hoover—need have no fear of flying tomahawks or secret ambushes.

According to Standing Bear, several thousand Indians representing every tribe in a dozen or more western and southwestern states, will gather in Rapid City, South Dakota, on July 29 next for a six day council—"the greatest and last"—the chief says.

Following the conference, it is planned to have about 2,000 Redmen start an overland trek in covered wagons, drawn by shaggy cayuses, to Washington, where petitions will be presented to the president and the national congress seeking "redress" for the Indians.

Included in the petitions will be one for payment of money from the government to the Indians for the rich Black Hills country of South Dakota, now valued at several hundred million dollars.

The Indians will also seek aid from the government in fighting tuberculosis among the remaining Redmen of the west.

Educational and other matters will also be discussed.

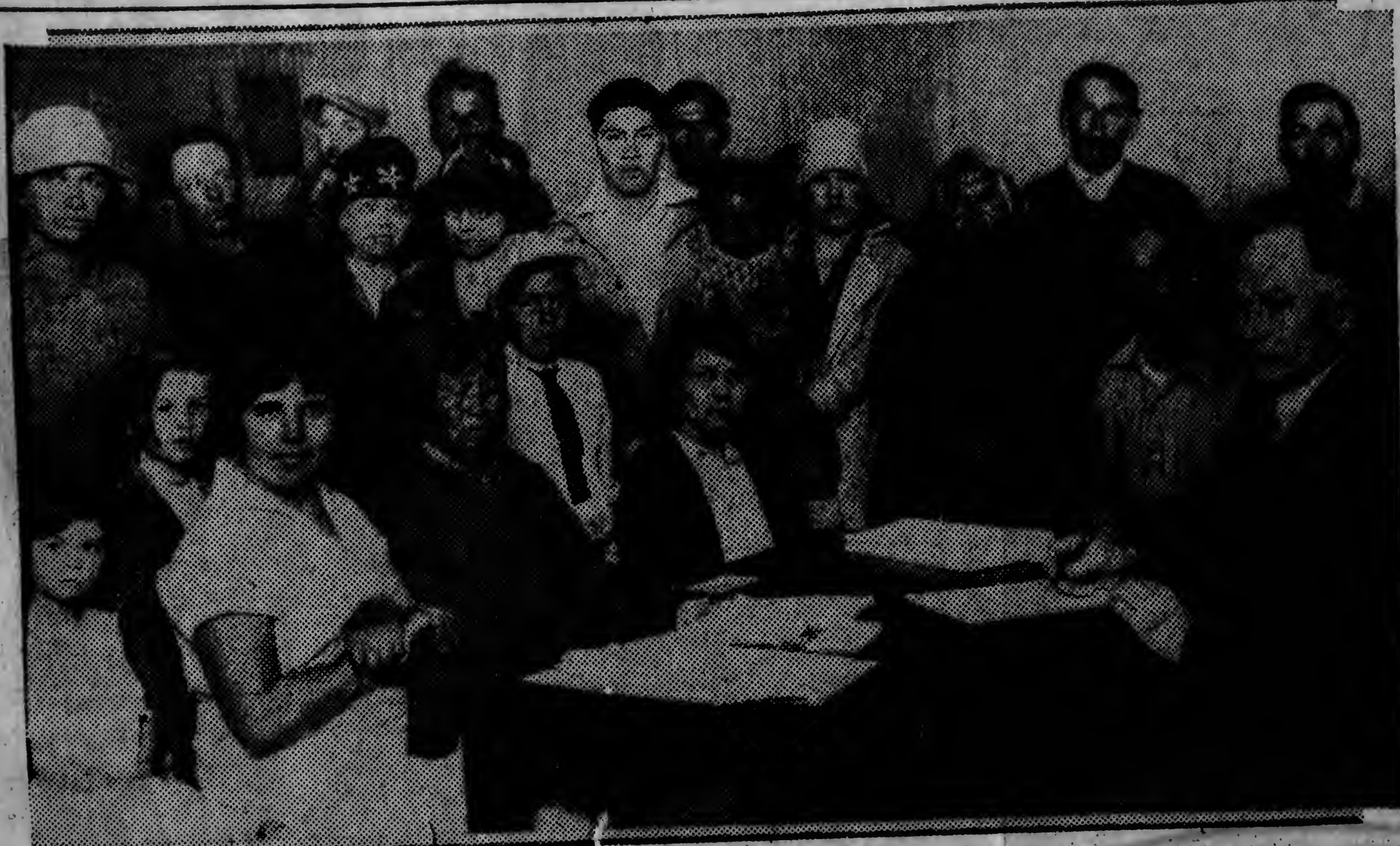
Chief Standing Bear declares the Rapid City council will probably be the last great gathering of the colorful Indian tribes. The younger generation, he explains, are forsaking the custom of "tribal" gatherings, and the older members of the various tribes are rapidly passing to the happy hunting grounds.

The gathering in Rapid City is expected to be a gala affair, with probably the last appearance of the "sun dance" as a tribal ceremony.

MARCH 2, 1928

Near The End Of A Long Flight

More than 1,000 Indians in the San Joaquin valley and the foothills adjoining have been registered as eligible to participation in a probable settlement upon the California Indians by the United States Government. The photograph shows a portion of the hundred and more who enrolled with Judge Fred A. Baker at Clovis yesterday. Judge Baker is seated at the right.—Republican Photo.



INDIAN CLAIMS AGAINST U. S. NUMBER 1,000

Registration At Clovis Swells Total; More To Be Enrolled

Special to The Republican
CLOVIS, Fresno Co., March 1.—Enrollment of Indians in the Clovis district today brought the total registration of Indians seeking a settlement from the United States Government for the loss of their heritage to more than 1,000.

More than 100 Indians crowded the temporary office of Judge Fred A. Baker, examiner of the Indian field service of the United States department of interior, to establish their rights as California Indians to a portion of any settlement that is made.

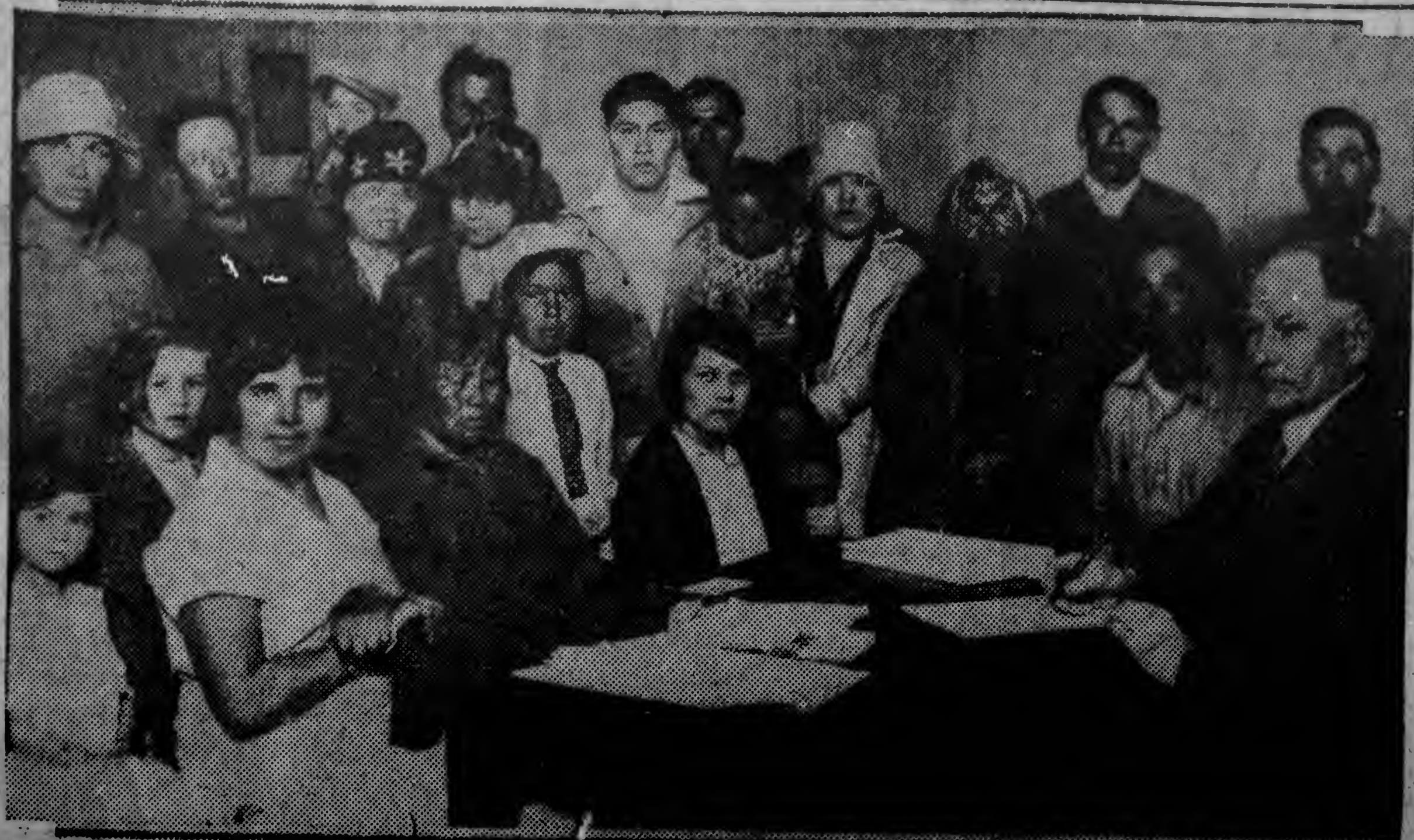
Many were the tribes represented and many the forefathers' names used to prove lineage. Among the tribes represented today were the How-ech-ees, Chook-cha-nees, Po-Ho-Nee-chees, Nook-choos, Pit-ca-chees, Cas-sons, Toom-nas, Tallin-chees, Pos-ke-sas, Wach-aets, I-tach-ees, Cho-e-nem-nees, Cho-ki-men-as, No-to-no-tos and We-mal-chees.

PROVE CLAIMS

The Indians in order to prove their claims must present affidavits and name some of their California Indian forefathers, it is understood. Judge Baker has declared that all Indians born on or before February 18, 1928, are eligible for enrollment. Heirs of all California Indians born prior to that date, but having died since that time are eligible for registration.

Already, according to Mr. Baker, Kings, Kern and Tulare counties

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Already, according to Mr. Baker, Kings, Kern and Tulare counties have been covered as far as enrollment of Indians is concerned, and he is now working to register all those in Fresno and Madera counties.

March 3, Baker will start registering Indians at Table Mountain, and March 7 he will move to North Fork where he expects to remain for 10 days before going to Coarsegold.

Any Indians who are not enrolled by Baker may enroll by securing blanks from Rev. Lee I. Thayer of Clovis at any time until May 18, 1930.

MARCH 7, 1929

Indians Enrolled

California Indian history was in the making here Friday when over one hundred Indians representing the Po-Ho-Nee-Chees, Nook-Chooos, Pit-Ca-Chees, Cas-Sons, Teom-Nas, Tallin-Chees, Pos-Ke-Sas, Wach-Aets, I-Tach-Ees, Cho-E-Nem-Nees, Cho-Ki Men-As, No-To, No-Tos and We-Mal-Chees tribes peculiar to this section of California, came before Judge Fred A. Baker, of the examining department of the Department of the Interior, Indian Field Service, who came here to enroll the Indians, including mixed-bloods, who are bringing a suit against the United States in the U. S. Court of Claims, at Washington, D. C., and it is necessary to have an accurate census of all California Indians.

During 1852 the United States negotiated 18 treaties with California Indians, promising them adequate land. These treaties were all placed away and forgotten and were finally known as the "Eighteen Lost Treaties"—and on May, 1928, when President Coolidge signed the Lea Bill under terms of which the Attorney General of the State may sue the United States in behalf of the California Indians to recover for them a portion of the value of the lands involved in the lost treaties at \$1.25 per acre, which would give the California Indians an estate or trust fund.

Judge Baker stated that all Indians born up to May 18, 1928, were eligible to the roll but children born since that date are not. However, those dying since that date, being born before May 18,

1928, are eligible to enrollment by their heirs.

Judge Baker stated that enrollment of the Indians began in December and since that time Kings, Kern and Tulare counties had been covered and at present Fresno and Madera counties are to be enrolled.

Judge Baker enrolled Indians at Table Mountain, Sunday, Mch. 3, and will begin enrollment at North Fork, March 7, where he expects to be located for about ten days, after which he goes to Coarse Gold. And for a time will be busy in the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys, going farther north later in the season.

Rev. Thayer will carry on the enrollment at Clovis if any of the Indians failed to appear before Judge Baker. The enrollment closes May 18, 1930.

March 8, 1929

316

PAWHUSKA OK. JRL.

Indians Return By Special Train From Recent Inaugural

The Special train which carried members of the Osage tribe and others to the Inauguration at Washington, D. C. leaving from Tulsa, has returned from that city.

Among those returning by the special train were:

Chief George Echo Hawk, chief of the Pawnees, Horse Chief Eagle, chief of the Ponca. The only woman ever recognized by the Indian tribes has been selected to go on this trip, Lady Chief, of the Kaws, Miss Lucia T. Eads.

The Indians were interested in the various beauty contests and on this occasion, and selected for the Inaugural demonstration in Washington, Miss Frances Eagle.

Over one hundred returned at this

March 8, 1929

316

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The Special train which carried members of the Osage tribe and others to the Inauguration at Washington, D. C. leaving from Tulsa, has returned from that city.

Among those returning by the special train were:

Chief George Echo Hawk, chief of the Pawnees, Horse Chief Eagle, chief of the Ponca. The only woman ever recognized by the Indian tribes has been selected to go on this trip, Lady Chief, of the Kaws, Miss Lucia T. Eads.

The Indians were interested in the various beauty contests and on this occasion, and selected for the Inaugural demonstration in Washington, Miss Frances Eagle.

Over one hundred returned at this time.

OCTOBER 2, 1929

ENGINEER TO STUDY INDIAN WATER NEEDS

364
Civic Leaders Demand
Agent Furnish Immediate
Relief For Tribe

TO EXAMINE ALL
Ellis Says All Reservations
Will Want Help If
Sequans Get It

By JAMES A. STAPP

There is no money with which to build new and sanitary homes for the Sequan Indians.

That was the reply of C. L. Ellis, Indian agent for the district which includes San Diego county, to representatives of a half dozen organizations who met with him Tuesday noon with the idea of forming a permanent supporting organization for him in his fight to pry more funds from the United States government for the permanent relief of these people who are dying of tuberculosis—if he would try.

"I doubt if it would be of any use," was his reply to the question, "Will you ask for it?"

WILL GO TO HOOVER

"Very well; we'll take it direct to President Hoover," was the retort of the men and women at the meeting, who, besides Ellis, with the organizations they represent, were:

Mrs. F. H. Mead, president of the San Diego county Tuberculosis association.

Mrs. H. L. Hildreth of the Federation of Women's clubs.

Dr. J. P. Gilmer, commander of the county council of the American Legion.

Father Keating of St. John's Catholic church.

Ralph Hastings, president of the Ha-Nuwah League of Arts and Crafts, headquarters of which are in Harbison canyon, near the reservation.

George E. Holt, San Diego writer.

Dr. H. L. Hildreth, physician for the Indians.

Dr. Alex Lesem, county health doctor.

And from the meeting, came: Ellis's reiterated promise to provide pure water for domestic use.

Promise to build a new home for Joaquin Salazer and Joe March families.

WILL EXAMINE ALL

And an organized attempt to examine every man, woman and child on the reservation for tuberculosis, perhaps Sunday.

"But, I don't see where I can get the money to install an irrigation system or build all new houses for them," Ellis said. "You people seem to think this is the only reservation in the country. You forget that if we did that for this little handful, we would have to do it for every Indian."

Here Dr. Lesem stepped to the fore.

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Here Dr. Lesem stepped to the fore.

"Mr. Ellis, you lose sight of the fact that it is this reservation we are concerned with. There is no objection, certainly, to your making every reservation as good as we expect to have this one. But Sequan must come first. There are no two ways around it. And you can't tell me that the government is broke."

"Why, do you mean to tell me that a great and wealthy government such as ours is going to stand by and see these 40 persons die of tuberculosis for a few paltry dollars?"

"If you do, you're mistaken. I don't. I know it won't."

"You make this a model reservation and the others can follow."

"If you think it is going to stop here, you're mistaken again. I am going to see that this situation gets before President Hoover, Senators Johnson and Shortridge and Congressman Swing."

"You get water out there! That's what you've got to do." That was Mrs. Mead's demand.

PLAN WATER SURVEY

"Why, do you think this is an emergency?" Ellis asked.

"Emergency! Why it certainly is!"

An engineer from the reclamation department of the Indian service is scheduled to make a survey of the reservation today or Thursday, the first move toward pure water for the tribe.

INDIAN PROGRAM IS PRESENTED AT CLUB LUNCHEON

"The California Indian" was the subject of an address given by Mrs. Harry C. Roberts, member of the committee on Indian Welfare of the Federated Women's Clubs of California, yesterday at the luncheon meeting of the Berkeley Soroptimist Club, held at the College Women's Club. The program also included dances by two Indian men, Francesco Ross and Wesley Brooks.

The program for the day was arranged by Dr. Isabelle Armstrong and Miss Denise Hughes. Mrs. Violet T. Ward, the president, presided.

"When the Spanish settled in our State there were seven distinct tribes with a definite culture of their own," said Mrs. Roberts. "The Spaniards made no study of this culture of the Indians. The University of California has studied the Indians of the shell mounds and finds that these tribes must have been living here as long as 5000 years ago. The Indians of this section are entirely gone now. It is a tragic record that the Mission Indians were the first to go. The diseases of the whites, change of method of living, lack of customary activities are a few of the causes for their disappearance.

"In California there were three large culture groups, the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys group, the south of the Tehachapi group, and the Trinity-Klamath down to Pt. Trinidad group. This last group had the highest Indian culture and was of Algonquin origin. These Indians built permanent redwood houses, the last one of which is still standing at the mouth of the Klamath River.

"The Indian men taught the boys and the women taught the girls all the civic, moral and religious lore of the tribe. Their hours of teaching were from dawn till the middle of the morning, when minds were fresh and receptive. The boys were gathered together in the sweat houses, their centers of education. Here many impressive ceremonials were performed. Much that we consider of great importance concerning proper behavior and ideals in the teaching of our youth were considered as highly by these Indian teachers of long ago. A perfect school system existed here long before a white school was built.

"There were about 250,000 Indians in California when the Spaniards first settled here and now there are not more than 8000 or 9000. There is more interest shown in the Indians today than there has been for many years. There are Federal day schools and Federal boarding schools established for the boys and girls. In counties where Indian pupils attend the public schools from 25 to 60 cents is given by the county for their education. There are two large problems that arise after these Indian boys and girls have attained a public school education.

Teach Children Trades

"The first is to teach the Indian children the particular kind of trades that they can later follow. The second problem is to find a place for each one who has learned a trade, so that he can take a job along with other workers who will be willing to work with him and teach him to raise his standard of living. One Indian girl from the Klamath tribe fought forest fires and led pack trains to earn enough money to get extra education. She is now training at St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco and will later go back to her people as a nurse to teach them hygienic ways of living. There are five Indian students in Piedmont High School and three in the Oakland High Schools.

"The State employment agency, the Y. W. C. A. and the Big Sisters of Alameda County are all helping with these girls and boys. These young people's problems are great since they have to adjust themselves in new and strange positions, but because of their good sense and their poise they

never show by outward appearance how they feel.

"Their social problems are being met through the organization of a State club made up of Indian leaders. This club was difficult to develop since Indians are decidedly individualistic. But any Indian boy or girl with a social difficulty of any kind can appeal and get help through this club.

Indian Men Dance

After Mrs. Roberts' talk two young Indian men entertained the club members. One, Francesco Ross, who is a costume designer, interior decorator, clever in stagecraft, professional dancer, and an artists' model, sang the Plute Drinking Song for the Corn Ceremonial, a love song, and a Deer Chant for Deer Dancing. He was dressed in Indian ceremonial costume and accompanied himself with bells and a tom-tom. He also danced a Dog Dance of the Sioux or Plains Indians. Wesley Brooks, another Indian boy, sang the Brush Dance Song, which is not only religious but humorous.

MARCH 11, 1931

POLYKLA

...igation and that the
bly committee will join it.

Indians Put in Plea For Rights to Fish

SACRAMENTO, March 11.—(AP)

—Sadness and comedy mingled at a meeting of the assembly fish and game committee last night, when two representatives of the Klamath river Indians sought to prevent recommendations of a bill which would close that river to commercial salmon fishing.

Peter Williams and James Brooks, among the last of a vanishing race of Red men, told the committee commercial fishing was the only means of livelihood left for the Indians, and that to deprive them of this right would throw them as charges on the county.

The two Indians, however, after finishing their plea, were more than adept at answering questions fired at them by members of the committee.

"How long have the Indians been on the river," a member asked.

"They were on the reception committee when the white man arrived," Brooks shot back.

"Don't the sportsmen give many of the fish they catch to the Indians?" inquired another member.

"Well," Brooks said, "I can't say that. But the Indians sell the sportsmen a lot of fish."

Brooks, decorated with the Carnegie medal for life savings at the mouth of the Klamath, said many of the sportsmen who fished there had to ask the Indians where the mouth of the river was located.

The committee, several times convulsed with laughter, deferred action on the bill until Thursday night, when more testimony will be heard.

NOVEMBER 1, 1931

INDIANS ASK INVESTIGATION OF CONDITIONS

On motion of Past State Senator Samuel Cary Evans, the Mission Indian Federation, in open session with their "White Friends" Thursday at the council camp ground on the Jonathan Tibbets property at Riverside, passed a resolution asking that the supervisors of Riverside, San Diego, San Bernardino and Imperial counties organize a joint committee to take in

charge the investigation of conditions on the reservations of Southern California Indians, and report conditions as they are found to authorities who have power to act.

The federation, which meets twice a year at the council grounds, devotes one day each week to a conference with the friends who are interested in their welfare. Mrs. Florence Summers, Newport Beach, presided at the meeting yesterday, and others from Orange county who appeared on the program were her son, Frank, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Seamans of Yorba Linda, Dr. Graham C. Hunter of Fullerton, and Vladimir Lenski of Costa Mesa.

The chief complaint registered by the Indians is the impersonal way in which their affairs are handled. Their talks, made by chiefs of several tribes, were borne out by talks by Dr. James Bat-

ton and Dr. Brink of Pomona college, and by Senator Evans, who declared the Indian affairs are administered without knowledge of conditions.

Marcus H. Forster, San Juan Capistrano, is secretary and treasurer of the federation.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF., UNION (30)

DECEMBER 29, 1931

PLEA OF INDIANS GIVEN TO SAVAGE

Complaint of Capitan Grande Indians that they need city work to make a living and their petition for employment on El Capitan dam were referred to Hydraulic Engineer Savage yesterday with instructions to take up the Indians' asserted plight with the federal Indian agent at Riverside.

Supplementing their written petitions with oral arguments, the Indians asserted their status has been uncertain at El Capitan since the city acquired the land. No move has been made, they said, to obtain new reservations for them with the money paid by the city to the government for the purpose.

Assistant City Attorney H. B. Daniel told the council that the government Indian bureau is accelerating plans for installing the Indians on a new reservation now that work actually has been started by the city at El Capitan.

JAN. 23, 1932

DeArmonds Doing Good Work Among Bannock Indians

A letter from Mrs. Clarence DeArmond, formerly with the Indian Mission on the reservation near Fallon contained a clipping from the Pocatello, Idaho, Tribune, which gives an interesting account of their work among the Indians in that territory.

Mr. DeArmond was to leave with some of the Indians in the livestock raising division for the Ogden Livestock show. Last June he attended a conference of Indian workers at Bozeman, Mt. Mr. and Mrs. DeArmond sent greetings to Churchill county friends.

The following is taken from the Tribune article:

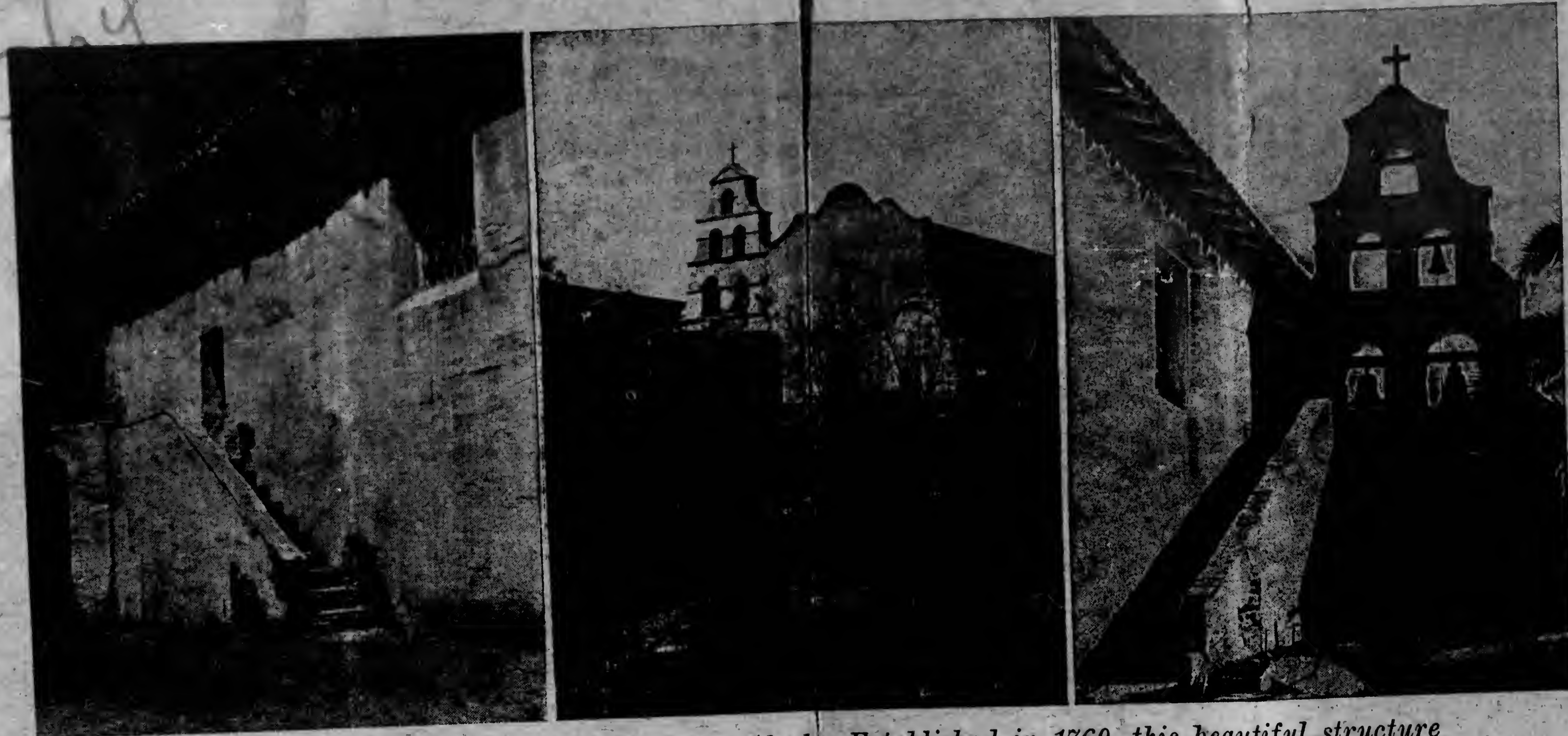
A most enjoyable Christmas party was given for the Bannock Creek Indians by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence DeArmond, farm agents of the Bannock Creek district, in their home Sunday afternoon. One hundred and fifty Indians were present to enjoy the program, refreshments and liberal supply of presents donated by the various business men of Pocatello.

A splendid talk was given by Superintendent Gross, in which he praised the Indians, for their interest and attendance, emphasizing the Christmas spirit. He also spoke in appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. DeArmond and their efforts in promoting a better atmosphere, and the change of attitude of the Indians since their supervision over the district.

During the past year, clinics have been held by Miss Catelin, field nurse; 4-H club work has progressed; lessons on improving and bettering the general condition of the Indian homes by Dr. Minnie Howard, and meetings on improved methods of farming and stock raising by Superintendent Gross, all have been conducted in the DeArmond home. As a whole the district comprises thousands of acres of valuable farm land, including the Michaud flats, awaiting sufficient water for irrigation, while the upper lands contain a splendid site for reservoir and dry farming.

JUNE 16, 1932

THE INDIANS OF SAN DIEGO COUNTY



• Interior views of Mission San Diego de Alcalá. Established in 1769, this beautiful structure was the first in the chain of California missions and marks the spot where civilization and Christianity was given birth on the west coast of America.

By C. M. VANDEBURG,
Publicity director San Diego
California Club

As a result of wild publicity, dime novels and the moving pictures the true Indian has been lost in the shuffle of long ago and our only conception of him has been handed down through the years from the colorful tales of frontier days. The savage of yesterday has been kept alive in fiction and on stage and screen and it is not surprising that even his dusky descendants of today fail to recognize him in those exaggerated pictures of long ago.

I am reminded of this through an

incident which occurred some years ago while I was talking to the chief of an Indian reservation in San Diego county.

I had been discussing the coming deer season with the chief and the attendant, possibilities of securing a nice buck. When the word buck was mentioned, the chief's 10-year old daughter who had been listening attentively interrupted the conversation, "Hey, daddy, what's a buck?" After detailed explanation by the chief the small daughter nodded brightly and added, "Gee, daddy, I thought a buck was a dollar."

San Diego county presents an unusual opportunity for study of the

twentieth century Indians, whose first contacts with so called civilization and white men came 400 years ago with the discovery of San Diego by the Spaniard, Cabrillo in 1542.

These first encounters with white men and civilized customs were not entirely pleasant, and from them dates the downfall of the Indian.

With the coming of Cabrillo there were probably 60,000 Indians living in comparative harmony within the wild confines of what is now San Diego county.

With the establishment of the first mission by Father Junipero Serra in 1769 the task of civilizing

or destroying, as you like, the San Diego Indians began.

The ceremonies attending the dedication of that first mission were as pompous and elaborate as circumstances permitted.

The military and naval authorities were on hand with their troops, to the total of about fifteen, who strove to make up in dignity what they lacked in numbers. Father Serra and his priests performed their part of the ceremony with utmost reverence and solemnity, praying that they might "put to flight all the hosts of hell and subject to the mild yoke of our holy faith the bar-

(Continued on page 6)

The San Luis Rey river is the dividing line between languages, the San Luisianos of Shoshone stock, living north of the river, and the Dieguenos of Yuma stock, living on the south. A further division was made according to the locality in which they lived. The Inkepah were the mountain or desert Indians while the Comeyi were the coast Indians. At present the Indians are living on 15 different reservations in San Diego county. The San Luisianos are on the Rincon (Corner) La Jolla (The Jewel), Pauma and Pala (Water) reservations, while the Dieguenos are on the Sequan (Evening Primrose) Laguna (Lake), Inaja (My Spring), San Ysidro, Santa Ysabel (Saint Elizabeth), Mesa Grande (Big Table), Captain Grande (The Great Captain), Weeapipe (Leaning Rock), Compa (The Field), Manzanita (Little Apple), La Posta and Conejos (Cottontail Rabbit), and the Los Coyotes (The Coyotes) reservations.

Most of these reservations are open to motor travel and with some exceptions are visited by numerous tourists each year. The Los Coyotes reservation in the extreme northeastern tip of San Diego county is one of the most interesting from the writer's viewpoint of any in the county. Its isolated location in the high mountains bordering the desert has served to retain much of the original color and customs of this mountain tribe.

Before the coming of the Dons and establishment of the great

others devoted to the display and sale of baskets and pottery. In other stalls are various concessions similar to a city carnival.

Foot races, baseball, horse racing, broncho busting and roping are on the first day's schedule and at sundown the hungry Indians and their visiting guests retire to the ramadas for the evening meal. At its conclusion the older tribesmen retire to screened stalls to find amusement and remuneration in games of three card monte, dice and other gambling diversions not frowned on by Indian police. To the younger bucks and their dusky maids who find these games of chance too mild there is modern American dancing on a raised platform in the patio's center and the inevitable peon games, without which no fiesta would be complete.

The peon game has been handed down through generations of the Mission Indians and its origin, though extremely interesting, does not permit of description in an article of this length.

The Indian's inherent gambling instinct finds active expression in the peon game.

The peon game is played by opposing teams of from four to six men seated opposite one another with a smoldering fire between. At the end of the fire and between the opposing teams sits the referee, an aged Indian chosen for his quick eyes and knowledge of the game. Piled before him are 36 small smooth sticks dyed black or red, and to be used as counters or tal-

a period of 36 hours.

The layman marveling length of these apparently ingless games, cannot know each player and support staked his last dime on the come of the contest.

Various ceremonial and dances are still common. San Diego Indian fiesta their still barbaric presence one may see the last bit of native color left the spark of the old romance somehow come down through years, undimmed by the influence of civilization and destroying culture of white supremacy.

The Indians of San Diego County

(Continued from Page 1)

barity of the gentile Dieguinos." The cross was raised, the royal standard flung to the breeze, incense sent up from a temporary altar and from the convenient branches of a tree, the mission bell rang out in the stillness of the valley.

This was the true natal day of San Diego, July 6, 1769 and the life of the settlement dates from that moment. Presidio hill, with its mouldering, tile-strewn ruins, is historic ground and will be preserved as such forever. It is the birthplace of the west coast of the United States, and though not generally known, the discovery of San Diego preceded the first settlement at Jamestown, Virginia, by more than 40 years.

War, pestilence, famine and inability to cope with white progressiveness and efficiency has brought the Indian to a point of virtual extinction. Today, the Indian population of San Diego county has shrunk to about 1,700 and is divided into two groups according to the language spoken, the San Luisianos and Dieguenos.

The San Luis Rey river is the dividing line between languages, the San Luisianos of Shoshone stock, living north of the river, and the Dieguenos of Yuma stock, living on the south. A further division was made according to the locality in which they lived. The Inkepah were the mountain or desert Indians while the Comeyi were the coast Indians. At present the Indians are living on 15 different reservations in San Diego county. The San Luisanos are on the Rincon (Corner) La Jolla (The Jewel), Pauma and Pala (Water) reservations, while the Dieguenos are on the Sequan (Evening Primrose) Laguna (Lake), Inaja (My Spring), San Ysidro, Santa Ysabel (Saint Elizabeth), Mesa Grande (Big Table), Captain Grande (The Great Captain), Weeapipe (Leaning Rock), Compa (The Field), Manzanita (Little Apple), La Posta and Conejos (Cottontail Rabbit), and the Los Coyotes (The Coyotes) reservations.

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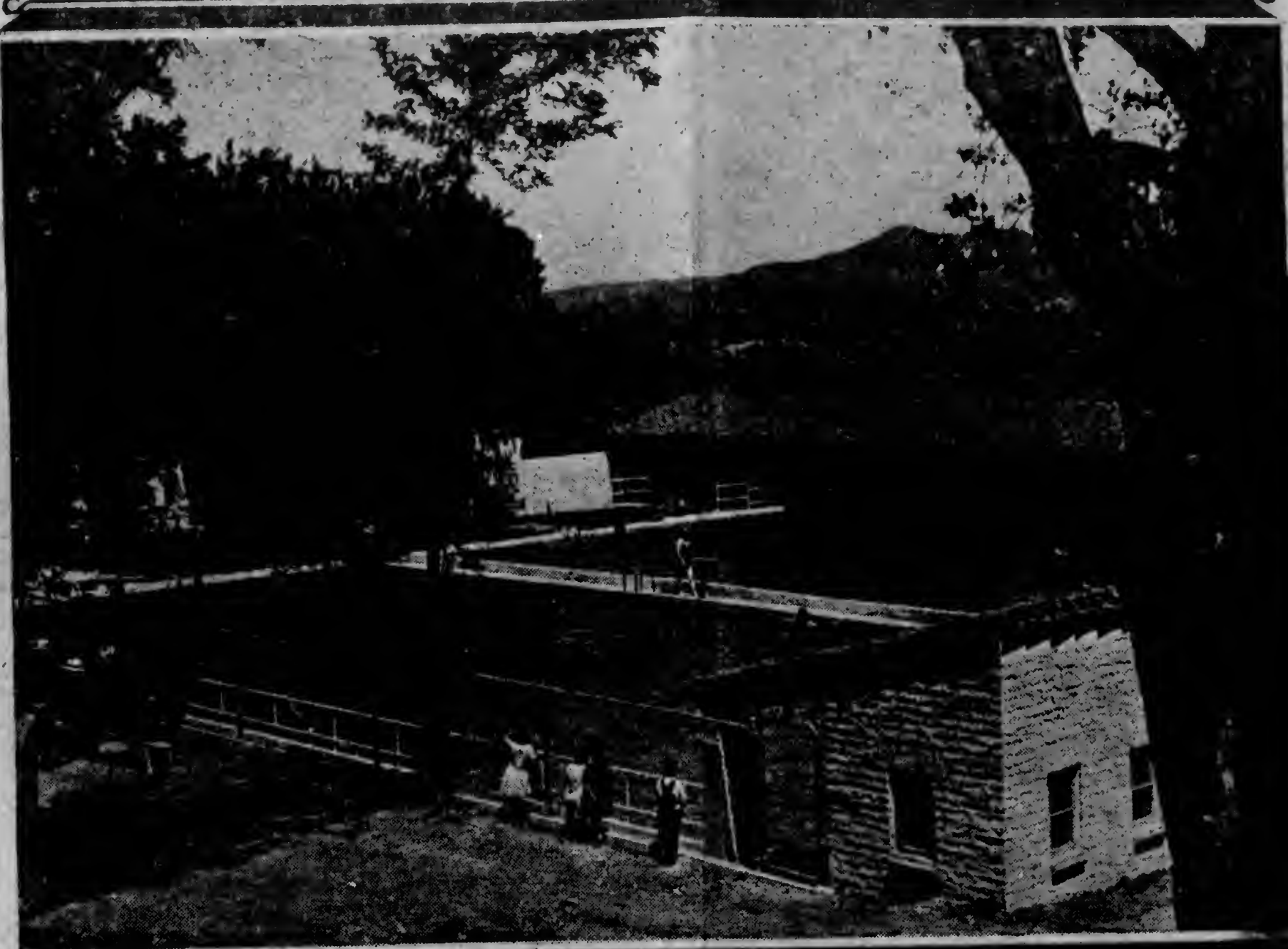
Before the coming of the Dons and establishment of the great Warner land grant, the Coyote Indians had lived continuously for hundreds of years in their native Valle de San Jose. With the establishment of the 49,000 acre Warner grant the Indians were moved from their ancestral valley to a mountain reservation near Warner's Hot Springs, which they once owned. Many of the tule thatched, adobe buildings which the Indians built and rented to health seekers are still standing near the present resort. Another interesting landmark of the Indian period is five great

brush stalls with open fronts facing the cleared center. Gateways of arched boughs are left in the four corners to accommodate guests.

At the official opening of the fiesta each stall is occupied by some tribal family with accommodations for serving liquid refreshments, tamales, tortillas, and with

this turn at guessing, the play reverses to the other side until one side has been given all the counters. While the game is in progress the squaws, sitting in the background chant continuously, much as a rooting section might cheer its favorite team.

These games have been known to run without a moments pause for



• This beautiful modern plunge at Warner's Hot Springs is built on the spot where a sod-banked, open pool gave health and recreation to the Indians of Valle de San Jose many centuries ago.

others devoted to the display and sale of baskets and pottery. In other stalls are various concessions similar to a city carnival.

Foot races, baseball, horse racing, broncho busting and roping are on the first day's schedule and at sundown the hungry Indians and their visiting guests retire to the ramadas for the evening meal. At its conclusion the older tribesmen retire to screened stalls to find amusement and remuneration in games of three card monte, dice and other gambling diversions not frowned on by Indian police. To the younger bucks and their dusky maids who find these games of chance too mild there is modern American dancing on a raised platform in the patio's center and the inevitable peon games, without which no fiesta would be complete.

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The side elected to start the game rises to its knees and with blankets gripped in teeth begin a weird, humming chant. As the chant increases in volume the players sway from side to side and behind the concealment of the blankets, fasten the colored sticks with their looped strings to a fin-

a period of 36 hours.

The layman marveling at the length of these apparently meaningless games, cannot know that each player and supporter has staked his last dime on the outcome of the contest.

Various ceremonial and tribal dances are still common to the San Diego Indian fiesta and in their still barbaric presentation one may see the last bit of true native color left the Indian—a spark of the old romance that has somehow come down through the years, undimmed by the refining influence of civilization and the destroying culture of white supremacy.

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Few of the honored tribal customs remain and the art of basket weaving and pottery making are lost to all save a few of the oldest squaws who still eke out a scant existence from the sale of their handiwork to tourists and collectors. The Fiesta or "feast," an heritage of the Dons, is still enjoyed by all but a few tribes in the county. These carnival celebrations are rotated through the San Diego tribes and the series usually consume most of the summer and fall.

A typical fiesta usually begins on a date set aside by the church and is opened with a religious ceremony and mass. Several weeks before the fiesta the Indians gather in force to begin construction work on the booths or "Ramadas" to house the festivities.

The first step is to erect a light framework of poles in the shape of a hollow square, usually having a patio in the center of about 100 feet square. This shed-like skeleton is then covered above and on the rear or outer side with a heavy screen of green branches and the result is a pleasing structure of

similar to a city carnival.

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The side elected to start the game rises to its knees and with blankets gripped in teeth begin a weird, humming chant. As the chant increases in volume the players sway from side to side and behind the concealment of the blankets, fasten the colored sticks with their looped strings to a finger of each hand. When each player has secured his sticks he drops his blanket and with arms folded and hands concealed continues to sway as he faces the opposing player watching from across the fire. When the blankets are all dropped and the players swaying in

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• With the primitive utensils of long ago this Indian woman of Warner's Hot Springs pounds flour from ripened acorns gathered on her reservation home.

unison, the opposing team attempts to guess the finger and hand upon which a certain stick is fastened. The guesses are made by finger signals with the extended hand. A correct guess is awarded by a counter stick from the referee's pile tossed before the lucky player. Failing to make a correct guess in three tries the play moves to the next man and his opponent and a counter given to the other side. When each man on a side has had

MAY 12, 1935

Richardson Springs Waters Once Fought for by Indians

Minerals Used To Cure Tribe Ills

(By OLD TIMER)

The history of the Indian tribes in the vicinity of Chico is not complete without mentioning two small tribes that occupied territory on Mud and Deer Creek. On the south bank of Mud Creek with territory extending to Chico Creek was a small band called Otaki. They belonged to the class known as the peaceful "Diggers." And they had similar customs and a dialect quite like the Michopdo Indians south of them.

The Kombo tribe on Deer Creek was very different; in fact different from any other tribe of California Indians. They occupied the territory between Mill Creek and Deer Creek. They were warlike. They resisted to the last ditch the encroachment of the settlers upon their rich lands and meadows. Their habits were different, in that they burned their dead, built no villages, had no assembly houses. They lived in caves and dens. They tortured and inflicted cruelties upon their captives.

KEPT SLAVES—

They kept their hair cut within one inch of their scalp, while other tribes allowed it to grow. They carried off the women and children of other tribes to serve as slaves. They were supposed to be a remnant of the Nozi tribe that occupied a narrow strip of territory on the east bank of the Sacramento River now in Shasta and Tehama Counties. This Nozi tribe had the same habits and customs of living as the Kombo Indians. An ancient legend or tradition was related to Major Reading that these Nozi "journeyed a great many moons, crossing forest, prairies, mountains, plains, deserts and rivers so great that they could have been found nowhere except in the interior of the continent. At length they came to a delightful land, and to a timid and feeble folks, where they conquered for themselves a dwelling place, and rested therein."

It was Major Reading's conjecture that they were the descendants of King Phillip's tribe of New England. A muzzle-loading gun was found in one place where they camped, that could have come from no where else but one of New England colonies. The Nozi tribe was nearly exterminated by a disease that carried them off by the hundreds.

These two tribes were the ones which contended for possession of the mineral waters of Richardson Springs. The mud was used for healing cuts, bruises and wounds. The water of the springs was used to cure scrofula and skin diseases. Its curative properties were worth fighting for. At times "look-outs" were continually on guard at the high points in the neighborhood of the springs. The Kombo Indians were aggressive and kept the small band of Otakis always on the defensive.

petite the denizens of the town never knew.

FIND 'OBLIVION POOL'—

We then explored one of the most magnificent works of nature we ever beheld. Following up the creek a short distance we entered the portal of one of nature's grand halls. Here the bed of the Creek was filled with huge iron boulders, which glistened like bronze pyramids in the stray rays of sunlight that stole in upon them. Neath these huge boulders dashed the cool waters of the creek, here and there lying in great pools, in which we watched the gambols of the speckled trout. On we went, where, as we believe, the foot of white man had never trod, until we stood at the termination of the gallery, and our further progress was cut off entirely.

Abruptly before us rose the solid masonry of nature, perpendicular as the walls of a house, for hundreds of feet on three sides; at our feet lay a dark pool or lake, where twilight reigned supreme, and where no ray of sunlight ever kissed the waters of what we named 'The Pool of Oblivion.' It was a fit residence of the bats and the owls, but relieved of its weird dreariness by the twitter of the myriads of swallows that made their nests on the projections of the perpendicular walls. On the left where turned a short corridor at right angles with the main gallery, and screened from view from the front, fell, in a beautiful succession of cascades, the waters of the creek, as we afterwards learned, on visiting the high table land above. The first fall was in a broad silver sheet, named 'The Bridal Veil.' The last was a dashing cataract, named the "Wampum Belt," from an Indian legend. The grandeur of this place is not excelled in the world, and is worth a visit for its sake alone.

FOUND BY HUNTER—

"The mineral springs were discovered several years ago by Solomon Gore while hunting stock in the foothills. When within a hundred rods of the springs, a peculiar smell is experienced, which smell led to their discovery. They are located in a cool and favorable spot, surrounded by beautiful scenery and cool cold water.

"For all cutaneous diseases these springs are an infallible remedy, and rheumatic diseases give way before their powerful properties. If

Early Day Scribe Describes Visit

some enterprising man would erect a fine hotel at Nepheline Springs, and fix up the grounds for a pleasant summer resort, as well as a place to seek one's health, he could make a fortune out of the enterprise. It is but a short two hour's ride from town, and families would make it a summer watering place instead of seeking the bay or more distant mountains."

"The soil is of the richest mold, and would raise the finest kind of fruit, in fact the time is coming when the hills round about will be one vast series of vineyards. Everything is inviting about the place. A few thousand dollars judiciously laid out will make it place of general resort for people from far and near. The very atmosphere of the place is invigorating, to say nothing of the health-giving waters. Nepheline Springs is a fortune for somebody."

Whether the prophecy of this early-day news gatherer has been fulfilled, we shall leave to the readers of this column.

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'ISHI' LAST OF TRIBE—

The Kombo tribe found a new foe when the American emigrants began to settle on lands in the Sacramento Valley. Shooting irons were more effective than bows and arrows. They learned to run and hide in the fastnesses of the canyons, when Hi Good and Bob Anderson and their followers chased them. However, they did commit many atrocities and cruelties to the early settlers before they were finally killed off. It is thought that "Ishi," captured only a comparatively few years ago, was the last of the Kombos.

The history of Richardson Springs is intimately connected with the early history of the section of territory north of Chico. The healing and curative properties of the waters was known early in the '60's. A news reporter of the Chico Courant in June, 1866, after visiting the Springs, broke out with this story:

SCRIBE GOES VISITING—

"We broke away from labor and toil and from the noisy town last week, leaving behind us all our cares, and made for the hills to revel in the luxuries of nature generally, and to examine one of the singular medicine chests of nature particularly. It was a short ride to Sol Gore's behind the fast nags of Dr. French, and then to the saddle and across the hills, through drifts of lava rock, 'neath beetling craps, on verges precipitous, past flowing fountains of pure cold water, where fields of wild oats waved their golden plumes to the breathing of the hills, until we slackened rein on the banks of Nepheline Creek (vulgarly called Mud Creek.)

"Here we tasted the water of numerous springs that boiled up on the banks, sending up globules and jets of gas, and depositing sulphur, salt, borax, alum, and numerous other minerals in a bed of a branch of the creek. Satisfying ourselves of the peculiar properties of the waters and differently compounded as there were different springs, we opened our lunch bag 'neath the cool shade of the tall alders, and ate with an ap-

high table land above. The first fall was in a broad silver sheet, named 'The Bridal Veil.' The last was a dashing cataract, named the "Wampum Belt," from an Indian legend. The grandeur of this place is not excelled in the world, and is worth a visit for its sage alone.

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JULY 30, 1935

The Rounder

William B. Hyde, an early settler in Colusa county, writes concerning the Indians in 1851:

"I have a few Indians to employ and to clothe and one-half of them are now unemployed. Their labor is to cultivate the soil, to ditch, to fence, build, and improve the same lands over which their fathers have spent their lives for thousands of years in idleness and nakedness. They have hitherto increased beyond the ability of the country by its natural productions to support them. They have apparently never cultivated the smallest plant, tree or shrub. They have subsisted on fish, acorns, roots, clover and many other kinds of grass, on berries and the flesh of antelope, elk, deer, rabbit and smaller quadrupeds, also quail, which are quite numerous.

* * *

"They live during the rainy season in conical tents about ten feet in diameter, covered with a thatched mass of leaves, sticks, reeds or rushes. They make floats or rafts of tule. The women wear an apron or bunch of willow bark, like a mop, which is made fast above the waist by a cord of the same material and extends downward from a foot to eighteen inches in a profuse bunch of strings before and behind.

* * *

The men are entirely naked except they sometimes throw an antelope skin over their shoulders. They still exist, as in former times, in small tribes or rancherias of from 100 to 400 men, speaking different dialects and are frequently enemies of each other. They look to the white man who owns their land as the Great Chief and expect them to defend him from the attacks of their neighbors and also from their natural enemy, the grizzly bear, whose flesh they refuse to eat for the reason, as they believe, that he was once human but became beastly in consequence of his disposition to eat human flesh.

* * *

"In the time of the year for clover, of which California produces spontaneously twelve different kinds, they resort to the most favored spots and dwell in booths made of brush. In the season for fish they dwell in thick willow groves on the low banks of the rivers and sleep in beds of sand. In time of oats harvest the squaws gather large quantities by swinging a basket made of the bark of roots against the tops of ripe grain, part of which falls into the basket. In time of acorns the squaws gather immense quantities which they place in store-houses made of small sticks interwoven with willow bark, which they keep for winter use. These acorns are their corn which is pounded, sifted and made into various kinds of bread.

* * *

These Indians are required by the laws of California to clothe themselves and their services belong to the man who furnishes them with the means of clothing until arrears are paid. We generally employ the boys and when they prove faithful we clothe their fathers who only work in the wheat harvest. The word of the landholder is the Indian's law but the owner is not to do him any injustice. He is the Indian's governor and may punish him according to certain rules but he cannot sell him or take away his children without his consent. These Indians are voracious eaters. They have nothing to sell that will command spiritous liquors and consequently they are not drunkards but they are slaves of tobacco."

* * *

Little more need be said or can be

said of the few scattered remnants of the Colus tribe who survive. Only one tribe remains in Glenn county and a few in Colusa county. There are probably not 100 in the two counties out of the 10,000 which were here when the white man came. The Grindstone rancheria in Glenn county contains 25 or 30. They led a precarious existence until the Roosevelt administration changed the policy of the government regarding the Red Man. They now receive food and clothing and are well cared for.

* * *

Moses Genot, one of the earliest settlers in the Coast mountains, told us that there were tribes of savage Indians inhabiting the mountains when he first arrived. They must have been of the Yuki tribe, the remnants of which are now at the Round Valley reservation. These Indians, Genot said, were not friendly to the white man and would kill on sight. Many a night, he said, when Indians were in the vicinity of his home, he would remain up all night hidden behind a log, fearful of an attack. Genot said he would shoot every Indian which he saw as he knew that would do the same to him if they had the opportunity. No mention is made of this tribe by the early settlers of this section. It is said that the Yukis occasionally made a raid in the valley, driving away cattle and horses to their mountain haunts.

* * *

There is an oft told tale of the Bloody Rock massacre which occurred in early days. The story goes that a raid was made by the Indians on ranches in the Newville section. Ranchers gave pursuit and chased the red skins through the mountain fastness finally cornering them at a cliff on Eel river in Lake county. The Indians jumped over the cliff and every one was killed. The spot is still known as Bloody Rock.

* * *

We remember that only one Indian ever resided in Willows. She was Mary, servant of the Hoag family which resided at the home now occupied by J. D. Danner at the corner of Shasta and Walnut streets. This squaw was a source of wonder to us kids who saw her sometimes about the yard. She went barefoot and was clad in a calico wrapper. The family had taken her in as a young girl and trained her to do the housework. She was a most competent servant and remained with members of the family until she died in Tehama county, where a daughter of the Hoags resided, a few years ago. Not many of the aborigines could stand civilization but this native woman proved an exception.

* * *

The present generation contemplates with sadness the rapid destruction of the Colus and other aborigines of this county. While they were not remarkable nor possessed with the coloring of romance which characterized the Indians of other sections of the nation, it will ever be a blot upon our civilization, disfiguring the early annals of the settlement of the state, that their almost complete obliteration followed so close upon the introduction of civilization.

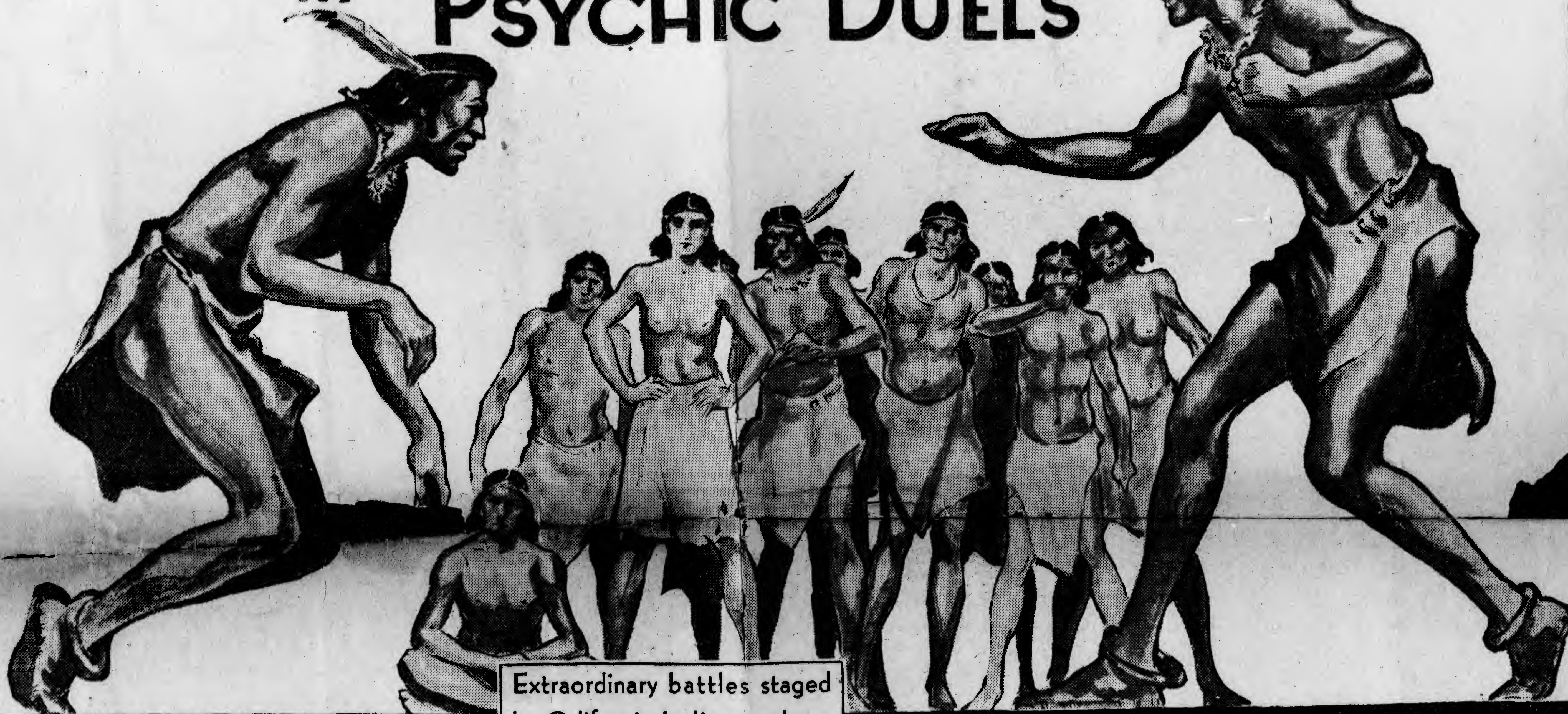
* * *

This state cannot be charged completely to epidemics which during brief periods, obliterated many of them. Doubtless these were insignificant factors in their destruction. Whisky

and its concomitant vices tainting whole villages and tribes, in an incredibly short space of time after the advent of the white man, quickly assassinated these natives. There is no disputing this. It cannot be doubted that intercourse with the more dissolute white men, and aping of their worst habits, voluntary or enforced participation in their worst vices, served to further destroy these Indians and hastened their extinction. The white man has many crimes against the aborigines to answer for in all parts of our nation. Only recently has our government taken cognizance of the plight of the Indians and under Commissioner Collier is attempting to right many of the wrongs under which our Indians have suffered.

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How

THOUGHTS CAN KILL In "PSYCHIC DUELS"



Extraordinary battles staged by California Indians, whose strange powers have led them to be described as even more mystic than the famed Hindus

By Emily C. Davis

THE most extraordinary duels in the world are fought in California. Not in the movies, either, though any of these contests would make a tensely dramatic scene.

The strangest of all personal battles are fought by clashing minds. Not a pistol is fired. No sword flashes through the air. The fighters merely face one another and hurl their thoughts and power until the weaker fighter falls down helpless—paralyzed, maybe, or even dead. Yes, stone dead.

You don't believe thoughts can kill?

Testimony that thoughts have this deadly power has come to Washington recently from two sources.

Chief Wi'ishi, athletic young Indian of the Mission tribe in California, visiting Washington, told of his own experiences in such combats. With smiles and gestures, he showed how the power is hurled from heart to heart, straight as the blow of a fist from a Joe Louis or a Max Baer.

And listening to Chief Wi'ishi, Dr. John P. Harrington of the Bureau of American Ethnology nodded his assurance that these psychic

pending heavily on psychic powers in their healing. Well, then, they were expected to show off on these occasions, let the public see that they could indeed work wonders.

If a medicine man won a knockout victory, he could count on plenty of patients. If he lost! Down went his prestige. He might be left paralyzed, helpless. But he had to take that risk.

The psychic battles took place, and still do, Dr. Harrington explains, at inter-village fiestas which Mission Indians hold at intervals.

Chief Wi'ishi shows Dr. John P. Harrington how he takes the power from his heart, as at right, grasps and kneads it in his hands, as below, awaiting the tense moment for hurling it at his adversary.



The challenger comes on, snatching, forming, and holding the invisible power of the universe in his two hands. Suddenly he throws it! One of the receiving medicine men falls, foams at the mouth, kicks, and lies still.



BUT what actually happens when mind struggles with mind "to the death"?

Chief Wi'ishi, who talks halting English in his soft, very low voice, explains it one way. Dr. Harrington another.

Says the young chief: "My father, he medicine man. My grandpa, my great-grandpa, he medicine man. Only medicine man's son has this power. It given to me by my father. Power thrown from here—inside—so. Power strike down, kill."

Dr. Harrington's explanation is that if an Indian dies in these combats, he really kills himself. It is the fear, the excitement of the contest, and perhaps the sickening feeling inside that he is indeed not so strong as his rampaging opponent.

Chief Wi'ishi, politely smiling, is not quite sure that all this talk of auto-suggestion is as good as his own simple explanation. But, whatever the inner facts may be, as Dr. Harrington points out, the fundamental fact remains: thoughts and fears act as weapons in these fights, dealing knockout blows.

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And listening to Chief Wi'ishi, Dr. John P. Harrington of the Bureau of American Ethnology nodded his assurance that these psychic battles do take place, sometimes with crippling or fatal results. White men are not generally welcome at these little known events. But Dr. Harrington has spent many years among the Mission Indians, studying vanishing customs of the aboriginal New World. He has attended some of the secret contests, and has heard stories of other duels which have become Indian history.

FROM what he has seen and heard, Dr. Harrington has come to a surprising conclusion about the American Indian's psychic powers. It seems surprising in view of the fame of Hindus in this field. He says plainly that American Indians surpassed Oriental mystics of India in psychic exploits.

As for white men in America, Dr. Harrington dismisses the lot with a casual: "We are mere infants compared to the Indian in use of mental powers."

The American Indian set great store by psychic development, regarding material show as not nearly so important, he explains. All Indians tried to develop their minds in such matters as concentration and meditation. They tried to learn healing and killing art through dreams, and to draw on reserves of power that they felt within them.

American Indians could—and a few still can—perform stunts equal to the famous Hindu rope trick and other illusions of the fakirs in India. They mastered the secrets of hypnotism. They claimed power to kill an enemy 100 miles away. More startling than that, they claimed power to restore life to an apparently lifeless form.

All this being the case, you can see why a battle of power between two master minds would be a super-attraction in the Indian world. For the Indian crowd, it had all the excitement of Spain's bull-fighting contests—well-known men in a supreme struggle before their eyes, with death perhaps for a sudden ending.

FOR the fighters, the contest was a solemn and necessary business. They had to go through with it. They were medicine men, de-

pending heavily on psychic powers in their healing. Well, then, they were expected to show off on these occasions, let the public see that they could indeed work wonders.

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More than anything else, the villages look forward to these fiestas. Village chiefs arrange for the affairs in advance and pay for them by an elaborate system of banking, using shell wampum for money.

Messengers of the chief giving the fiesta go out to invite the people of villages all around. And on the appointed day, each group arrives at the village in ceremonial entry, hearing welcoming speeches and returning them.

"Among the invited villagers of a group," says Dr. Harrington, "there is sure to be a medicine man, one revered for his powers over the unseen universe. He walks over to men of his own class and power, who may be standing among the receiving group, and in a very few words he invites them to a test of power."

"They draw a line on the ground, like the goal line for a tug-of-war, while the challenger goes down to the creek and prepares for the contest by painting his face or putting on cere-

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IN these Indians, the subconscious mind, Dr. Harrington goes on to explain in Freudian terms, becomes so conditioned to seeing certain activity follow certain stimuli that it is only necessary to furnish the accustomed environment for the Indians to expect a given result. In this case, the downfall or "permanent damage" to the weaker fighter is a foregone conclusion. Therefore, it happens.

Like the Hindu, who can make a tree grow before the astonished eyes of a crowd, the Indian medicine man performs similar feats that appear as hypnotism of a whole group. Harrington has seen them raise a stick from the ground without touching it, make it disappear, again, or follow them. Tables can be made to engage in the same unnatural behavior.

"That's hypnotism," says Dr. Harrington, accounting for medicine man's "power" in modern terms. "The Bible miracle of Aaron's rod turning into a serpent before the eyes of Pharaoh is somewhat similar, and may have been achieved by similar means."

Like the Indian whose own fears and self-suggestion kill or paralyze him in a psychic duel, the Indian who knows he is being attacked by a powerful medicine man with magic rites, may actually die of heart failure, or a stroke. Or he may worry himself into a "run-down" physical state in which he is ready to take almost any disease that comes along. If he dies in a reasonable time, the medicine man gets the credit. The medicine man has done nothing to kill—except induce the victim to destroy himself.

The Indian, accustomed to regard psychic forces as tremendously real, is a ready prey for such thoughts. So, the medicine man "gets his man" more often than he could in a more resistant and tough-minded society.

As for the medicine man's ability to raise the dead, Dr. Harrington finds, while that is impressive to hear about, it actually is not an example of psychic power, either on the part of the Indian doctor or the patient. It is merely an accident, when it happens.

monial costume, even if only adding a feather to his hair or fixing his necklace.

"WHEN he emerges, he is no longer the man that retired from their sight. He is changed, like a rampaging bull. He marches on, with clutching hands, extracting from his heart and extracting from the air an invisible power.

"Beyond the line stand the waiting medicine men—sometimes not merely one, but four or five opponents lined against him. They stand tense, not knowing what fate is in store for them. Every one knows that men have fallen dead in these contests.

"Still the challenger comes on, snatching, forming, and holding the invisible power of the universe in his two hands, and ready to throw it when least expected.

"Suddenly he throws it! One of the receiving medicine men falls, foams at the mouth, kicks, and lies still. The crowd stirs, wonder-

ing if he is stunned or dead.

"But the injured medicine man staggers to his feet again. He gathers power, and with gestures of catching and holding it, he suddenly shoots it back at the intruder. All the medicine men hurl their power at the challenger. Still, the intruder does not fall. He pushes forward daringly and crosses the line in triumph."

After the contest, which in this case does not include a funeral, the winning medicine man is the hero of the fiesta. He has withstood the power of four of the most powerful medicine men of the countryside.

"Indians with knowing smiles and secret conversation about the fiesta ground congratulate the winner on having crossed the line," says Dr. Harrington. The man's reputation is made for months to come. He will have no trouble in getting cases of sickness of the kind he knows best how to cure, and he is sure of liberal payments. He is a great doctor."

WALNUT CREEK, CALIF. 33
"WALNUT KERNEL"
OCTOBER 31, 1935

CONTRA COSTA INDIANS

(Continued from last week)

Some of the old settlements are approximately noted on special maps: Saklan was located slightly south of Martinez; Wolwon in the vicinity of Concord; and Ahalan was a village on the creek near Lafayette. In most cases there is no record of their location and little is known whether they were permanent or transitory camps. There is brief notation of village feuds, or wars, and most of these relate to fights between the more predacious Sakla-n and the native tribes living on the sites of San Francisco and Oakland. The shell mounds around San Francisco bay are more numerous than in other parts of California and many of these, and the upper layers of nearly all are ascribed to the Costanoans. Whether they dwelt there in the far distant historical periods, represented by the lower levels of the largest mounds, 3000 years or more ago, is highly conjectural. Many small implements and weapons have been found but they tell a limited story.

According to the accounts of early voyagers who visited the Missions around the Bay, the natives were all that Dr. Marsh pictured. They were dark, dirty, filthy in habits and lacking in animation. They seldom laughed, looked no one in the face and had no great courage. The men were naked when the weather permitted and a common custom was to coat themselves thickly with mud until the sun shone. Face tattooing was customary for the women and the designs ran in rows of dots from mouth to chin.

The aboriginal house in these areas was a structure of poles covered with brush or tule mattings. In the bay area little is said of earth covered lodges. Another prevailing type was a conical house of thatch and some houses are mentioned, constructed of redwood bark slabs. The houses occupied by these natives who lived in proximity to the Santa Clara and San Jose Missions, were not representative, as the European influence of padres here determined the prevailing modes.

Their only known boat was the tule raft, which was constructed of bundles of tules lashed and twined together and of sufficient bulk and thickness to float carrying the load of three or four persons. These were propelled by double bladed oars. These boats, or rafts, were used on the rivers and sloughs and were commonly employed to cross the choppy waters of the larger bays.

In war they were led by their chiefs who inherited succession by direct descent, father to son. They killed all their prisoners and the

slain were mutilated and dismembered and the head was cut off and carried as a "scalp". It is said that the parents of the slayer ate some portions of the victim. These victories were celebrated with songs of insult and vengeance and similar songs were used to incite the enmity of other tribes.

The social customs were rather loose. Marriage was as easy as divorce. Informal payment of shell money for the bride was sufficient to fix the relationship and in the northern parts, a man could wed his wife's sisters, daughters of other relatives. Monogamy was usual as there was no surplus of females but the chief was a privileged character and usually enjoyed his privilege. The male, in these amours, was supposed to appear with his face scratched; otherwise an insufficient modesty was indicated in the wife.

Death was followed by burial if the individual was very poor, or had few relatives. Usually however, cremation was their method of disposal. If the relatives could be urged to the task of collecting enough fuel this duty was performed without ceremony and the body of the deceased was consigned to the flames set by the nearest of kin. Among some of the tribes the ashes were mixed with pitch and this was spread on the faces of the women as a sign of mourning. Even the property of the dead person was completely destroyed in order to obliterate all remembrance, for its was considered insulting to mention his prior existence. The greatest affront was to do this before one of his kin and usually lead to the same kind of outburst witnessed among our race

when particularly insulting and generally well known and frequently used expletives, are bandied about. The dead were supposed to go to an island across the ocean from whence an occasional return, in the spirit form, was sometimes admitted.

Several authors mention prayers and offerings to the sun, which has led to the belief that these natives may have been sun worshipers. At Mission San Jose a dance was made at the winter solstice. In their ritual, offerings of meal, arrows, and small feathered fronds were made, among other sacred objects, besides the sun, were large redwood trees, grizzly bears, coyotes, eagles, humming birds and other things, especially the rattlesnake.

They believed that the world was originally covered with water above which appeared a mountain peak. In the north this was Mount Diablo, named so by the Spaniards, because of the belief that it was inhabited by spirits. On this peak was the coyote, the humming bird and the eagle, the latter was chief. Another account has it that the coyote stood alone, until he was joined by the eagle, who arose from a feather floating on the water. The water gradually receded and on the new land the coyote made the first human beings at the direction of the eagle. The coyote married the first female that he created. Later he tried to outwit the humming bird and attempted to kill it but the little bird escaped. The coyote was very tricky and had some very bad habits, but despite his faults he provided such culture as the humans knew, created different tribes, the various languages and instructed the people

in ways to obtain food and taught them how to build houses and boats.
(to be continued)

—O—

APRIL 14, 1938

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

—By

A SET OF 12 BELLS
CAN BE RUNG IN
479,001,600
DIFFERENT CHANGES!
IT WOULD TAKE A
SEXTON OVER 31
YEARS OF CONSTANT
RINGING TO COMPLETE
ALL VARIATIONS

GOOD
FRIDAY—
IS ALSO CALLED
LONG FRIDAY,
HOLY FRIDAY
AND
QUIET FRIDAY

JAIN PILLAR—
Mysore, India,
ALTHOUGH
DELICATELY
BALANCED,

SURVIVED ONE OF HISTORY'S
GREATEST EARTHQUAKES—
THAT OF ASSAM, 1897...
IT HAS STOOD FOR 10 CENTURIES

CHIEF "BIG FOOT!"
NAMPUH—
Shoshone Indian renegade,
HAD FEET 17½ INCHES LONG
AND 6 INCHES WIDE!
EARLY SETTLERS OF
FORT BOISE, Idaho, OFFERED
\$1000 REWARD FOR
HIS FEET AND SCALP!

4-14-38 McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

BIG FOOT NAMPUH

Every inch a man was Chief Nampuh, Shoshone Indian after whom Nampa, Idaho, was named. Standing six feet, eight and one-half inches tall, Chief Nampuh topped the scales at 300 pounds.

Yet Nampuh's greatest glory lay in his feet. His name means "big foot," and, strange as it seems, his feet measured no less than 17½ inches in length and were six inches wide, according to Professor Brosnan of the American History Department, University of Idaho.

Nampuh's big feet were no impediment. So fast afoot was he that 80 miles a day was not difficult. He usually traveled on foot; his tribe following on horseback. A bold and fearless leader, Nampuh occasionally got his big foot in a

jam. Horse stealing, thievery and murder figured among his crimes. Consequently, white settlers of Idaho were out to get him.

After attacking a number of immigrant trains and killing several white travelers, Nampuh's capture was deemed necessary to the successful and peaceful growth of the West. Early settlers of Fort Boise posted a reward of \$1000 for anyone who would bring back Nampuh's scalp—and feet!

Nampuh finally was captured and killed by a highwayman named John W. Wheeler, in July, 1868. In 70 years no one has disputed Nampuh's claim to immortality . . . his big feet.

BELL-RINGING

Since medieval times, bell-ringing has been an art and a science requiring great skill. Societies of change-ringers have existed in England for centuries.

When a series of bells is rung over and over, each time in a different order, the term "change-ringing" is applied. The number of possible changes on any given series of bells may be determined by multiplying the number of bells together. Thus, on three bells, only six changes (1x2x3) can be produced. A set of 12 bells can be rung in 479,001,600 different changes.

Fullest peal ever rung was carried out in 1761 at Leeds, Kent, England, when 14 men, relieving one another, rang 40,320 changes.

AUGUST 6, 1938

California Indian Lore

Some Authentic Information on Tribal Life

Tribes of Superior Cal.

By J. D. SWEENEY

INDIAN LORE. VIII.

How Squirrel Stole Obsidian.

A Shasta Legend

In the long ago the people tipped arrows with pine bark points, as they did not know where to get any flint. Old Ground Squirrel was the only one who knew where to obtain obsidian which made the best points. He knew that there was a lot of obsidian on Medicine Lake, so one day he decided to go and get some, if he had to steal it. He took a basket of roots and started off. When he reached Old Man Obsidian's house he offered the latter some roots to eat. He ate some and liked them so much, he sent Squirrel out to get more.

While Squirrel was digging about for the roots, Grizzly Bear happened along. "Sit down," said Bear, "and feed me with those roots; give me handfuls of them."

Squirrel was afraid not to do what Grizzly told him, so he sat down and fed Bear. When he had enough, Bear got up and went off. Squirrel went back to Old Man Obsidian with but a few roots. That made Old Man very wrathful, so he said, "Tomorrow, we will both go for roots."

Early the following morning, the two set off. When they reached the place where the roots grew, Old Man Obsidian hid while Squirrel sought for roots. He soon had his basket full, when along came Grizzly who said, "You have pulled those for me. Sit down and feed me." So, as before, Squirrel sat down and fed Bear a lot of roots. Just then Old Man Obsidian came up and Grizzly stood up to fight. But at each blow great slices of Bear's flesh was cut off by sharp Obsidian until at last the bear was cut all to pieces and fell over dead.

Squirrel and Obsidian went home, ate a lot of roots and went to sleep very happy. The next morning, Squirrel said he was very sore and bruised where Grizzly had sat upon his lap. Squirrel was groaning so that Obsidian thought he was really sick. He started off for some wood to make a fire, but he still suspected Squirrel of fooling him, so he thought he would watch him as he went for the wood. He crept

off he ran. Soon Old Man came home and saw what had taken place so he ran after Squirrel as fast as he could and was about to overtake him when down a hole went Squirrel throwing dirt into the face of the Old Man. The latter tried to dig Squirrel out, but soon gave up and went home.

Squirrel came out of the other end of the hole, swam across the lake and got home with his points. The people rejoiced and ever after used obsidian for arrow tips.

How Lizard Killed Grizzly.

A Shasta Story

One day, long ago, Coyote went to call upon Grizzly. As they talked together, along came Little Lizard, whose father had died not long before, and looked into the door of the house. Grizzly said to him, "Your father used to work and make all sorts of food." Now, to say anything about a dead relative was a deadly insult, so Little Lizard ran home as fast as he could and asked his mother for a knife.

She sharpened one and gave it to him, asking what he was going to do with it. He would not say. It did not seem sharp enough to suit him, so he sat all evening and sharpened it most keenly. Then he started off to Grizzly's home. Grizzly was asleep when Lizard crawled in and cut off a foot. Grizzly did not know for a time that his foot had been cut off, so Lizard was able to reach home. But soon the paw began to pain, and he moaned and groaned that some one had cut off his foot.

Now Coyote had remained all night with Bear, and was aroused by the groanings. He called to others that some one was ill. So all of Grizzly's household awoke. They knew as soon as they saw the wound that Little Lizard had done the deed. Coyote said he would go over to the Lizards and see about it. When he got there he found Lizard cooking the foot.

Coyote warned Lizard that Grizzly knew who cut off the foot and that he would come to seek revenge. Then Coyote went back and told Grizzly that he did not think Little Lizard had done the deed, but Grizzly was not satisfied and sent Coyote back to bring Lizard before him. This Coyote did. Grizzly wanted to know what he should do to punish Lizard. Should he smash him with his other great paw? "No," said Lizard, "Shall I swallow you alive?" "Yes," said Lizard. So Grizzly opened his great mouth

and in hopped little Lizard, who did not give Bear time to chew him, as he slid down into the stomach of Grizzly. Now he had taken his sharp knife with him, so he began to cut the stomach and soon Bear rolled over dead. Little Lizard got out, skinned Bear, and took the hide home to show all what he had done to the great animal that had basely insulted him.

JULY 29, 1938

California Indian Lore

Some Authentic Information on Tribal Life

Tribes of Superior Cal.

By J. D. SWEENEY

INDIAN LORE. VII.

The Head That Rolled.

A Shasta Legend.

Long ago a dozen children were digging bulbs when one of them dug up a human skull. She began to play with it, but one of the girls cried out for her not to do so as it was the head of some person. So the girls helped by the boys buried the head again and after they had dug more bulbs they all started home.

That night they had a dance, and as they danced those who had buried the head saw something that looked like a ball of fire rolling toward them. Thinking it was an evil spirit, they all ran away. They then saw it was the head that they had buried, so they ran faster than ever. The head followed but kept out of sight until the children would all go to sleep.

About midnight, not seeing any more of the head, they all fell into a sound sleep. Not long after, the two who had buried the head awoke and saw the head approaching. They ran off, screaming to their friends to wake up. But the others were so sound asleep that the head came upon them before they awoke and ate out all of their eyes.

Then the rolling head started to catch up with the two who had escaped. But those two had reached Coyote's home and cried out to him that an evil spirit was after them. Coyote let them in and then fixed a bed with hot rocks under it. Soon the head came and demanded to know where the children were. Coyote told the spirit they were in the bed, so the head went and sat on the edge of the bed. Coyote kicked over a pail of water and the head fell into the hot rocks and was killed. Then Coyote decided that such wanderings should end, and that when one died he would be dead forever. And so it was. Heads never followed people after that.

The Pleiades.

A Shasta Indian Tale

One day as Coyote and Raccoon were coming home from a dance, they saw two holes by the road side. A squirrel ran down one of the holes. Coyote told Raccoon to put his arm down one hole while he did the same in the other. This Raccoon did. Coyote put in his arm and caught hold of something. "You have hold of me," cried Raccoon but the Coyote said it was the squirrel. "Let go," cried Raccoon, "you have my arm." "No," said Coyote, "I have the squirrel."

So Coyote pulled and pulled until he pulled off the arm of Raccoon and killed him. Coyote then went home and told his children to go and bring in what he had killed. They went and brought back the body of Raccoon and ate it all. But they did not give their youngest brother any and he became very angry and determined to get even with his brothers. He went to the home of Raccoon and told that his father had killed their father.

The next day while Coyote was away, Raccoon's children came to his house and killed all the young coyotes except the youngest, whom they carried off with them as they flew up into the sky. When Coyote came home he could not find any trace of those who had slain his children so he ran to Raccoon's home, but no one was there. Just then he saw a sort of dust and looking up he saw the young raccoons and his youngest ascending into the sky. He tried to rescue his son but could not. So up there you can still see the children of Raccoon with the son of Coyote near by. In the winter when raccoons are asleep the Pleiades are brightest, but when summer comes and the raccoons come out, they cannot be seen.

AUGUST 8, 1938

California Indian Lore

Some Authentic Information on Tribal Life

Tribes of Superior Cal.

By J. D. SWEENEY

INDIAN LORE. IX

The Daughters of Great Wind.

A Shasta Legend

Once upon a time there lived up on the top of Mount Shasta a woman called Great Wind. She had two very beautiful daughters with whom many men were in love. These lovers had made many attempts to climb to the top of the mountain to woo the girls. They had offered a lot of money to the mother for the girls. But she did not wish her girls to marry, so when she saw men climbing up the slope she would blow them back. All around the foot of the great hill there lay scores of men dead or dying from having been blown down over the rough rocks.

One day, Eagle decided he would try to reach the top, so he set out in a gay mood, singing as he went along. Coyote, who was setting traps for gophers, heard the song, and when Eagle approached him he asked where he was going. Eagle would not answer, but went on up the side of the mountain. "Wait for me," cried Coyote, "I want to go along." Eagle put Coyote inside his shirt and they went on. When Great Wind saw them, she began to blow and blow. She blew so hard that Eagle was blown quite far down the side, but he came up again. She blew open the shirt and Coyote was blown out, but Eagle went on.

Finally he got up to the hole where the smoke came out of the

house of Great Wind. Wind blew harder than ever, and many times Eagle was forced back, but time after time on he came. At last Great Wind was almost exhausted so she quit blowing for a while and in darted Eagle through the smoke hole and sat down inside. Again Great Wind tried to blow him out, but she finally gave up. So Eagle was the only one who succeeded in reaching her house to get a daughter for a wife.

How Coyote Got Caught in Pitch

A Shasta Legend

(Compare with Brer Rabbit in Uncle Remus).

Coyote came down the road and saw Pitch. "Luni, luni, luni," said Pitch. "Where are you going?" asked Coyote. But Pitch kept still. Coyote walked up to him and spoke again, but Pitch did not reply. So Coyote grabbed him and his hand stuck fast to Pitch. "Let me go, or I'll kick you," said Coyote. Pitch did not answer. Then Coyote kicked and his foot stuck fast.

"Let me go, or I'll hit you with my other hand," said Coyote. Not a word from Pitch. So Coyote hit him and his other hand stuck fast. "I'll kick with my other foot." So he kicked and the foot stuck. "I can kill with my tail," said Coyote. So he struck with his bushy tail and that stuck fast so he could not breathe.

Coyote then called for his aunt to bring fire and burn Pitch so she did and thus Coyote was set free.

Sketched By
 Myrtle G. McIntyre

INDIAN SKETCHES

Authenticated By
 The Southwest Museum



Dentalium
 Shell Bead.



A disc
 Bead.



Concavo-
 Convex Bead.



A Group of Olivella Shell
 Beads, showing different types.



A whole Shell
 Pendant.



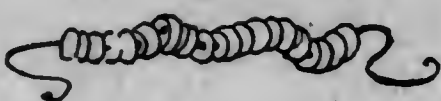
Pine-nut
 Bead.



Juniper-seed.



Mother-of-
 Pearl.



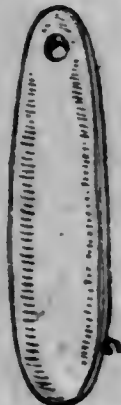
Tiny Beads.



A Stick
 Pin.



Clam Pendants.



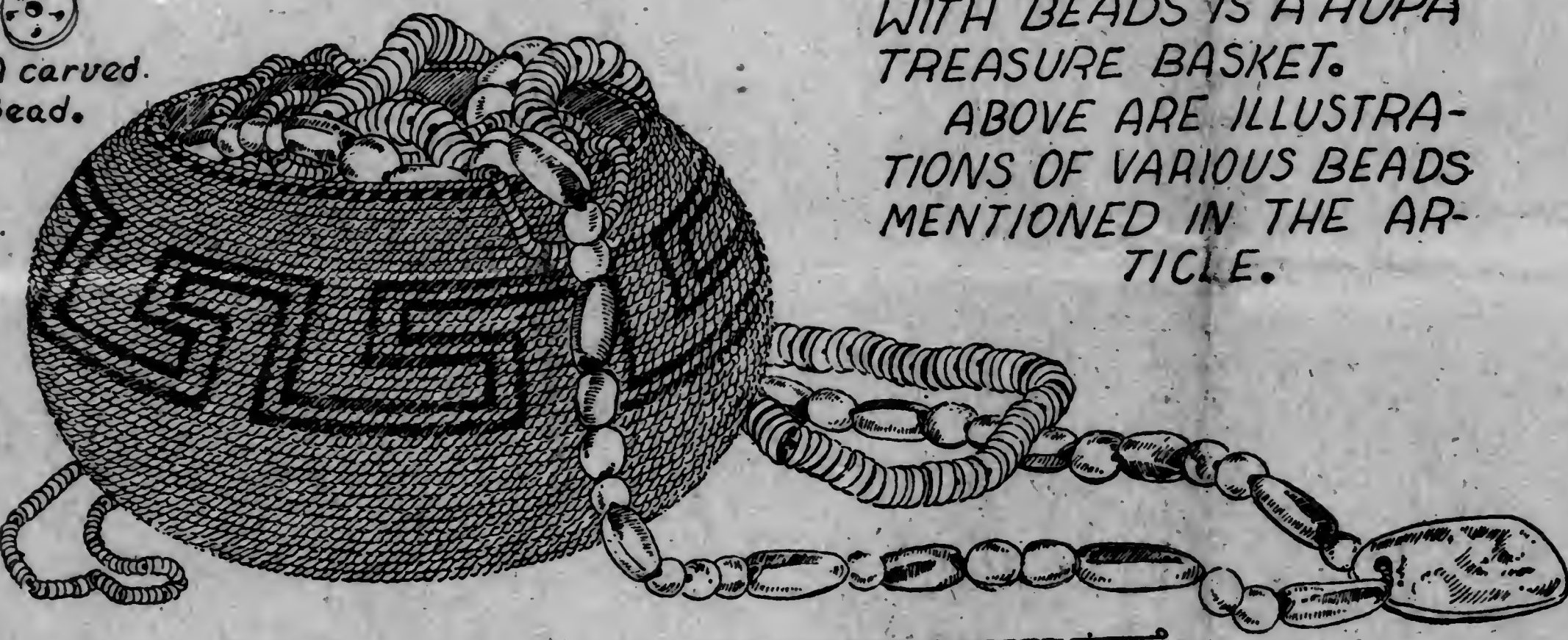
Cylindrical Bead.



A carved
 Bead.

ON THE RIGHT IS A
 NORTHERN CALIFORNIA
 INDIAN WOMAN. NOTE
 THE BASKET WORN UPON
 HER HEAD AND THE
 HEAVY ADORNMENT OF
 BEADS ON HER SKIRT
 AND ABOUT HER NECK.
 THE BASKET FILLED
 WITH BEADS IS A HUPA
 TREASURE BASKET.

ABOVE ARE ILLUSTRATIONS OF VARIOUS BEADS
 MENTIONED IN THE AR-
 TICLE.



Indian Shell Beads

By CLIFFORD C. MCINTYRE

Skill, Patience Spent For Ornamentation

Today, with cheap beads readily available in great quantities, it is seldom that much thought is given American Indian beadwork.

Great skill and effort were devoted to the production of those ornaments which are so commonly designated crude, when in fact, they were most tediously decorated before stringing them for necklaces or inlaying them for pendants to be worn on the ears.

Shells were much used as beads because of their beauty and colors. They were ground upon a stone to the desired sizes and shapes after which they were drilled for stringing with vegetable fibres and animal sinews.

Such work was performed with very crude implements and required an immense amount of time and patience which were readily accorded the work because the Indians were so very fond of such ornamentation. Sealion whiskers and cactus spines probably constituted the drills for some types of shells.

When it was desired to impart a uniform appearance to a string of disc-shaped beads the tightly strung beads were patiently rubbed back and forth in a groove on a rock until all were about the same size and shape. Such beads are pictured in the basket shown here.

While many of the large beads

appear very crude to us they required much more time in shaping and drilling with such limited means. Certain beads, however, were as small as one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. The picture shows how other beads were carved, the carving, in some instances, being so fine that a magnifying glass is required to fully appreciate its beauty.

Dentalium shells were highly esteemed and used as money. Their natural beauty required very little ornamentation.

Seeds were popular for beads among the Indians of Northern California, particularly the beautiful brown-colored pine nut. The small, black and wrinkled juniper seeds also were used. Even bones and teeth were utilized but had much less value in Indian estimation.

Northern California Indian beads were very elaborate and held great significance for the Indians. They were offered in sacrifices before shrines and altars, buried with their dead and some of them, as stated, were used as mediums of exchange.

One will be well repaid for a closer examination of the exhibits of beads on display in any museum which specializes in Indian relics such as the Southwest Museum which has kindly authenticated this article and the illustrations above.

MARRY INDIANS

**Commissioner Leupp Says Squaws
Would Make Good Wives for
Palefaces.**

New York, Dec. 14.—Intermarriage of white persons and Indians was advocated by Francis E. Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who addressed the Patria Club last night.

Since the Government had attempted their education the Indian women, he said, had proved excellent wives for white men. The two races were merging, he added, and the Government was encouraging the whites to live among the Indians.

10 Star - March 26, 1911

RED MAN'S EVOLUTION

**Maj. McLaughlin Talks of In-
dian Assimilation.**

PASSING OF RESERVATION

**Influence of the White Men on
Frontier Life.**

RESENTMENT FOR "ENGLISH"

**Old Feeling of Bitterness for
Wrongs and Encroachment
Changing With New Blood.**

Maj. James McLaughlin, government Indian inspector, who was appointed to the Indian service nearly forty years ago by Gen. Grant and who is considered one of the best informed Indian authorities in the United States, in an interesting talk with a reporter, referred to the passing of the reservation and the Indian of yesterday, today and tomorrow.

Maj. McLaughlin has been in the Dakotas and Minnesota superintending the payment of cash to the Sisseton tribe of Sioux Indians for lands taken by the treaty of 1851.

Inspector McLaughlin says that with the passage of the reservation fifty or one hundred years will bring about the entire assimilation of the Indian. He has as much esteem for the nobler American Indian of today as he has contempt for the shiftless. Today the trappings of the primitive Indian are gone and the flashing eye and supple movement of the frontier are dimmed and passed into history.

Many Very Fine Indians.

"There are very many fine Indian men and women," he said, "who are working and becoming educated and making good citizens. As example of what the Indian can become, there are Senator Owen of Oklahoma, Senator Curtis of Kansas, Representative Carter of Oklahoma and many more. Very little of the old resentment is left. It smolders yet in the hearts of a few of the old-timers, but even most of them are reconciled.

"Take Chief Red Cloud. He is an Ogallala Sioux, and was a great medicine man. He is at the Pine Ridge agency, in South Dakota, nearly ninety and almost blind. He is a good citizen and a good leader of his people, probably the greatest of the old chiefs still alive. He led the Fort Fetterman massacre, but reformed thirty years ago. He is a man of peace. He still stands six foot two. He was a magnificent specimen. In the sixties he was one of the worst Indians in the country."

All the reservations are bound to go, says the inspector. Arrangements have been made to open the Standing Rock and Cheyenne River reservations. The appraising committee begins April 1 on the former and must complete its work within six months. The bulk of the land is fine agricultural country.

McLaughlin's Career.

Inspector McLaughlin has held his present position fourteen years. He has negotiated the opening of probably 20,000,000 acres of Indian lands. It was he who received the surrendering parties coming in after the Custer massacre, and he came nearer being the friend of Sitting Bull than any other white man ever became.

"Yes," said the inspector, "I suppose I have seen the evolution of the Indian. It is not generally recognized that many of them today are the equals of the white men. I could not say that I was ever a friend of Sitting Bull. He had no friends. He was not the man generally believed. He was a low order of Indian, below the average. He was disagreeable and secretive. He was persistent and always an Indian; he was a big medicine man and worked on his people in that way."

Experience Helped Him Out.

Inspector McLaughlin was stationed at Standing Rock when the hostile Sioux began to come in after the Custer fight. He admits that the situation there then was very tense for a white man. In one day he says 2,873 hostile Indians came in, five boatloads down the river. To these were added continually other parties. If there had been any organized revolt says the few troops could have done nothing. He imagines that only his ten years of experience carried him through those days.

"There are about 260,000 Indians now in the United States," he said, "exclusive of Alaska. They are not Fenimore Cooper Indians. The Cooper Indians never were real Indians, anyway. Of course it is hard yet to make them believe that the customs of their grandfathers are wrong and that the white man is right, but they are learning. There is no hope that the Indian can ever exist again as a race. In one hundred years he will be submerged, and we will be tracing our descent back to him as people do now to Pocahontas."

Standard Mag

Making Good Indians at Carlisle.

BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

From Photos. by Choate, Carlisle, Pa.



THE Indian education problem is giving the United States a great deal of trouble. Opinions on the advisability of educating the red man are widely at variance with each other, and

some persons are almost as much prejudiced against the improvement of the red man's mental condition as the old negro that Joel Chandler Harris quotes on the subject of negro education: "Every time you put a spellin'-book in the hands of a nigger you spile a field han'." Education does not work with the Indian as it does with the negro. The Indian is not a natural field hand, nor does he take naturally to labour of any kind. One of the greatest problems of the Government in dealing with the Indian has been to make him self-supporting. To do

this it has been necessary to teach him labour in the field, the work of railroad construction, etc. The untutored red man thinks that work is degrading. Experience shows that the educated Indian is less opposed to labour. This does not mean that the uneducated Indian will not work, because every year the number of self-supporting Indians increases. Nor does it mean that the educated Indian is always a good labourer. Sometimes he goes back to the reservation and becomes a drunken loafer. The favourite argument against Indian education is always pointed by the cases of degenerate graduates of Indian schools. It is a noteworthy fact that only one graduate of Carlisle has ever been convicted of a grave crime. On the other hand a great many Carlisle graduates are

occupying honourable positions in the higher professions. The physician at Carlisle Indian School is Dr. Carlos Montezuma, and though not a Carlisle graduate he is a very interesting illustration of the value of education to an Indian.



TOM TORLINO, A NAVAJO INDIAN, AS HE ARRIVED AT CARLISLE.

the public schools, and finally, through the interest of a woman of some means, he entered the Illinois Agricultural College. He developed an aptitude for chemistry, and when he graduated a place was found for him in a drug-store. This store was not far from



TOM TORLINO, A FEW MONTHS AFTERWARDS.

Dr. Montezuma is a full-blooded Apache Indian, now about thirty-five years old. No tribe in the West is regarded as much more hopeless than the "Paches." When thirteen years old Montezuma was carried off as a captive by a neighbouring tribe, and shortly after he was bought by a travelling photographer, named Gentile, who paid \$30 for him—the price of a horse. He was brought East, and Gentile had him in his photograph gallery in Brooklyn, Boston, and Chicago, where he lived at different times during the period of the boy's growth. He was sent to the Chicago Medical College, and by his work he earned enough to pay for a course at this college, where he graduated in 1888. Shortly after he began practising the Indian Commissioner heard of him, and offered him an appointment as physician at the Indian School, Fort Stevenson, Dakota. Thence he went to an agency in Nevada, and from this point he was transferred to the Carlisle School. Doctor Montezuma does not even know the Apache language, and he is thoroughly civilized in every way. He is a



A GROUP OF SIOUX BOYS AS THEY ARRIVED.



THE SAME GROUP OF SIOUX BOYS A FEW MONTHS LATER.

writer on Indian subjects and an earnest advocate of the education of the Indian.

The origin of the Carlisle Indian School bears on the conditions at Carlisle to-day. Colonel R. H. Pratt, of the United States army, served eight years with the Indians in the West. In the Indian War of 1874-75 he was sent in charge of seventy-four of the worst of the Indian prisoners to the old Spanish fort in St. Augustine, Florida. He remained in charge of them there for three years. He took a very kindly interest in them, and did everything in his power to bring civilizing influences to bear on them. Most of the younger ones were undergoing a schooling all the time they were at the fort. When the prisoners were released twenty-two of the young men offered to remain in the East for three years longer if they could go to school. The Government would not undertake their education, but Captain Pratt communicated with a number of friends of the Indian, among them Bishop Whipple and Mrs. Larocque, of New York, and they undertook the education of some of the young men. Seventeen were sent to Hampton Institute, Virginia, which is an institution for the education of negroes. General Armstrong was in charge at Hampton, and when he had had a brief experience with the Indians he asked the

Government for fifty more pupils, both boys and girls. But Captain Pratt and his wife were sent to North Dakota and brought back forty-nine Sioux Indian children to be educated at Hampton. Captain Pratt was not satisfied with the co-education of the Indian and the negro, and he suggested to the Secretary of the Interior that the old barracks at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, be used for the education of the Indians alone.

These barracks are historic. The grounds were given to the Province of Pennsylvania by William Penn in 1755 for use for a temporary barracks. In 1801 the Government bought the ground. Lieutenant André, Lieutenant Despard, and other famous characters were among the prisoners there during the Revolutionary War. Carlisle was a cavalry depôt after the Civil War until 1872, when the cavalry was transferred to St. Louis. At the time Captain Pratt asked for the use of the place it was unoccupied. This was in 1879, and on October 5th of that year Captain Pratt, assisted by Miss Mather, brought eighty-two boys and girls from Dakota and placed them in the care of Mrs. Pratt. By the 1st of November he had brought East fifty-seven Kiowa, Comanche, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe children, and with these 139 pupils the school began. From that number it has

increased until now each year sees more than 800 students coming from fifty-five different tribes, gaining a practical education at Carlisle. I say practical because it includes not only mental but physical education. One half the time is given to school work and the other half to manual labour. Most of the boys and girls learn some trade or profession, at the same time that they are gaining an education a little better than that of the ordinary grammar school and a little less complete than that of the high school. This system of manual training is applied in white boys' schools, but here it is made applicable in a special form to the needs of the Indian. Captain Pratt's idea when he instituted this system was to send the boys and girls back to their people as an example of industry. Out of this plan grew another, which is to-day one of the most interesting features of the Carlisle scheme. It is known as the outing system. I will explain it later.

The almost hopeless condition of some of the Indians when they were taken in hand at Carlisle would be difficult to believe by those who have not seen Indians in their own environment. They came to Carlisle dirty and covered with vermin.



PUEBLOS FROM NEW MEXICO, AS THEY ARRIVED.



THE SAME GROUP OF PUEBLOS A FEW MONTHS AFTERWARDS.

They wore filthy blankets, and their hair was long and matted. They had never known habits of cleanliness, and these were among the first things which had to be taught them. One of the first of the students brought to Carlisle was a boy of about sixteen, who came from the Rosebud Agency, and was supposed to be a Sioux. Inquiry developed that his father and mother were white people. When they were crossing the plains in the sixties Indians attacked the party, killed the man, and captured his wife. The boy was born shortly afterwards. His mother married an Indian and became the mother of half-breed children. This boy was as dirty and unkempt as any full-blooded Indian child. He spoke no English, and when an attempt was made to teach him the language of his father and mother he showed less readiness than many of the Indian boys who came in his party. He developed into a decent white man.

This is not an illustration of what the Carlisle system will do for an Indian, but what it will do for a savage; for this white boy had grown up as thoroughly uncivilized as any of the little red men by whom he was surrounded. Of what it has done

for the Indians themselves many instances can be quoted. One of Captain Pratt's favourite illustrations began in an experience of his own in the Indian campaign of 1874-75 against the Cheyennes, Kiowas, and Comanches. Two companies of U.S. soldiers ran into a large Cheyenne encampment near the head waters of the Washita River, and escaped annihilation only by a rapid retreat. Two soldiers were left dead on the field. The Indians fled before the two companies, reinforced, could return. They found that the two dead soldiers had been scalped, and the scalp of one of them

doubtedly also instances of pupils who have been backsliders. Whenever the question of making an appropriation for Carlisle is debated in Congress someone is pretty sure to quote the case of a Carlisle graduate who returned to his people and became more drunken and dissolute than those who had had no education. Perhaps this is due to the demoralizing influence of the Indian system, which invites the Indian to look to the Government for support and gives him little encouragement to work. In fact, until army officers were put in charge of Indian agencies it was so much to the personal interest

of the agent that the bounty system should continue, that practically no encouragement was given to Indians to become self-supporting.

The first thing taught to an Indian after his lessons in personal cleanliness is the English language. After that he begins to acquire a primary education, and at the same time to learn some trade. The work in this trade is sometimes made to contribute to the support of the institution. Sewing is taught to the girls, and



A GROUP OF ESQUIMAUX AS THEY ARRIVED AT CARLISLE.

had been elevated on a pole around which the Indian women and children had done a war-dance all night. Among the dancers was a boy of ten or eleven years. This boy was induced to attend the agency school at the end of the war, and when the Carlisle School opened he was one of the first pupils. He was bright and made rapid progress in his lessons. He also became sergeant-major of the cadet corps. After eight years at Carlisle he married one of the girl pupils, who was a Pawnee. He took up his residence in a small town in Pennsylvania, where he has supported his family and been a respected member of the Church. He is a taxpayer and a voter.

This is a typical case. There are un-

they help to make the clothing of the pupils of the school. The laundry is operated by pupils. There is a cooking school in connection with the dining-room, in which two lessons in plain cooking are given each week. The dining-room work is performed by details of the girl pupils. The bakery is run by Indian boys, who turn more than 600lb. of flour into bread every day. In the tailor shop the pupils make uniforms and other garments for the 500 boys in the school. The harness shop makes harness which is purchased by the Department of the Interior and used by the Government. Bricklaying and plastering are taught, and if there are any additions needed to the buildings there are pupils

competent to do the work. In the carpenter shop they learn how to do what repairing and building are needed in connection with the school's development. In the shoe shops are made shoes for the pupils; and the tinsmiths make tinware which the Government buys, and also do the repairing and the roofing and spouting necessary on the school buildings. The blacksmith pupils shoe the school horses, and in the waggon shop are Indian boys competent to build a waggon. There is a large printing office, and this is considered one of the most useful adjuncts of the school system. All the school printing, including the blanks, programmes, lessons, etc., is done here, and the pupils also print a weekly paper called *The Red Man and Helper*,

families living in small communities or on farms. These pupils were to receive their board and some pay for their work. Nine out of the eighteen who began the experiment were sent back because their work was not satisfactory. The next summer, however, more children were sent out, and the number has gradually increased until more than 600 pupils now go out each summer as soon as the school term is over. Some of them remain away from the school permanently, having found congenial occupation among pleasant people, who send them to complete their education in the public schools. Only 4 per cent. of these outing pupils have failed to give satisfaction in recent years. Each of the outing pupils receives wages, and these are deposited at Carlisle, where a



PUPILS OF THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL—TAKEN IN 1899.

which is very excellent typographically and contains a great deal of interesting news about the work at Carlisle.

I have spoken of the outing system. Colonel Pratt got his first notion on this subject when he was in Florida. He made arrangements there for the Indian prisoners to go out to work, and they did so well that the labouring element in the neighbourhood of the fort protested to Congress that the Indians were interfering with white labour. At Hampton Institute Captain Pratt urged the principal to put the pupils into families and public schools, and give them a chance to work out their own salvation by contact with the white children; and he himself planted the first colony in Berkshire, Mass. When Carlisle was established the outing system began the first year with eighteen pupils sent out to work in

regular bank is run for their benefit. They earn now something like \$26,000 a year.

Some few years ago one of the boy graduates asked to be allowed to find a place for himself. He went out into the world and was gone four years. At the end of that time he came back for a visit. He was prosperous-looking and his manners were those of civilization.

"How have you got on?" asked Colonel Pratt.

"First rate," he said.

"How much have you earned?"

"Well, by the month from sixteen to eighteen dollars, but I got a dollar and a half a day during harvest."

"How much have you saved?"

"Almost five hundred dollars."

"Where is it?"

"On interest."

I have said that there was one instance of a Carlisle Indian becoming a criminal. He was Eugene Tahkapuer, a Comanche who came to the school from one of the agency schools in September, 1880, when he was fifteen years old. He remained at Carlisle for seven years, when, on the application of a farmer, he was sent to Massachusetts to work on a farm. He went to the public school at Conway, Mass., for four years and graduated there. He made Conway his home and worked for farmers. In July, 1899, he was discharged by a widow, whose farm he was managing, because of his attentions to her daughter. He went to town, bought a pistol, returned to the farm,

Pratt has always believed that the future of the Indian lay in making a good American of him—by bringing him into daily contact with white people and making him practically one of them. In other words, he believes in assimilation.

There is no reason why the civilized Indian should not be assimilated, because there is no such prejudice against associations with him as there is against association with the negro. The Indian has never been a slave.

Carlisle Indians are becoming known throughout the world. There is a very excellent band at the school which was sent to the Paris Exposition last year. It



GYMNASTIC DRILL OF THE GIRL PUPILS AT CARLISLE.

shot the young woman, and then killed himself after setting fire to the barn. His body was burned.

There are three teachers at Carlisle who were formerly pupils of the school. Other graduates are teachers at the agency schools. But while the Government is anxious to have the whole of the Indian people benefit by the education and training of these young members of tribes, it is not believed by those who have the best interests of Carlisle at heart that the advancement of the Indian is best procured by his segregation. Colonel

took part in the inauguration of President McKinley this year, and has given concerts in almost every large city of the United States. There is a football team which plays match games with the teams from the best Universities in the United States and holds its own with them. In everything they do these Indians show a wonderful degree of spirit. That the laziness which is supposed to be characteristic of the male Indian is largely a matter of environment is proved by the energy with which the Carlisle football team does its work.

Indian Peace Treaty



Columbus [O.] chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has erected this monument to mark the spot where Gen. W. H. Harrison made his famous peace treaty with the Ohio tribes of Indians in 1813.

Mortuary

1908 - 1935

INGTON

N, D. C., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1908.

AN INDIAN FUNERAL

Mohawk Corpse in Dress Suit and Feathers.

ELECTRIC CAR CARRIES BODY

Ohio Brave Is Buried Half Upright in Grave—Weird Chants at His Requiem—Dog, Gun, and Pipe Laid Close by O-wa-lee-wa-get-kin, the Swift Messenger—Buried at Night.

Manitou Wakon tangs, E-i-ya.
Wakon shecha, E-i-ya.
O-wa-lee-wa-get-kin,
Chan day wa shtay.
Chan day wa shtay.

—Indian Funeral Chant.

Cleveland, Dec. 5.—In the darkness, under the night sky, with flaring torches and flames leaping from the grave, his dog, his pipe and gun close by, O-wa-lee-wa-get-kin, a good Indian, was buried at Highland Park with all the ceremony of his forefathers.

God lead the way,
Great Spirit lead the way.
O-wa-lee-wa-get-ka,
Be happy.
Be happy.

This is the English of the weird chant that followed O-wa-lee-wa-get-kin—Swift Messenger—as he took up his journey down the long, dark trail into the happy hunting ground.

Kerosene Funeral Pyre.

Times have changed since the Cayugas were lords of the forests and the proud Mohawks smoked the winter pipe of content in their long houses. The redmen who followed Swift Messenger to the parting place had to make compromise with the civilization they scorned.

An electric funeral car with gilt and plush carried the dead and the mourners to the grave out near Warrensville. The clothes of civilized formal dress, instead of rude blankets of his forefathers, covered the dead man.

Rifles instead of the flight of arrows marked his lowering into the grave. Six sturdy longshoremen, comrades in life of Swift Messenger, carried the pall. Kerosene and railroad waste formed the funeral pyre.

Back to the Elements.

Through the dark and lonely cemetery the procession wound. The country people following with lanterns.

The grave had been dug thirteen feet deep at one end, six feet at the other. O-wa-lee-wa-get-kin was placed facing the rising sun. Into his grave were flung inflammable material sprinkled with oil. His pipe, a few treasures were poured in, then a blazing torch was thrown into the grave, till the light flared into the heavens.

"Fire, water, and earth, they are the original elements out of which our brother was made, into which he will return," the chief chanted. Then the body was lowered and three volleys of shots, at given signals, fired over the casket. The dead man's dog, held in leash by one of the Indian boys, whined mournfully.

Last Mournful Chant.

God lead the way.
Great Spirit lead the way.
O-wa-lee-wa-get-ka.
Be happy.
Be happy.
We are sorry.
Be happy.
We bring you all we can.

So ran the Indians' mournful chant. Then one of the younger ones played the white man's most impressive bugle calls—"Taps," the signal for the end of the day.

The dirt was rapidly thrown in, the Indians standing by till the grave was completely filled, then the march back to the car commenced. The last chant was filled with the unutterable melancholy of despair and longing, and resounded through the still night.

Wa-shtay-on-ha-pee
Wa-ga-nik-shtay.
Chan-day-nik-tay,
Wa-ga-nik-tay.

Good night.
Good-by.
Be happy.
Good-by.

INDIANS HAVE QUEER METHODS OF BURIAL



WHATEVER partakes of the mysterious appeals to the mind of the Indian. Superstitious by nature, education and imagination to an extreme, all that is unknown and unfathomed is associated with the miraculous and supernatural, and he lives in an atmosphere of mysticism. Death is to him a circumstance of the highest degree of mystery, and the ceremonies attending the funeral and burial are, therefore, elaborate and in many cases imposing.

The services over the dead vary greatly with different tribes, and the methods of disposing of the bodies are many. Inhumation is, perhaps, the most common method of putting away the dead, but there is a variety of customs. Some bury the dead in a sitting posture; others double the body together and bind it with cords; still others stand the body upright, and in some cases the corpse is given a recumbent position. Several of the tribes of the southwest practice cremation; some dispose of their dead by placing the bodies upon elevated platforms; others entomb them in stone cysts, caves, huts or other buildings, while some of the coast tribes sink the bodies in the water of the ocean.

The Pima Indians bury their dead immediately, or as soon after death as possible. The burial generally takes place in the nighttime. The body is prepared for the grave by being tied double with ropes passed under the knees and around the neck. When the medicine man of the tribe pronounces death inevitable the grave is prepared. This is a perfectly round hole, four or five feet deep, just large enough to receive the body. It often happens that the medicine man makes a mistake in the diagnosis of the case and the patient recovers. His grave is then left unfilled till such time as he is ready to occupy it. Should other members of the tribe die first new graves are prepared for them, the other being left to yawn till it gets the one for whom it was made. It therefore happens that nearly every Pima cemetery contains several open graves.

The burial is accompanied by chanting by the mourners, words laudatory to the departed being improvised. The grave is filled while the weird songs are being sung, and a pole fence or covering is then constructed to protect the grave from the depredations of coyotes or other wild animals. The immediate relatives of the departed cut their hair as a sign of their mourning and they cease their occupations for several weeks.

Immediately after the services at the grave the house and personal effects of the departed are burned and his or her cattle and horses are slaughtered and cooked. A great feast is then made, in which all members of the tribe in the vicinity take part.

The Navajos have a horror of death and will not approach a corpse save of necessity. When death occurs in a dwelling it is immediately abandoned, and as soon as practicable a new home is built. In the meantime the surviving members of the household camp out or take refuge with other members of the tribe.

Sometimes the house where the death takes place is made to serve as a tomb for the dead, the doorway being filled with sticks and mud. It is more usual, however, for the body to be buried in a grave prepared for it, the remains being conveyed to the grave the next day after death by two perfectly naked Indians, who, after the funeral, purify themselves before resuming their apparel. The body is followed by a long procession of friends and relatives, who march about the grave chanting songs, and who, upon departing, deposit upon the grave some article which the departed will need in making his journey to the lower world—the location of the Navajo spirit land.

The Hopi Indians have one burial custom for adults and another for children. They believe that the spirits of the latter return to their mothers and that they are born again. They, therefore, dispose of the bodies of the young by putting them in the clefts in the rocks in the mesa, in any convenient place, filling the crevice with sticks, stones and mud. The bodies of adults are laid in graves at the foot of the mesa. After being carefully dressed and prepared for a long journey a prayer offering is laid with the body, to which is attached a long string, and the body is then covered and a pile of stones laid on the grave. The string, which is left projecting from the grave, is then laid in a long trench running due west from the cairn.

It is the belief of the Hopis that the spirit of the departed, which is thought to be asleep with the body in the grave, awakes at the expiration of the fourth day, when it is supposed to follow the string up out of the grave and along the trench, when, having been started in the right direction, it continues on its westward way till it comes to the Grand Canyon, in the depths of which they believe to be the house for the dead, to which they have given the name of "Maski."

The Apaches put their dead away in the clefts of the rocks, in shallow graves and, in the case of children, in the tree tops frequently. They chant the virtues of the departed at the time of the burial, and the immediate friends of the deceased give themselves up to mourning for a period.

The Pala Indians of Southern California have had the advantage for more than a century of religious training, one of the early missions having been located in their midst. They have assimilated the general idea of the resurrection of the

body and the life beyond the grave, and have blended this doctrine and the burial customs of the Catholic Church with the original rites of paganism.

It is now their belief that the body is destined to lie a certain length of time in the grave, and at the expiration of that period the resurrection takes place. For this reason they are very particular to record upon the rude board cross or stone slab with which they mark the grave the exact time at which the deceased ceased to live. The inscription will state that such a person "died on the 19th day of July, 1899, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon." In some cases cheap alarm clocks are hung to the cross, the hands being set at the hour and minute when death occurred.

In the Coahuilla cemetery, in the Colorado desert, is a curious litter, used by the Indians to convey their dead to their last resting place. It consists of two poles, the handles of which are cunningly inlaid with tiny pieces of horn and bone, the poles being joined together by stringers of horsehide, upon which the bodies are laid. The burial of the dead is accompanied by elaborate ceremonies, including the chanting songs and prayers, the giving of gifts to the departed, and the burning of the palm tree which was planted at the birth of the departed, and which bore his or her name.

The Yuma Indians of the Colorado desert cremate their dead. A funeral pyre is erected as soon as, or before, death takes place, and the burning of the body takes place as soon after death as the arrangements can be completed. The clothing and personal effects of the departed are consumed with the body, together with a quantity of food to last the spirit on its journey to the realm of pleasure whence it is bound. The house is also burned, that those who survive may not be reminded of one who is gone, for, they say, "memory is but sorrow."

In the western part of Utah, in the Great Salt Lake desert, is a valley called Skull valley, because of the great number of human skulls and bones found there. This locality is the home of the Gosh-Ute Indians, who have one of the most unique burial customs known. This consists of weighting the body with stones and sinking it in the mud and water of the few springs to be found in that region of thirst.

The Achomawi Indians of California have a curious custom, which is part burial and part cremation. They dig a big hole in the ground of sufficient depth to admit the body standing, leaving only the head above the level of the ground. The head is then cut off, the weapons and the personal effects of the deceased are placed in the grave beside the body, together with a quantity of food, and the grave is then filled. Then fagots are placed upon the grave and the head is burned to ashes thereon. During the burning the friends and relatives stand about and chant a mournful song.

The Yo-kai-a Indians practice cremation accompanied by elaborate demonstrations of grief and the chanting of songs. They visit the abode of the departed daily for a year, sprinkling meal upon the ground to serve as food for the spirit. When a woman loses her husband she mixes his ashes with pitch, making a white paste, and she smears it around her head, making a white band about two inches wide, which she wears as a badge of mourning.

The Karok Indians of California perpetuate the memory of their departed friends by abstaining from all mention of them. If one is so forgetful as to mention the name of one of the dead the others are shocked, for it is their belief that the mention of the name causes the body or bones in the grave to turn and moan, and the spirit is halted on its journey toward the spirit land. In fact, the mention of the name of a departed friend is a deadly insult to the living relatives and is punishable by the laws of the tribe with the same penalty as murder, a very heavy fine, known as "blood money."

5-12-1908
1908

practices

S. F. Chronicle - Sept. 11, 1910

FRENCH PLACE FOOD ON GRAVES OF DEAD

Sweets for Children and Wine
and More Substantial
Edibles for Adults.

PARIS, September 10.—The cemetery of Pere Lachaise, where the grave-diggers have gone on strike, is the largest of the Paris burial grounds, and probably harbors more celebrities than any other cemetery in the world. Few of the tombs, however, possess much artistic merit. "Weight is their chief peculiarity," writes Augustus Hare, "and all the monuments look as if each family had tried to pile as much marble as possible on to their deceased relatives." To foreign visitors the offerings on some of the graves constitute the most interesting feature. Many French people seem to believe that the dead continue to enjoy the good things of this world. So children's graves are often strewn with fruit and sweets, and those of adults with more substantial food. Bottles of wine are also seen, and one bereaved parent leaves a potato salad on his son's tombstone regularly every Sunday.

MARTINEZ, CALIF.—STANDARD
FEBRUARY 7, 1927

Indian Burying Ground is Found On Alamo Ranch

CONCORD, Feb. 7.—A many centuries' old Indian burying ground, believed to be the resting place of tribes that inhabited the Mt. Diablo valleys and foothills before the Spanish conquest, was brought to light yesterday following the discovery of Indian skeletons, ornaments and earthenware.

Glenn Fisher and Raymond Kraft of Concord made the discovery yesterday while digging on the Kelley ranch near Alamo.

The first skeleton unearthed appears to be that of a tribal chief, for numerous trinkets and weapons were found in the same mound. A well preserved bone knife with a fine edge was found among the Aborigines' possessions, which included flint and stone weapons.

The mounds are not more than three feet below the surface.

FRESNO, CAL.
BEE & REPUBLICAN
DECEMBER 27, 1935

Road May Change Indian Customs Of Burying Dead

An Indian custom dating back seventy-eight years — the carrying of loved ones by hand to the top of the Table Mountain northeast of Clovis on an Indian Reservation for burial—may give way this year to man's progress for a road may be constructed to the top of the flat, permitting automobile travel.

Rev. Lee I. Thayer of Clovis, an interested Indian worker, is endeavoring to obtain the approval of a federal road building project for the completion of a mountain road that now goes within a quarter-mile of the cemetery.

Supervisor W. A. Collins said Thayer has asked the assistance of the county in obtaining the approval of the project and Supervisor C. Todd Clark said he will co-operate by loaning county equipment.

Mounds

1924 - 1939

August 1, 1924

HERE TO STUDY INDIAN MOUNDS

364
Harry Rimmer, the scientist-evangelist, who it will be remembered uncovered an Indian burial place on the Badger ranch north of this city last spring, has returned, and will further exploit his discovery, and other Indian burial grounds in this locality. Mr. Rimmer has been here for several days and yesterday examined five skulls on the Badger ranch, making 105 skeletons that have been uncovered there. His visit here this time is in the interest of the Kansas state college, for which he is gathering specimens for the anthropological department of the institution.

Mr. Rimmer will be joined in a few days by a group of students from the Kansas college, and thorough investigation will be made of Mr. Rimmer's discoveries in this county.

While Indian skeletons have been uncovered in different parts of the county at various times, the discovery on the Badger ranch is especially interesting from the conditions found there, where the jumbled mass of skeletons was mute evidence of a hurried burial, indicating that the burial had been the result of the ravages of some disease or a massacre. Only a few of the skeletons were buried in the usual Indian fashion, several having been found in sitting postures. Among the bones was found the remains of a necklace, the shells of which it was composed being well preserved.

A number of stone implements were also uncovered, among which was a supposed hammer which is connected with a number of crushed skulls found among the bones.

Mr. Rimmer and his companions expect to be here during the month of August, and will gather specimens among the Indian graves which will yield valuable information concerning the aboriginal life in the valley before the advent of white men.

KINGS COUNTY RELICS OF INDIAN ANTIQUITY UNEARTHED BY RIMMER

364
After closing his excavations on the Badger ranch north of this city where a large number of Indian remains and relics were uncovered, Harry Rimmer, who conducted the investigations, states that Kings county is the greatest area of unexplored Indian antiquity in the United States.

He declared that during the next few years the eyes of the scientific world will be directed to this county at least as far as Indian lore is concerned.

Prepares Treatise

Mr. Rimmer has been asked to prepare a treatise on the Tulare lake Indians for the University of California on which he will soon commence work. He considers the results of his excavations on the Badger ranch to be the most wonderful ever developed in the state.

In all 147 skulls were exhumed, and 67 of these will be preserved and taken to the Kansas State College under the auspices of which Mr. Rimmer is working. It was only possible to secure four complete skeletons from the great mass of bones and these have been mounted for the Kan-

as school. The relics uncovered consist of three stone hammers, some crude arrow heads, a stone fetish charm, two mortar pestals, four soap stone bowls three eighths of an inch in thickness and egg-shaped, a soap stone platter 25 by 16 inches and 4 1/2 inches deep and smoke-blackened, and some small soapstone dishes and plates.

Wigwam Tomb

A strange method of burial was uncovered in the excavations when three skeletons were discovered that showed that the bodies had been buried in sitting postures back to back. Over the bodies had been constructed a wigwam of sticks. This had been plastered with clay and then fired on the order of a brick kiln. This method had the result of preserving the bones from decay and they are as solid as stone. This is the first evidence of such a burial ever unearthed by Mr. Rimmer, and he is inclined to believe that the persons so buried had been the victims of some contagious disease.

Since closing the excavations on the Badger ranch Mr. Rimmer has in-

(continued on page eight)

Gordon Cameron, students in the Kansas State College, and Fred Groth of the Wheaton College of Wheaton, Illinois. They will be here during all of this month and possibly a part of September.

B. W. Moore, district deputy grand
patron of Hamilton Engampment

TIME FOR ACTION.

There was a heavy demand for
Kings county barley in Arizona, and
buyers from that state offered \$1.10
for the product.

The butter market was reported as
advancing with the wholesale price
quoted as 50 cents for a two pound
roll in Los Angeles.

A contract was signed between the
board of city trustees and J. Bauer
and Clark Bros. for a disposition of
water from the sewer farm.

A heavy crop of grain was being
harvested on Tulare lake lands. The
yield being from 25 to 30 sacks per
acre.

Heavy storms were reported from
the Sierras to the east, with a big
snow storm at Mineral King.

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public accepts the advance of cost
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other reason for raising rates will
er, big and small. Some other and
or a dry season as do other busi-
ould not bear its burden of loss
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come from the dwindled bank ac-
ected even if this protection is to
onds. The bond class must be pro-
ll others who do not have stock or
as to come out of the pockets of
orporation's stockholders even if it
ight per cent must be paid the
he public. In other words, the
o the purchase of securities by
oney would not be an inducement
uch a return on the stockholders'
of six instead of eight per cent as
also do not wish to make a dividend
ion may be made standard. They
hat the securities of the corpora-
outhern Edison should be preserved
he eight per cent dividend of the
company's representatives say that
o be based in sound judgment. The
or electric energy, does not seem
or maintenance of the present rates

(Continued from page one)
vestigated a mound four miles south-
west of Armona on the Belmont
ranch, he with members of his com-
pany are now engaged in making
some excavations there.

He states that thus far some relics
of stone work have been uncovered
which he believes to be valuable in
determining something of the life and
activities of the Indian tribes that in-
habited this locality before the com-
ing of white settlers.

Strange Animal

Several days ago a start was made
on some excavations on the Tome
ranch four miles north of this city,
and a find was uncovered there that
caused Mr. Rimmer to stop work un-
til the arrival of another scientist. The
find was the jaw bone of an animal
which must have had a very small
head, but the teeth were unusually
large in proportion to the head and
jaw. This was found in a bed of
clay at a depth of about 8 feet, and
Mr. Rimmer believes the find to be
a relic of the Pliocene period. This
will be more thoroughly investigated
later.

With Mr. Rimmer are Paul and
Gordon Cameron, students in the
Kansas State College, and Fred Groth
of the Wheaton College of Wheaton,
Illinois. They will be here during
all of this month and possibly a part
of September.

Retake of Preceding Frame

APRIL 13, 1926

Studies Indian Mounds

By Frederic J. Haskin

About the middle of April, Henry B. Collins, Jr., assistant curator, division of ethnology, United States National museum, will start on an expedition into southern Mississippi and along the Gulf coast of southern Louisiana. The object of this trip will be to examine the shell and earth mounds in that section which have never before been explored.

The Choctaw Indians and small related tribes formerly inhabited the central and southern portions of Mississippi, while the Indians of southern Louisiana were the Chitimacha, the Houma, and the Atakapas. Mr. Collins says that the Choctaw was at one time the largest Indian tribe in the south, numbering perhaps 20,000 about the year 1700. Despite this fact they have never been studied. This expedition is therefore planned to begin such work.

Mr. Collins says that for many years mounds have been a favorite topic of discussion among antiquarians. For a long time the prevailing opinion was that these mounds had been built by an ancient and mysterious race which was entirely distinct from the American Indian. Another explanation was that they were built by the Toltecs or Aztecs who were later driven into Mexico.

These theories have been disproved, however, and it is now known that they were erected by the ancestors of the present Indians, some of them many centuries old. The contents of others indicate that they were built after the coming of the white man. It is now known that there was never a race of mound builders. The build-

ing of these mounds was merely a custom common to a number of Indian tribes of different stocks.

The questions archeologists are now interested in are the origin of the custom of mound building, the period of construction of the mounds, and the tribal affiliations of their builders. There are three sources for this information; the evidence furnished by the mounds themselves, the traditions of the modern Indians, and the accounts furnished by early Spanish, French, and English explorers.

Historical and archeological evidence now reveals with some certainty the identity of the builders of most of the mounds and other earthworks of the South. With but few exceptions they are the work of the Indian tribes which occupied the region in the sixteenth century. The most important of these were the Timucua in Florida, the Cherokee in the Appalachian region of Georgia, Tennessee, and the Carolinas; the Creeks in Georgia and Alabama; the Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Natchez in Mississippi; and the Quapaw and Caddo in Arkansas and Louisiana.

CULTURED INDIANS

It is said that these tribes, with smaller allied groups, possessed collectively perhaps the highest culture north of Mexico. They lived in permanent villages, and their houses were well built structures with framework of small logs or poles and walls of wattle work and plastered clay. The more important towns were fortified by embankments of earth in which were set rows of stakes, while the mounds on which the temples and other principal buildings stood

were no doubt used at times for purposes of defense.

Mound building seems to have originated in Mexico and Central America, according to Mr. Collins. In those regions were developed the highest civilizations in America—those of the Maya, Toltec, and Aztec, whose intellectual and material achievements are said to have rivaled the splendor of the ancient civilizations of the Old World.

In those countries are found great mounds of earth, similar in form and function to the large flat topped mounds of the southern states. The mounds of the Maya, Toltec, and Aztec were faced with stone, and the elaborate stone temples rising above them were of course vastly superior to the wooden structures which surmounted the mounds in the United States. The underlying principle, however, was the same. Other similarities have also been noted. Copper plates and ornaments of shell and stone found in the mounds bear decorations of a distinctly Mexican type. The resemblance has also been noted in the stone pipes or idols and in the decorative designs on pottery.

Many of the mounds of the South were used for burial purposes. Some when opened have revealed impressive burials, indicating that the person interred therein was one of great importance. The burial customs of the various tribes differed. Those of the Choctaw are interesting, although to the white man somewhat gruesome.

BURIAL CUSTOMS

When one of their number died the body was placed on a scaffold erected for that purpose. After remaining exposed for some months it was taken down by the so-called "bone pickers." Their official duty was to scrape carefully and clean the bones. The bones were then placed in cane hampers and deposited in the bone house. When a number of skeletons had thus accumulated they were carried some distance from the village, placed on the ground and covered over with a small mound of earth.

This Choctaw burial custom is said to explain the many groups of small burial mounds which are found throughout the territory formerly occupied by this tribe. Most of these mounds are less than four feet high and average about 30 feet in diameter. The bones contained in these are usually found in a compact mass near the center.

Investigations made on the sites of old Choctaw villages showed that some of the burials encountered were of a fairly recent date. This fact was shown by the finding of tin vessels, porcelain cups, gold rings, glass beads, silver belt buckles, and European gun flints. It was estimated that these burials were probably as late as 1820 or 1840.

A number of mounds of an earlier period were found to contain merely heaps of bones—those of probably from two to 20 persons. Corn was growing over some of these, and the bones were discovered only a few inches below the surface. Another year or so of plowing would have brought these to the surface.

CAHOKIA

Not all of the Indian mounds were built for the purpose of burial. Some were built as foundations for the temples and habitations of the chiefs. An outstanding example of this type is the Cahokia, which is about six miles east of St. Louis. This is the largest prehistoric earthwork in the United States. It is 100 feet high and covers an area of approximately 16 acres. At one time there were more than 60 other mounds surrounding it.

Mr. Collins hopes that from his trip this summer more information regarding the Choctaw tribe may be obtained. He will make measurements of living members of this tribe, as well as explore mounds and burials found in the region occupied by these people. For, as he says, if nothing is known of the living race, how can anything be learned of those long since dead?

Allen's Clipping Press Bureau

SAN FRANCISCO.

LOS ANGELES.

PORTLAND, ORE.

CLIPPING FROM

ALAMEDA CALIF. —

TIMES STAR

MAY 18, 1928

Workmen Uncover Burial Mound

Bones, believed to be those of an Indian, were uncovered yesterday at the corner of Central and Park avenues, by workmen excavating for a building.

R. D. Prontico, secretary of the California Auto Laundry Co., who is supervising the construction work on the lot, said the bones were found in layers, resembling an ore vein, and were probably is an ancient burial mound.

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

OCT. 2, 1929

DELTA REGIONS AGE OBTAINED

Section 1500 Years Old Offers Best Field for Future Discoveries

Although Indian mounds of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys indicate that these delta regions are only about 1500 years old, the region offers the best field for future discoveries of evidence of the earliest peoples living in California, says Dr. Philip M. Jones, who has investigated the region for the University of California.

"We obtained 1500 years as the probable age of the oldest site where Indian mounds were found in the region," write two archeological students—W. Egbert Schenck and Elmer J. Dawson—in a recent university publication. "Since the evidence suggests that the two regions were contemporaneously occupied it is probable that the same maximum age would apply to the Stockton region as well.

"Our insistence upon the relative recency of the evidence which we have been examining is due to our belief that some day earlier evidence may be produced. Geological data showed that the area offered a suitable habitat for man since early Pleistocene time. Such data also showed that the area is situated on one of the most stable portions of the floor of the Great Central valley. Since this is true, and since ethnologists are convinced that California has been occupied by man from remote times, it seems possible that the alluvial fill in the general vicinity of the area may yet reveal archeological evidence of these probable early inhabitants."

SANTA ROSA CALIF.
REPUBLICAN

OCTOBER 12, 1934

Indians Given Hope For Early Trial of Claims Against U.S.

Sonoma county Indians, in common with tribesmen all over California, who have been eagerly awaiting the result of the espousal of their claims in courts at the national capital, were yesterday given a ray of hope in a statement by Congressman Clarence F. Lea to the effect that it is thought the trial will commence early next spring.

The tremendous task of examining and accounting of the government's aid and expenditures for California Indians since 1850, when the then owners of the lands yielded them up to the whites on promises made in a number of treaties, which were not kept, has been completed, according to Lea. This work has involved a thorough investigation of records and the segregation of what were considered to be legitimate charges from others not considered proper. All this accounting has been finished, Lea said, and now the details of preparing for the hearing are being handled.

Attorney General U. S. Webb, who by legislative enactment six years ago was instructed to bring the action in the name of the Indians of California against the United States in the court of claims at Washington, has employed John M. Hanley, California lawyer, and one long interested in the cause of the Indians, to assist him in the preparation for the trial.

BERKELEY, CALIF
GAZETTE
OCTOBER 17, 1934

EXCHANGITES HEAR OF INDIAN MOUNDS

The 12 large Indian shell mounds of the San Francisco Bay Region, ranging from 25 feet to 250 feet in diameter, were discussed by Dr. Mark Emerson, chief surgeon of Merritt Hospital, in an address before the Berkeley Exchange Club yesterday at the weekly luncheon in Ennor's.

"These large mounds and many smaller ones date back to the stone age," the speaker said. The speaker illustrated his address with slides, showing the various skulls, pottery, stones and war equipment used centuries ago.

Arthur Smith was chairman of the day. Club singing was conducted by President C. Tracy Stout. It was announced that the Exchange and Kiwanis Clubs would be the hosts at the civic luncheon meeting of the Berkeley Service Club Council next Tuesday in Hotel Whitecotton. At this time speakers will discuss the proposed East Bay Regional Park Plan.

ALEUTIAN MOUNDS YIELD 'LOST' RACE

Bones and Artifacts of 'Pre-Aleuts' Found in 'Islands Bridge' to Asia

MAY BE INDIAN ANCESTORS

Dr. Ales Hrdlicka Believes Them Related to Tribes Met by Explorers in California

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.—A large collection of skulls, bones, and artifacts of a hitherto unknown race, probably ancestral to some of the American Indian tribes, is now being studied by Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, Smithsonian Institution Curator of Physical Anthropology. This material has been collected by Dr. Hrdlicka during the past three years in the Aleutian Islands, stretching like a many-spanned bridge from North America to Asia. The greatest number of the remains came from an enormous mound on the island of Umnak.

From these skulls and bones it will be possible to reconstruct a picture of those people who occupied the Aleutians for many generations before the later inhabitants, the Aleuts, who differed from the older stock in many details, and who evidently were moving slowly westward over a period of some centuries. The older people can be dated, Dr. Hrdlicka says, only very roughly. Their remains go back about 2,000 years.

There is no reason to believe, he says, that they were ancestors of Indians in general. Rather, he believes, they were at least closely related to the ancestors of the tribes found occupying the Pacific Coast at the time of the first white explorations, including the California Indians. There is no evidence that they died out in the Aleutians. They must have moved on, and that eastward. The Aleuts seem to have come and their predecessors to have left without any wholesale massacres. The two races may in fact have lived on together for a few generations.

Of High Primitive Culture

The pre-Aleuts, according to the evidence gathered by Dr. Hrdlicka, seem to have been the descendants of earlier—perhaps much earlier—migrants out of Asia into Alaska. They probably came by the way of the Kuriles Islands and the Aleutian chain.

The pre-Aleut inhabitants of the islands practiced in part mummification of their dead, but most of their skeletal material secured by Dr. Hrdlicka was from burials. The Aleuts may have picked up the mummy technique from them, for in a few places Aleut and pre-Aleut mummies were found together. The Aleut remains thin out as one goes westward, indicating probably the direction of their progress. The remains of the older people, says Dr. Hrdlicka, tie up closely with those discovered by him previously in the lowest levels of a large old village site on Kodick Island. Here they were wiped out in a great slaughter by some invading people. The pre-Aleuts escaped such fate, but as a distinct people they have disappeared.

They were, says Dr. Hrdlicka, a race of relatively high primitive culture considering the materials they had to work with—driftwood, bone and poor stone. They had no native ivory such as characterized the cultural life of the earliest Eskimo. Many of their artifacts, especially large stone pots used for cooking food, are close to some found along the northwest coast.

Alaska a "Melting Pot"

The finding of the remains of this people brings to an end ten Summers of exploration in the Far North by Dr. Hrdlicka and his associates. He has demonstrated that Alaska has been a veritable racial cats-cradle with at least five, and possibly six, anthropologically different peoples crossing and re-crossing each other's paths. All of them contributed in some way to the blood of the native tribes of both North and South America.

Before Dr. Hrdlicka started his explorations, only two peoples were supposed to live in this part of the globe—the Eskimos with the Aleuts, and the Indians. His excavations, while bringing to light much new material, have made the problem of this ancient "melting pot" more complex. As to the people, he determined there two distinct types of Indians and two of the Eskimo; it was established that the Aleuts were not Eskimo, but a separate strain; and he found that before the Aleuts there existed in the whole chain of islands a pre-Aleut race that is close to the Shoshonean and Californian Indian. It will be several generations, the veteran anthropologist says, before the questions raised can be fully elucidated and answered. Exploration can progress but slowly because of the difficult nature of the country and islands.

CHICO, CALIF. RECORD

FEBRUARY 25, 1939

Professor Hunting For Indian Mounds

Professor R. W. Richardson of the social studies department at Chico State College has issued an appeal to all college students from Butte, Glenn, Colusa, Sutter, Tehama and Yuba Counties, to help locate Indian mounds for a map he is preparing to determine whether the Indian mounds of the Sacramento Valley have any archaeological significance.

Richardson has issued his call, in an effort to receive help in his undertaking, from the many students who know the locations of many of these mounds.

NAPA, CALIF., REGISTER

MARCH 2, 1939

Discovery of Skeleton at Calistoga 364 May Indicate Ancient Indian Village

Discovery of an ancient skeleton at the Calistoga race track yesterday led to the belief today that another historic California Indian living mound had been located. The find was reported to Napa county officers, who examined the human remains.

Summoned from Napa after a workman digging a drainage ditch at the track turned up a human skull, Undersheriff W. W. Gaffney and Coroner T. J. Treadway investigated.

Gaffney reported that the bones gave indication of being buried for

many hundreds of years. What remained of the skeleton appeared to be in a sitting position, after the customary burial practice of the ancient San Francisco bay region tribes. Charred wood, ashes and burned earth surrounded the remains, supporting the probability that the Indian had been buried beneath the floor of his dwelling, long since vanished.

The particular spot northeast of the city where the track is located is level, and no evidence of an actual mound is visible. Authorities on Indian customs here, how-

ever, contend that other remains could probably be found in the same locality, buried in the same way.

LOS MOLINAS, CALIF.
HERALD
MARCH 2, 1939

Prof. Richardson Seeks Indian Lore

In an attempt to learn whether the Indian mounds of the Sacramento Valley have any archaeological significance, Acting Associate Professor R. W. Richardson of the Social Studies department of the Chico State College is preparing a map of the Indian mounds of Butte, Colusa, Glenn, Sutter, Tehama and Yuba counties as initial step in the work. Students at Chico State are helping in the work by informing Professor Richardson where mounds are located.

Richardson first became interested in this work when he obtained permission a few months ago to examine the cross-section of a mound in the vicinity of Vina. Although he reports that his findings did not "amaze the scientific world" at the same time he was impressed by the morphological primitiveness of some of the Indian skulls he obtained.

"Archeologists", to quote Mr. Richardson, "tend to fight shy of the California record because there is a thoroughly unsubstantiated belief that man's antiquity here does not exceed ten thousand years. That there is no proof of a greater age is almost entirely attributable to scientific conservatism and indifference. Some thorough investigations are needed before any facts can be established. I do not pretend to be an archeologist, but as one interested in the general advancement of science I feel justified in criticizing the lack of interest on the part of many reputable archeologists and anthropologists. That they may some day realize the potential importance of the

California record has prompted me to attempt the fundamental task of mapping the distribution of Indian mounds in the Sacramento Valley."

Professor Richardson stated that he has no interest in molesting these mounds, but simply wishes to map their locations, for future work at a later date on this project. Residents of these sections need have no fear that archeologists will attempt any form of fossil prospecting.

Mapping of the Indian mounds

of the state of California have been completed as far north as Knights Landing, but there is no recorded location of the mounds of the northern Sacramento Valley.

Prepares Map Of Valley's Indian Mounds

Chico Professor Studies Archeologi- cal Significance

CHICO — In an attempt to learn whether the Indian Mounds of the Sacramento Valley have any archeological significance, Acting Associate Professor R. W. Richardson of the social studies department of Chico state college is preparing a map of the Indian Mounds of Butte, Colusa, Glenn, Sutter, Tehama and Yuba counties, as initial step in the work. Students at Chico state are helping in the work by informing Professor Richardson where mounds are located.

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POTENTIAL IMPORTANCE

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Local Archeological Party to Explore This Mound



(Photo by Tony Hadgi)

Before the white man came to America Indians were familiar with the site shown above, which is now known as Fort Watson and is located between Summerton and Parler. Local scientists plan to explore the mound in the near future.

The site was probably either a burial or tribal ceremonial mound. It was used by the British during the Revolution as a fortification.

A group of Charleston scientists expects shortly to do considerable excavation at the mound and at numerous other smaller ones near it. The property is owned by Robert Smythe, who has given permission for the scientific work, which will be conducted by Woldemar Ritter, Charleston museum's associate in archeology; E. Burnham Chamberlain, curator of vertebrate zoology; H. Jermain Slocum, archeologist.

Shown in the picture, left to right: Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Ritter, Mr. Childress, superintendent of the property, and Mr. Smythe.

MUSIC

1905-1936, n.d.

INDIAN ^{Washington} ^{Star}

May 14, 1905. **FOLK MUSIC**

The Washington people are the main factors in a movement for the translation into musical notation and the preservation of the Indian melodies and folk songs which for three hundred years have been so widely talked of and have played such a part in fiction, but which have hitherto not been collected. They are doing it by taking down the melodies as they fall from the lips of one of their number, an Indian. It is only now, when the Indian race is passing from the stage on which for centuries it played so romantic a part, that any systematic attempt is being made to preserve its characteristic songs for posterity.

The enterprise has focused the attention of musicians throughout the United States and Europe, and has won for its authors an international reputation in scientific and artistic circles. They are Mr. Francis La Flesche of the Indian office, Miss Alice C. Fletcher of the Peabody Museum at Harvard University and Mr. Edwin S. Tracy, recently one of the musical instructors in the public schools of Washington under the direction of Miss Alys Bentley. The work occupying their attention is the preservation of the songs of the American Indian by the collecting and recording of his folk music while opportunity for such research is yet ripe. In their labors they are seconded by Mr. Arthur Farwell, a young American composer of Newton Center, Massachusetts, who is the founder of the Wa-Wan Press, named from the Indian music sung by Mr. La Flesche and published in book form by Miss Fletcher.

* *

Mr. Tracy's membership in the triumvirate came by way of noting down the melodies from oral and graphophonic dictation. He succeeded Prof. John Comfort Fillmore of Harvard, who was the first collaborator with Miss Fletcher, and the movement started in 1882, has now taken root in musical centers both in this country and abroad, the whole resulting in the publication of several books, a quantity of magazine literature and scores of musical compositions which are American to the core.

First and foremost among the disciples of Indian music is Mr. Francis La Flesche, an Indian at the Indian office, whose modest manner and unostentatious appearance give little indication of the part he has taken toward enlarging the material which may be drawn upon for the development of American composition. He was a discovery of the energetic Harvard woman who was pushing ethnological researches with a vim and determination characteristic of New England. His father, who was chief of the Omaha Indians, was called Estamaza, which means Iron Eye. A man of nobility and strength of character was this Iron Eye. He determined that his children should live and be educated among the whites, and young La Flesche, whose name was derived from a strain of French ancestry in his make-up, was sent to the mission school near his Nebraska home. At the white man's school the boy began the evolution of a process which changed his speech and manners into those of what we call civilization. Out of school hours, however, he took part in the Indian ceremonies and listened to the aboriginal music which is interwoven with every phase of Indian life. The tribal songs, handed down from generation to generation, were learned by La Flesche, and he sang them just as every Indian lad does. To this day he has hundreds of the melodies in memory and can sing them at any moment.

He is no musician. He does not claim to be. He has never had the opportunity—the desire, perhaps—for a technical training in music; yet his admirable education in other matters and his love for his race equip him for the role he is playing in preserving the songs of a dying people. He came to Washington through the invitation of Samuel J. Kirkwood, Secretary of the Interior under Garfield, who placed him in the Indian office, where he is at the present time. In the early nineties he graduated from the National University of Law in this city and became possessed of the degree of master of laws.

Miss Fletcher's work has been written and talked of ever since the publication of her monograph, "A Study of Omaha Music,"



Fletcher prepared her second book, "Indian Story and Song from North America." The volume differed from the monograph, for it was written in popular vein and made interesting to the casual reader by an explanation of the myths and superstitions of the red man, each story having its equivalent in musical formula. The main purpose of the volume, however, was the stimulation of composers, arousing their interest in the music of the Indian toward an adoption of the material in the making of new songs and instrumental pieces. It was published in 1900, and its object was almost immediately accomplished, for in 1901 there came into existence the Wa-Wan Press at Newton Center, Massachusetts.

Mr. Farwell, a young American composer recently returned from study abroad with Humperdinck, founded the Wa-Wan Press, gathering about him for the purpose other young men and women composers capable of creating an individual school of music which should be known and recognized for its American essence and be easily distinguished from the foreign schools. Indian music, negro music, the Creole song and all

tones accounts for this phenomenon, and it can easily be conceived how the tremendous volume of tone produced in the manner indicated from the great chorus of Indian throats would actually produce the intermediate harmonies not intended to be sung. In all of these ceremonies there is a choir. Good Indian singers make their living through being members of it, and are chosen by the tribes for this purpose. These are the leaders of the choral singing, and they cling as closely to the pitch of their songs as we do. Indians not belonging to the choir do not sing true always. Miss Fletcher observed, but their variance from the correct tone is no greater than that of the untrained white man.

After making their first collection of Indian folk songs, Miss Fletcher and Prof. Fillmore took them out to the reservations, where they were tested on the Indians. The melodies were first played upon the piano and the reed organ without an accompaniment, exactly as they were supposed to be sung, but the Indians declared that something was wrong with them. They did not sound right. The experiment was

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Francis La Flesche,
Who Sings the Indian Folk Music.

with "A Report on the Structural Peculiarities of the Music, by John Comfort Fillmore, A. M." In this book Miss Fletcher included no less than ninety-two Indian melodies, all appearing for the first time in print. These were collected, recorded and tested in a manner so complete and thorough that there can be no doubt of their accuracy. They were the result of ten years of study and a long period of actual residence among the Omahas. As president of the Anthropological Society, member of the American Folk Lore Society and vice president of the American Anthropological Association, she has become identified with scientific research and has made Washington her headquarters.

The beauty of Indian music and the preservation of the musical traditions of his race have always been hobbies with Mr. La Flesche. From the time of his childhood he had tried to interest people in the work of recording Indian musical lore, and his acquaintance with Miss Fletcher and co-operation in her work were circumstances auspicious to the cause of their common interest. But they needed a third person, some thorough musician who could take down the songs from the Indian's lips, write them out, and harmonize the raw material thus gathered. No one seemed better fitted for this work than Prof. Fillmore. He was a musical scholar, a pupil of excellent home teachers and a graduate from important Leipzig schools, and Miss Fletcher and her young protegee were attracted to him through these circumstances and on account of his writings. At their invitation he took charge of the musical feature of their investigations and became a partner in their researches, visiting the Indians with them.

In the same year that their first book was published, the matter was brought up at the world's fair in Chicago, both at the congress of musicians and at international congresses, where Mr. La Flesche read several papers on the subject. At about the same time a mass of correspondence ensued between Miss Fletcher and several musical scientists abroad, who had become interested in the subject. Among them were Stumph and Wallachek, celebrated German authorities, and several Germans have already published books in which Miss Fletcher's observations are discussed.

In 1898 at the trans-Mississippi exposition there was a series of congresses, and, as usual, the musicians were allotted a portion of time. There were concerts in the afternoon and orchestral performances in the evening, when composers were invited to conduct their own works. One day was set aside for American music, and on this day one of the sessions opened with a paper by Prof. Fillmore on the structure of Indian songs with pianoforte illustrations. He was followed by Miss Fletcher, who discussed the emotional side of the music, with aid of violin and piano. Then Mr. La Flesche read an article dealing with Omaha songs of war and peace, and twenty-two songs sung by Indians of the Omaha tribe demonstrated the truths contained in his remarks. This was the first really comprehensive presentation of Indian music ever given, said Miss Fletcher to the writer.

Growing out of these beginnings Miss

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An interesting feature of the work of Miss Fletcher and Mr. La Flesche is their collection of graphophone records. Miss Fletcher has hundreds of them in her possession, and she calls them her note book. The sound of the mechanical workings of the instrument makes these records undesirable for the entertainment or instruction of interested friends, and she does not use the records for this purpose. The impressions were made by good Indian singers, some here in the city by visiting Indians, and others out west on the reservations.

Songs of the Winnebagoes, the Omahas, Poncas, Oteos, Iowas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Sioux, Chippewas and other tribes are in the collection, and they are used repeatedly for dictating the music to a transcriber, and for enabling him to correct any mistakes he may have committed in his manuscript during the first dictation.

The Indians never sing their songs in parts. The one melody is chanted by all



Arthur R. Farwell.

voices, high or low. The Indian women take the high treble; the high male voice the middle octave, and the deep-chested basses, the lower tones. They sing on in this manner, using the notes of three octaves at one time, until one part finds the melody going out of its voice range. Then a skip is made up or down to a more convenient octave. The same effect is often heard in school choruses, where the boys sing in unison with the girls' melody as high as they are able and then drop down a scale lower.

In the great Indian chorals, where three or four hundred voices are singing in three different octaves, the effect of the music is said to be harmonic, although no actual chord notes are sung. The theory of over-

tones accounts for this phenomenon, and it can easily be conceived how the tremendous volume of tone produced in the manner indicated from the great chorus of Indian throats would actually produce the intermediate harmonies not intended to be sung. In all of these ceremonies there is a choir. Good Indian singers make their living through being members of it, and are chosen by the tribes for this purpose. These are the leaders of the choral singing, and they cling as closely to the pitch of their songs as we do. Indians not belonging to the choir do not sing true always. Miss Fletcher observed, but their variance from the correct tone is no greater than that of the untrained white man.

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Each one of the melodies and their harmonies used in the original monograph were tested again and again in this manner before being printed. Yet all the care did not prevent an avalanche of criticism and censure from descending upon the authors. Those who had not talked with Miss Fletcher often fell into the natural error of insisting that no harmony should have been written to the Indian songs. Only the notes which the singers used should be written down, they thought. The explanation of the overtones, already given, confutes all such arguments, for Miss Fletcher has done better than her critics have asked. The upper notes of the musical examples in her book do represent the actual notes sung by the Indian, and these may easily be played apart from the harmony underneath. By playing the melodies together with the harmony one may hear the music not as it is sung, but as it actually sounds to the listener, and Miss Fletcher is as confident today as she was fourteen years ago that her annotations of Indian music are correct.

Much has been written of the structure of these songs. The Indian invokes his gods with music. It is the medium through which he voices his greatest and most solemn emotions, wherefore it is only natural that in certain aspects, such as rhythmic variety, his music should be more highly developed than Caucasian melody. The Indian is bound down to no hard and fast rules of key and measure or phrase. Often he begins a song in one key and finishes it in another. Measures two beats long often alternate with three-beat measures, and phrases are as long as the mood of his song or the ceremony require them to be.

It is these characteristics which go to make up the attractiveness of the red man's song. Where the corners of Caucasian music are rounded off and polished smoothly those of Indian tradition jut rudely outward with an apology for their roughness. Such men as Harvey Worthington, Loomis and Arthur Farwell have preserved these racial characteristics in their lyrical settings, showing us the aboriginal man as he really is and not as some composer thinks he ought to be.

Conceive him singing the ghost dance, in which he falls into a trance and believes he sees the Great Spirit and the hunting grounds. What significance the music of this dance must have for him, and how he must consecrate himself to the divine powers when he listens to its strains. It is doubtful if any of the white man's music means so much.

BERENICE THOMPSON,

Is This All So?

From What to Eat.

There is but one sure cure for every disease or habit, and that is the fruits of all. The cure consists in eating fruits. That will cure the inebriacy that ever inflicts will entirely destroy the habits and will make to the thoughts and when he loved the provided for him and not become corrupted tastes and imagination saw a man who had never said for duty are the same.

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON

At the meeting of February 18, Miss Frances Densmore read a paper entitled "Music of the Chippewa," and used as illustrations many phonographic records secured by her during a season's work for the Bureau of American Ethnology among the Chippewa of Minnesota. Miss Densmore said that the music of the Chippewa is an echo from the land of the pine trees, the lakes and the little hills. All their life is intertwined with music; from babyhood to death the songs of the people express the joys and sorrows of life, the exultation of war, the solemnities of their religion, the tenderness of love and the cradle songs, farewells to the warrior and dirges for the departed. Miss Densmore gave a cradle song, the invitation to a ceremony, a plaintive love song, the requiem of Chief Flatmouth, the song of Wain-ah-bo-zho (who wrung the ducks' necks), and a series of songs of initiation into the Grand Medicine Society, which latter ceremony was described in some detail. At the close of Miss Densmore's paper three Chippewa Indians visiting Washington gave a representation in costume of the initiation of a candidate for membership in the medicine lodge, and the effect of the songs accompanied with the rattle and tom-tom was very striking. The chief also made a speech laudatory of his white friends in Washington, Rev. J. W. Gilfillan interpreting. The paper was discussed by Miss Fletcher and Mr. Wead, and Miss Densmore answered a number of inquiries.

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General Secretary.

Science
Apr 17 1908

Science, Vol. 27, No. 626, April 17, 1908.

INDIAN AIRS "CANNED"

Making Permanent Records of Chippewa Music.

MISS DENSMORE'S TASK

Transcribing the Weird Songs of the Aborigines.

SINGING INTO A PHONOGRAPH

Possible Relation of Rhythm and Mental Suggestion in the Music of the Medicine Men.

Before the old Indian music dies out or gets contaminated and mongrelized, so to speak, by intertribal communication, the bureau of ethnology wants to get as complete a record as possible of all tribal airs. To this end it has put a scientifically trained musician on the job. It may seem to the layman a little remarkable for any one to take a thorough course of musical education, Brahms and Beethoven and the like, as a preparation for transcribing Indian medicine songs, yet this is the sort of preparation that Miss Frances Densmore had for the peculiar work she is now doing for the bureau. It is about the strangest work that a civilized musician ever undertook, but she says that it is fascinating and it promises to yield valuable scientific results.

Preparing for Her Work.

Miss Densmore is not a Washington woman, but she has done a great deal of field work for the bureau and has spent the past week here, lecturing at the Cosmos Club and preparing for a fresh field campaign. Her preparation for the work was interesting, though she did not make it originally with a view to devoting herself wholly to the study of savage music. She studied Beethoven under Carl Baerman in Boston, Brahms under Leopold Godowsky and counter-point under the late Prof. John Payne of Yale. She wrote for the magazines, lectured and gave recitals and was in all respects a finished but thoroughly conventional musician till the study of tribal music began to appeal to her. She lived in Minnesota and heard a good deal of it from the semi-barbarous Indian settlers there, and then went regularly into the work, making a study of it and tabulating the results for the benefit of the ethnologists of the bureau who might not have a musical ear but who know the value of statistics when they are once set down and tabulated.

Use of the Phonograph.

While a studied musician, Miss Densmore did not have the contempt that many musicians have for "canned music," and she boldly called the phonograph to her aid as a musical notebook. She went among the Indians, and by living among them, cultivating and humoring them and exercising all sorts of diplomacy she got them to sing for the phonograph. Then she carried the records back home and transcribed them, writing out the words with the aid of Indian interpreters and setting the phonograph records in piano score form.

It was about the most curious work that a musician ever tried, but she says that it has been well worth the trouble. The songs run both to melody and harmony, and some of them are really beautiful, though most of them are plaintive. Miss Densmore does not think of them as the possible basis for any great American symphony or anything of that sort, but says that they are beautiful and entertaining in themselves, and are no more fit to be popularized for general use than wild flowers are to be planted in a hot-house.

She has made about 300 phonograph records, most of which have already been transcribed. All her work so far has been among the Chippewas, though after thoroughly mastering their tribal songs she wants to extend her work to the other tribes, using the Chippewa music as a unit of measure and standard of comparison.

Most of the tribal songs are now the property of the old people and the medicine men. She says the younger generation is careless and learns easier songs from the neighboring tribes, especially the Sioux.

Curious Shorthand Records.

The Chippewas have a curious sort of

shorthand picture record for the songs, and she has a number of sheets of birch-bark with little pencil sketches, none of them more than two inches square, each of which represents a story that is the basis for some particular song. One, for instance, is a conventionalized tepee. Out of it are coming two figures, an old medicine man and a young man. The young man asks the old man if he has taught him all the music that he knows. For answer the old man leads him to the edge of a cliff and tells him to jump off. The young man jumps and a dotted line shows where he falls down senseless at the bottom of the cliff. Here there is a circle with four dots around it. This represents four bears who walk around the young man and sing him a wonderful magic song. He immediately comes back to life, or to his senses, if he was not actually dead, walks back up the cliff and is greeted by the old man, who tells him that now he knows this song, nothing can harm him.

This is the story of the song. The song itself is an entirely different matter, but the few scratches on the birchbark represent this long story and the story fixes the song in the mind of the singer.

Many Repetitions.

In the same way many of the songs tell a long story to the Indians, though they may actually contain only two or three words. Most of the airs are short, running only two or three or at most five bars. This is lengthened by innumerable repetitions and the story of the song is presented to the minds of the hearers though only a few words are actually sung. This sort of shorthand music is rather confusing to the novice, but it is standard currency with its native auditors.

There is one song, for instance, that sounds monotonous enough, for all the words are "Somebody is wrapping up my godson." Yet this is the story of a great juggler who was tied up by evil spirits and succeeded in wriggling out of his bonds by the aid of the especial spirit that watched over him.

There is another song, a very beautiful little air too, the words of which are, "I love him in spite of his being so unkind to me." Yet this song has a whole love story behind it, and the air and these few words suffice to call up the story to the audience.

There are scores and scores of other songs, each distinct in words and music, but some of which Miss Densmore said took as many as nine interpreters to satisfactorily straighten out. There are harvest songs, hunting songs, love songs and songs of war and songs for the cure of the sick. The Indians use many herb remedies, some of which may have some medicinal effect and many of which are probably inert, but the accompanying songs always have to go with them, and Miss Densmore says she is inclined to think that the rhythm of the song oft repeated may have something to do with the cure, when there is one, through the medium of mental suggestion.

She says that she approached the study of Chippewa music with no particular theory to prove and has been willing to take it as she found it, but the matter of rhythm has forced itself on her attention so that she is making it more and more of a study. She says that she does not like to use the term hypnotism, but there is something in the rhythm of special songs that appears to lend itself strongly to mental suggestion, and mental suggestion certainly plays a large part in their medicine, their magic and their working up of quiet Indians into war parties. She says she hopes ultimately there will be a sort of psychologic laboratory to take up the study of the mental effect of rhythm, but at present she is simply busy collecting the material before it dies out, and is willing to leave the psychology of the matter to other students.

suits

particular style
so as to sell

price an induce-
secure a Tailored
Second Floor.

Ribbon sale

**Economical chances for June brides,
bridesmaids and sweet graduates**

This sale comes just in time to be of most benefit.
Bear in mind, too, that we tie the prettiest bows
FREE OF CHARGE. Here are sale prices for
Thursday:

MOIRE SILK RIBBONS, 4 in. wide,
in light blue, pink and white. Regular
29c yard kind. Tomorrow, a yard..... } **17c**

MOIRE SILK RIBBONS, 5 in. wide,
in light blue, pink and white. Regular
39c quality and width. Sale price,
yard } **22c**

SATIN AND MOIRE RIBBONS, in
white, light blue and black; 8 in. wide.
Regular 89c qualities. On sale tomor-
row, a yard } **42c**

First Floor—Bargain Tables.

suede pumps, \$3.55 pair

=: Tan =: Black

ing lasts and of a superior quality suede leather. In fact, they
ually good quality is not obtainable elsewhere in Washington for so little as
d Thursday at \$3.55.

s in black and gray at the same liberal concession. And Plain Pumps, in black
astor, velveta and ooze calfskin used. The making is of that superior kind to
Floor.

“Nydia” face powder, 50c

FREE—With each box for the balance of
this week a full regular 50c bottle
of Kann's violet toilet water.

This is an introductory offer for this week, this week only, and one that
will NEVER BE REPEATED.

We have in our NYDIA Face Powder an article superior to the imported
powders that sell at double the price. We've put our name upon it, and back
it with our personal guarantee. Delicately perfumed with violet. Offered
in flesh, white, brunette and rose shades. Handsomely put up in violet
box. It is a powder that “sticks well” and is the very finest possible to
produce. Already the large sales indicate women's preference for this pow-
der, but we want more to know about it quickly, hence this unparalleled
offer.—Perfumery Dept.—First Floor.

Almost too good to be true—Read

15c BEACH SUITINGS,

8³/₄c Yard

This is the material that women go “wild” over. No wonder. No
material makes up so stylishly into tailored suits, separate skirts or boys'
bloomer suits.

This fabric is double printed, which means that the colors are absolutely
fast.

It is 34 inches wide. Choice of different size stripes, in colors of white,
combined with lavender, light blue, navy blue, brown and tan.

Positively will not shrink, as it has been shrunk by steam.

These are called “seconds,” and their only fault is a few oil or grease spots
about the size of a pin head, which will wash out.

It is one of the banner offerings for tomorrow at 8³/₄c a yard.—First Floor.

\$1.00 gingham skirts,

87c

Medium and extra sizes.

These are in the different width
and color stripes and are practical-
ly indispensable for wear with
dark outer skirts in hot weather.

Finished around bottom with
deep ruffle trimmed in tucks and
folds.—Second Floor.

Screens, 25c

choice of three sizes

Best York Wire Filled Screens,
with mostly dark framework;
nicely put together.

These sizes—18 by 33 in.; 24 by
33 in.; 24 by 37 in.—Third Floor.

land near Liverpool point to spend the
interval during which his steamer is out
of commission for repair work.

6061 G - YAW

WASH. STAR

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON

A SPECIAL meeting of the society was held on Tuesday, April 27, 1909, President Fewkes in the chair. The program consisted of a paper by Miss Frances Densmore entitled "The Study of Indian Music" based upon her own recent investigations among the Chippewa of Minnesota. She stated that the object of this study was to find by analysis what constitutes Indian song and musical performance and to make the results of the study available and clear to those who are not musicians but who are interested in the genuine progress of science. Her method of procedure is to make phonograph records of Indian songs, transcribe these, analyze both record and transcription, and tabulate the analyses in accordance with a definite system. Among the interesting results of this work Miss Densmore mentioned the fact that some songs were found to be melodic and some to be harmonic in structure, and also that the rhythm was most peculiar in songs intended to exert a mental influence such as "medicine" songs, certain Mide songs, and also songs intended to incite to war. The paper was illustrated by means of phonograph records and vocal selections to the accompaniment of a drum and the piano. An interesting discussion followed.

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Science
June 4 - 1909

Science - 918 - June 4, 1909.

FEBRUARY 2, 1923

music**CADMAN LECTURES AT
U. S. C. ON INDIANS**

364

That the native Indians were the true originators of jazz was proved by Charles Wakefield Cadman, famous composer of "The Land of Sky Blue Water" and "At Dawning," in a speech before the student body at the University of Southern California Tuesday, Jan. 9, at Bovard Auditorium.

In illustrating the Indian rhythms and instruments with which his years of research among different tribes have made him familiar, Mr. Cadman showed how the Indian sings with remarkable accuracy, but with no harmony. In fact, according to Mr. Cadman, he sings so exactly "on the time" that in the reproduction of an Indian song on a phonograph it cannot be told whether one or several men are singing.

The composer also told of the Indians' remarkable feeling for rhythm which enabled him to sing in three-four time, shake a rattle in two-

four time, a club-like instrument in seven-four, all the while dancing in a still different rhythm.

A comparison of the tribal song of the Omaha Indians at an early Gregorian chant in Latin showed that the higher forms of the Indian music and the music of the white man in the middle ages are much the same.

A rude instrument of wood, in principal much like the modern flute or clarinet, was exhibited and Mr. Cadman played on it some of the plaintive courting tunes which pioneer settlers say used to waft over the prairie in the early dawn, the Indians' serenading tune.

The lecture was closed by Mr. Cadman playing an Indian hunting song and his idealization of it for the piano.

MARCH 5, 1923

SHERMAN BAND CONCERT IS POPULAR

Indian School Musicians
Well Received at
Andrew Jackson

ATTRACTIVE ARE
NUMBERS OFFERED

Local Artists Assist in
Program Presented on
Friday Night

By far the largest audience ever assembled in the Andrew Jackson school, attended the unique Indian program which was presented Friday evening, March 2.

Principal E. E. McCullough introduced the members on the program. He first presented D. Ray Campbell, director of the Sherman Band, who spoke briefly of the boys' life in the United States Boarding School at Riverside. He said the boys' musical training was a pastime, not a specialty, as they were hard working fellows, arising early in the morning, putting in full days, one-half in the academic class-room, the other half at different trades. The boys represented most of the tribes of the Southwest, and many of them entered Sherman Institute last fall for the first time. The following musical numbers were rendered in a masterful manner, showing careful preparation and training:

March, "Selected;" overture, "Poet and Peasant" (Fr von Suppe); Indian Novelty, "Passing of the Red Man," requested (K. L. King); Valse Orientale, "Moonlight on the Nile" (K. L. King); American Fantasia, "Gems of Stephen Foster," American Folk Songs (Theo Tobani Op 295); Indian Intermezzo, "Ramona" (Lee Johnson); Mazurke Russe, "La Czarine" (L. Ganne); overture, "Lutspiel" (Keler-Bela); "National Anthem."

Miss Junia Wolff, in her usual charming manner, sang "From the Land of the Sky Blue Waters," and two others of Cadman's Indian creations.

Little Florence Stanyer in Indian dress, with bow and arrow, amused the audience with her little Indian dance and "Owlet Song."

Miss Marian Mundy told the Indian Legends of the "Two Sisters," and "The Deep Waters." She appeared in Indian costume, and held the audience spellbound by her fascinating delivery.

Before the program began the teachers and P.-T. A. entertained the guests from Sherman Institute at a banquet in the school auditorium. Besides the thirty-two band boys, there were present Dr. Ray Campbell, band director, Mrs. Campbell and two children, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. and Mrs. Long, who are employes of the Institute, and who drove the boys over to Pasadena in their cars; Mr. Marcell and Major Martin of Altadena also used their cars to get the band to the Jackson school and back to Riverside.

The patrons of the Jackson school took the band boys and other friends from Sherman home with them after the entertainment keeping them over night and for breakfast.

The presentation of this concert was due to the courtesy of Superintendent F. M. Conser to Sherman Institute, and the hearty co-operation of the Andrew Jackson patrons and teachers.

Receipts for the entertainment were about \$125.

MAR 11 1923

[March 11, 1923]

INDIAN TO SING

Chief Yowloche, baritone, who will entertain at Sacramento Hotel tonight.



Chief Yowloche, the Indian baritone, who will sing at the Sacramento hotel tonight between 7 and 8 o'clock, is a full-blooded Yakima Indian, and is chief of that tribe.

He received his education at the Cushman Indian school at Tacoma, and later was disciplinarian at the same institution. He studied voice with the leading instructors of the northwest and has been on the concert stage for several years.

This will be his first appearance in California. He plans to leave later with his manager, Fred G. Flannigan, who is in Sacramento visiting his brother, A. D. Flannigan, to fill engagements in Los Angeles.

Sunday night he will dress in his tribal costume as chief of the Yakimas. His costumes are of Indian manufacture and are masterpieces of their art.

His recital programs feature his native songs, but those of Cadman and Lieurance are his favorites. He will sing two groups of songs.

The program follows:

Cause Song Lieurance
O Moon Upon the Water Cadman
Reed Bird Reed
From the Land of the Sky Blue
Water Cadman
At the Sundown Lieurance
Year of Dry Leaves Lieurance

FRESNO, CAL. REPUBLICAN. 120
DECEMBER 11, 1923

Indians Hear Radio Tribes Marvel At Music First Concert Given

DINUBA, Dec. 10.—A hundred Indians on the reservation near Springville, 26 miles from Porterville in this county, heard their first radio concert Saturday evening. Rev. Frederick R. Thorne of Dinuba took his big receiving set, which he built himself, and with a party of friends, went down to give the reservation Indians a treat. The party was received by the agent and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, and the Indians were called in from all over the reservation. Great interest was shown in the concert and apparatus by the red skins, and both near and distant broadcasting stations were heard. The party from Dinuba included Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hurst, Ben Brown and Miss Anna Jillson. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hurst from Visalia also went, and there were a few visitors from Porterville.

Interest in the wards of the Government is being shown in other quarters. The county federation of women's clubs is attempting to secure a better source of drinking water for the Indians, and regular visits of a competent nurse, and is just now arranging a Christmas program and treat for them, this with especial reference to the children. There are no regular religious services on the reservation at present; the school is being taught by Mrs. Bailey, though another teacher is expected to be supplied soon.

There are said to be 18 automobiles owned by the Indians, and they are only about 185 in number; horses they have more than they need, and are offering to sell cheaply.

OAKLAND, CAL. TRIBUNE
OCTOBER 21, 1923

Music of Native Indians Presented

ALAMEDA, Oct. 19. — Native themes of the American Indian were given this week by Thos. Lieurance, composer, in the assembly hall of the Alameda High school for the benefit of the music students and the Girls' Glee club. Members of the faculty as well as music lovers of Alameda attended.

Lieurance has developed these themes after a careful study of the Indians in thirty-five sections of the country. The instrument being used to best illustrate these themes is the primitive flute which is in use by most tribes the the United States, he says. The composer contributed some of his own compositions at the piano for an encore.

Wash. Star - March 27, 1924

Expert on Indian Music Added To Staff of National Museum Here

Miss Densmore Makes Life Work of Collecting, Studying and Preserving Tribal Songs of American Aborigines.

The world's foremost expert on Indian music has been added to the staff of the National Museum here. Miss Frances Densmore, long associated with the bureau of American ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, has been placed in charge of the unique collection of musical instruments from all lands in the old museum building.

Miss Densmore is making her life-work preservation of the musical relics of the Indian tribes. The American aborigines, she says, possessed an unusual wealth of folk songs, dance and sacramental music which rapidly is disappearing. The younger Indians, reared in a different atmosphere, may be able to play saxophones and sing Dixie melodies, but lack capacity to understand or interest in the much richer field of their own grandfathers. The music, passed down from medicine man to medicine man, now often is found in possession of a single elder of the tribe.

Researches in Summer.

Miss Densmore devotes each summer to researches in the field, visiting tribe after tribe. Her winters she gives up to analyzing the scores, according to the fundamental rules of musical composition. Her work involves unusual difficulties aside from a deep musical education. Many of the songs, especially those of a religious nature, are semi-secret. Only selected Indians who have undergone special preparation are supposed to know them. It has been necessary for Miss Densmore to penetrate the reserve of these men and persuade them to trust to a total stranger

more than they would to their own children.

The bureau of American ethnology is supporting the work for two reasons. Miss Densmore's collections have furnished a wealth of themes and ideas to prominent composers who have been able to reproduce something of the spirit of the old-time Indians. At the same time they will prove valuable in the future to the Indians themselves—practically the only record of their tribal history.

Indian music, Miss Densmore says, is unique. It is often an expression of deeply involved, childlike pantheism, constructed with subtle mechanism of notes. The accuracy with which it has been passed from generation to generation without any written notation and retained solely in the memory is considered marvelous.

Miss Densmore's work adds another link to the chain which connects the North American tribes with Asia, where they are presumed to have originated. She finds that Indian music, widely different in conception and construction from anything in Europe or Africa, bears a striking resemblance to the music of Chinese and Japanese. It is an expression of the independence and pride of the red man with nothing of the sentimentality about it that sometimes marks negro or Caucasian melodies.

Much of its effect is lost, Miss Densmore says, when rendered on a piano and she warns against experimenting with the themes she has worked out on that instrument. She finds one of the best accompaniments to Indian songs a mere beating time with a stick against a table top.

Music Reveals Indian Spirit of Fine Qualities



PRINCESS NINGOMENOW

Traditional Themes, Dances, Inheritance Given to America

By BRUNO DAVID USSHER

Introducing Princess Ningomenow of the famous Delaware Indian of the famous Delaware Indian tribe.

Princess Ningomenow received friends today in her room at the Biltmore hotel, where she is registered as Mrs. Eugene B. Lawson of Nowata, Okla.

The program of the federation biennial, opening today, lists her as member of the Indian welfare committee and chairman of the Indian music committee of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs. She will be a speaker at the June 11 meeting.

Mrs. Lawson, as she prefers to be called, inherited her title from her mother, who was the daughter of Rev. Charles Journeycake, the last tribal chief of the Delawares. It would be a long record to relate the amazing details of Mrs. Lawson's career, given in the federation bulletin. She is a born leader, one of the foremost civic workers in her city, general federation secretary and twice federation director, state chairman of the woman's council of defense during the war. Which may suffice to illustrate her executive ability.

CULTURED WOMAN

Needless to say, she is a woman of wide culture, college graduate and accomplished musician. At the age of 10 she was appointed assistant organist. Hence it was about music, and Indian music, that Mrs. Lawson chatted. Also of the Indian music exhibit in her charge, which is part of the comprehensive American music exhibit forming one of the convention features. It starts today at the Southern California Music building, 810 South Broadway, and is open to the public.

REVEALS FINE QUALITIES

But to quote Mrs. Lawson:

"Music more than anything else impressed Americans with the fine qualities that rest in the Indian soul. The strength and richness of Indian character perhaps has not been realized fully by the people in general. Music has bridged this chasm. The work of such composers as MacDowell, Lieurance, Cadman, Farwell, Skilton, Logan and Troyer has done much to arouse interest in the Indian. But for their research work and recording, native Indian songs and rituals would have faded into the darkness of past history.

"Of all American composers who have found the heart-spring of Indian feeling and greatness MacDowell must be given especial mention. While one must know the Indian mode of life and worship in order to fully understand the meaning of these melodies, MacDowell, as no other composer, has prescribed in his music the characteristics of the native themes."

W. Clive Bradford Illuminates Indian Music Scope and Influence

W. Clive Bradford of Salt Lake, nationally known authority on recreational and folk song activities, who recently returned from Santa Fe, N. M., where he was art director of the centuries-old fiesta of Spanish and Indian music, makes some interesting and helpful observations on Indian music at the request of the music editor of The Tribune. Mr. Bradford's standing and attainments are such that he may be accepted as knowing whereof he speaks. In discussion of the subject yesterday he said:

"There has been a great deal of discussion regarding the economic value of music. By that I mean its value in the life of the average man or woman to fit them for better doings in life. During the war days the war department had a difficult time to convince a great many of the generals that music might be utilized as an agency for uplifting the morale of the men. When once the men began to sing, however, there was no question about the value of music as a fighting instrument, for it immediately assumed a vital place in the U. S. army routine life.

"The Indian has always used music in the vital way. His religion has consisted of singing and dancing ceremonials. Music has comprised a large part of his ceremonials. All of the Indian tribes and Pueblos are divided into summer and winter people. The children always inherit the mother's traditions. The summer people sing and dance the summer ceremonials and the winter people take care of the winter ceremonials. The sun dance, for instance, is a song and dance of the summer people, while the basket dance is handled exclusively by the winter people. The prayer and song to the sun god are participated in during the winter months and from a supplication by the winter people for more warmth. The snowbird song, one of the most beautiful of all the Indian songs, is an expression of appreciation for the

first snow and is, of course, a part of the program of the winter people. The bow and arrow dance and ceremony is in reality a prayer for abundance of game and is participated in by both the winter and the summer folks in times of hunger. The eagle dance is one of the ceremonies of the summer people which is in reality a supplication for rain, for there is an old tradition that when the eagles soar in a certain manner they are seeking to draw dew from the rocky cliffs for their young. The flute song and dance is a ceremony of the summer people and the eternal cry for water underlies this worship. Anyone who has listened to the beautiful songs that accompany the flute dance will never forget the rippling, laughing melody and rhythm.

"Even the snake dance of the Hopi Indians is a prayer for rain, sung and danced by the summer people. Four days are spent in hunting snakes and as a coiled rattle snake is spied a piece of sacred meal is cast upon the serpent and a prayer addressed to it. Then the Indian waves the snake whip—a stick with two long buzzard feathers at the end—slowly over the reptile and as it coils he seizes it and slips it into a buckskin sack. As he takes possession of the snake he hisses a weird minor tune. On the ninth day at sundown the snakes are carried to the plaza, where the hissing minor strains are sung by the entire tribe as the priest takes the snake in his mouth and in shrieking tones supplicates the deity for rain.

"One who has seen any of the above dances accompanied by song will retain forever the impression that the Indian understands the descriptive value of tone and the relationship between tone and rhythm. Wagner has never described a storm or a peaceful scene in nature more adequately than the Indian describes any of his ceremonies through music. For his happy moments he has a joyous, rapidly moving tone; for his moments of distress he has a weird minor harmonic construction which almost strikes terror to one's

heart, while for his doubtful moments he has a drawl tone of humility which the best of our church music composers might very well imitate.

"Music to the Indian is vital; it is real; it is religion; it is life."

SAN DIEGO, CAL., SUN—47

APRIL 21, 1925

SANTA BARBARA MUSEUM SEEKS \$5000 TO PRINT INDIAN SONGS

**Aged Redman to Give Dictaphone Lore of Tribe;
Publication Will Be Unique**

The Santa Barbara museum is raising a \$5000 fund to finance the recording, transportation and publication of the Indian songs of California.

"It is an astonishing fact," the Smithsonian institution, Washington, states, "that there is nothing in print on the native Indian songs of California and the southwest. Thus far no study has been given to them. No large collection of them has ever been made.

"While the recent publication by Lummis of California Spanish songs has been enthusiastically received by the public at large, and is already in its fourth edition, the vastly more interesting native songs are being allowed to perish with the death of the older generation of Indians, unstudied and unprized. The Spanish songs of California are not native; they have their counterparts in Mexico, and even in old Spain.

"The Indian melodies are as old as the hills of California; they breathe the contact of the primitive Asiatics with the sea, shore, coast range, and interior deserts and ranges. For thousands of years a native California music has been developed by these primitive people. The least we, who are destroying their culture, can do is to record and study their music, and by listening to its

weird melodies, enrich our own.

RECORD BIBLE STUDY

"One part of the work will be to record the story of creation as related by an Indian now more than 80 years old, who knows the Indian Bible, handed down by word of mouth. This relation is dramatic in the extreme and is interspersed with songs. Whenever a climax is reached, the character sings. Other sections are chanted. This account the aged informant has agreed to tell and sing into the dictaphone.

"The \$5000 fund that the Santa Barbara museum is raising will be used for the services of Miss Helen H. Roberts, a young woman especially trained in transcribing songs, field expenses, the purchase of dictaphone blanks and the publication of the results as a popular yet scientific volume, entitled "Indian Songs of California," published by the museum and printed at Santa Barbara. We have found that the printing can be done as cheaply at Santa Barbara as elsewhere.

"We ask those interested in music and in the furthering of a truly scientific project to contribute to this fund."

PASADENA, CAL.,
SHEAR-NEWS-14
JUNE 6, 1925

music

CHIEF YOWLACHE TO SING HERE MONDAY

Famous Indian Baritone
Will Take Part in
Benefit Program

Chief Yowlache, the famous American Indian baritone, will again be heard in Pasadena on an all-Indian program, at the Shakespeare clubhouse, Monday evening, June 8, at 8:15. The chief comes direct from his engagement at Grauman's Egyptian Theater in Hollywood, where he has been charming the thousands who have heard him in the prologue of the Iron Horse.

Chief Eagle Wing, a Klamath Indian, whose versatility and grace is known and recognized on the Orpheum Circuit the country over, will appear in many wonderful ceremonial songs and dances. Princess Ramona will also be an added attraction, and will assist Chief Eagle Wing in several lovely numbers.

Brilliant costumes, weird and beautiful dances and ancient tribal legends and ceremonials will be features of the entertainment. These interesting and talented people are not only well versed in their own Indian lore, but even surpass the white man in his own modern music and dancing.

Jane Zane Gordon, Wyandotte princess (Who-shon-no), needs no introduction, having spoken here and elsewhere in behalf of Indians and Indian relief work. She will tell of many interesting things in her life on the reservation and of her work for her people.

Mrs. Verna B. Richardson, who is working with Miss Gordon in the American Indian reparation and reconstruction work, has, in arranging this interesting event, brought not only unusual entertainment to Pasadena, but much of educational value as well. It is hoped that all those interested in Indian welfare will come and hear this worthwhile program, the proceeds of which will go toward the establishment of a home for Indian girls and a headquarters for the Indian employment bureau. The date is next Monday evening, at 8:15 in the New Shakespeare clubhouse, Los Robles, near Center.

BOSTON, MASS
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

FEB 1 1926

Wealth of Indian Song and Legend Collected in Arizona Pueblos

Dr. Derrick Lehmer, University of California Professor, Transcribes Themes of Primitive Melodies
Reflecting Mountain, Forest, and Open Sky

BERKELEY, Calif., Feb. 1 (Staff Correspondence)—A new wealth of Indian song and legend has been collected by Dr. Derrick Lehmer, professor of mathematics at the University of California. His excursion among the Hopi and Navajo Indians in Arizona has been rewarded by the discovery of data and facts bearing upon the character and customs of these people.

Dr. Lehmer is versed in musical transcription, and his collection of phonograph records of Indian songs is said to be one of the finest in America. Many of the crude themes of the Indian song he has transcribed to pieces of unusual beauty. However, he avoids artificiality, aiming to reproduce, not to imitate and distort melodies to make them merely pleasing to the ear.

Songs Need Modification

"The song of the Indian is as difficult to put into black and white as the call of a bird or the cry of a wild animal," says Dr. Lehmer. "There is a certain flavor which is sure to be lost in the transcription. Even if absolute accuracy in the representation were possible, it would not be available for purposes of art without some adjustments and modifications."

That the real Indian song is almost intolerable to the ear of the white man, Dr. Lehmer admits. This fact was clearly demonstrated in the recent performances of a group of 12 Indian chieftains from the Pueblos of New Mexico who entertained Bay City audiences with songs and dances of their native lore.

The songs were interesting, splendidly done according to Indian technique, and the effect was heightened

by the colorfulness of costuming, but they were not beautiful to the ear. With all their suggestiveness of mountain and forest and expanse of sky, these songs lacked both the tunefulness of a simple musical theme and any approach to the content of a symphonic poem.

Have Distinctive Background

Why the primitive melody of the Indian is not pleasing is explained by Dr. Lehmer: "The endless repetitions, the explosive interjections and the lack of accompanying harmony are enough to make the song intolerable. On the other hand to trim up these wild folk songs in all the sophistication of free verse is as absurd as it would be to dress up the Indian himself in a silk hat and patent leather shoes. The Indian song is born of a world about which we know little. Did we know we should understand and appreciate without perhaps preferring entirely his music to our own."

"Seven Indian Songs from the Yosemite Valley," is the collection recently published by Dr. Lehmer, who transcribed the songs from records made by the anthropology department of Miwok tribal music. He has written many Indian songs for piano and flute. It is his aim to treat in like manner the fragments gathered from the Indians in Arizona, molding them into lyrics and musical themes which will express Indian life as seen through the eyes of a sympathetic artist.

APRIL 3, 1925 [1926]

Secrets Of California Indians Bared

Washington, April 3.—An Indian musical instrument made of a string of acorns is the latest discovery to be made by J. P. Harrington, ethnologist of the Smithsonian Institution, in his fruitful researches among the 90 and 100-year-old elders of the Californian Indian tribes.

"The instrument consists of a string of acorns, carefully tuned according to their size," says Mr. Harrington in a report to Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, chief of the bureau of ethnology.

"One end of the string is held in the hand and each acorn in turn is held in the mouth between the teeth. As the string is swung and pulled taut by the other hand, the acorn between the teeth vibrates with a clear tone, and by alternating the acorns a tune is played as pretty as flute music."

Cut the Elder Green

Another interesting discovery of a musical nature made by Mr. Harrington is the process of Indian flute manufacture out of elder wood.

"The Indians cut the elder stick green in the early spring and let it lie with the leaves on it for a week or so that the leaves might draw the sap out." That prevented it from cracking. Only four holes were bored, the method being to scrape the wall of the flute where the holes were to be bored very thin and then to press a glowing twig of the desired diameter against the wall.

"The holes were placed at random, so that each flute had a different scale. Some players knew as many as 30 tunes. Many of these were peculiarly flute melodies and were never sung."

According to Harrington, these Indians worshiped the elder as the tree of music and myths existed among them of magical elder trees that gave forth notes at night.

Water Monster Myth

Among the treasures Harrington has rescued from oblivion is the myth of the water monster of the great peak of Santa Rosa in Riverside county. The many springs of the peak are the doors to the home of the water monster. It is he who makes the strange bellowing noises that are heard especially at night about the peak.

Thanks to old Manuel Tuertes of Santa Rosa rancheria, Mr. Harrington was able to discover the two great rocks, "that are what remain of the twin culture heroes who fixed up the world at the start of things."

SACRAMENTO CALIF. — SEE

Karok

APRIL 28, 1926

MUSIC OF KLAMATH TRIBE IS STUDIED BY YALE WOMAN

YREKA (Siskiyou Co.), April 28. To learn the music of the Klamath Indians, their folk and tribal songs, their intonation and their sense of rhythm, Helen H. Roberts of the Yale University Institute of Psychology spent several weeks in the vicinity of Somes Bar. She has left for Eureka, where she will continue her studies before returning to the East.

The music of the various tribes of Indians throughout the United States has become an intensive study on the part of Miss Roberts, who will turn over her findings to the institute for publication as soon as she has compiled the data gathered. Little or nothing is known of the music of the Klamaths so Miss Roberts made the cross-continent trip for the express purpose of gathering information concerning this tribe.

SA. FRANCISCO, CALIF.

CALL

MAY 8, 1926

Jacobi to Lecture On Indian Music For Defense Body

364
Frederick Jacobi, the composer, is on his way from New Mexico, where he has been studying the music of the Pueblo Indians, to lecture at Chickering Hall Wednesday evening on Indian music, under the auspices of the Indian Defense Association.

The lecture will be illustrated with piano illustrations of the Indian music as transcribed by Jacobi, some of which was included in one of his string quartets, which was played here by the Chamber Music Society.

An exhibit of Indian arts and crafts is being held at the Paul Elder Gallery, 239 Post street, in connection with this lecture and will continue until May 15.

Strange Rhythms of Indian Music Play Major Part in Cures by Medicine Men

Wash. Star

July 4, 1926

How the strange rhythms of Indian music played a most important part in old Indian ceremonies and in treatment of the sick by medicine men is explained by Miss Frances Densmore, collaborator of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

In a paper presented to the Twentieth International Congress of Americanists, which has just been received in this country, she points out the importance of rhythm in Indian music. The Indians learned many of their songs in dreams. The Indian put himself in a mental and physical state somewhat akin to self-hypnotism. He believed that this "dream" state would bring him supernatural experiences, and that songs were given in such dreams by supernatural entities commonly called "spirits."

"In the dream this supernatural entity promised the Indian aid in time of need," says Miss Densmore. "And this assistance was to be obtained by singing the song and performing certain acts. Thus, in the opinion of the Indian, a spirit communicated with him in a manner which was rhythmic, and he had the power to re-establish the communication and draw upon a source of supernatural power by repeating this rhythm in the form of his 'personal song.'"

If the song was one for healing a disease, the Indian could use it to treat the sick. If a patient did not recover, it was supposed either that the diagnosis of the case was incorrect, or else the patient was suffering from more than one disease. In the latter event the second disease must be determined, and then a singer must be summoned who knew the proper songs for its cure. In all of this musical therapy the songs, with their strongly rhythmic quality, were regarded as vital in working the cure.

"The Indian did not consciously attribute the power to rhythm," says Miss Densmore. "He did not reason things out to that extent. He was, however, confident that the suggestion did the work, and from our study and general knowledge it appears probable that the rhythm was the principal power. The Indian singer

knew it by a sort of primitive intuition, but could not explain it.

"The importance of rhythm is shown by the fact that an Indian singer remembers the rhythm of a song more accurately than the melody, often repeating the rhythm with exactness, when changing the melodic progressions."

After transcription and analysis of more than 1,350 Indian songs, representing music of 13 tribes, this expert on Indian music concludes that peculiarity of rhythm is the chief racial characteristic of Indian music, and in the mind of the Indian it is closely associated with supernatural or mysterious power.

This intellectual use of rhythm by the Indian medicine men is quite different from the emotional use of rhythm by negroes, she points out, the negro rhythms being used for self-expression.

U.C. Chimes Will Play Indian Songs

American Indian songs collected and transcribed by Derrick N. Lehmer, professor of mathematics at the University of California, will be the feature of the chimes program for next week, as announced by Charles B. Weikel, U. C. chimesmaster. On Thursday morning two numbers, "Fair Harvard" and "Fight for California," will be played especially for Miss Helen Duprey of the University News Service, who is leaving on that date for New York, where she will become the bride of Orin Miles Bullock Jr. Bullock is completing a course in the Harvard School of Architecture, having received an honorary scholarship from that institution.

The complete program for next week follows:

Monday

7:50—Weikel: Prelude; Spofforth: "Hail, Smiling Morn"; Caldicott: "With Horse and Hound"; Welsh: "Hunting the Hare."

12—Scott: "In Canterbury Square"; Wells: "The Mulberry Tree."

6:00—Sullivan: Selections from "Princess Ida."

Tuesday

7:50—Mendelssohn: "War March of the Priests," "Huntsman's Departure," "The Grain Field," "I Would That My Love."

12:00—Lemare: "Chimes Song," Andantino.

6:00—German Folksongs: "Als der Grossvater," "Als ich meiner Bleiche," "Der Knabe und das Veilchen," "Bruderlein fein," "An Alexis," "Die Welt, ein Orchester."

Wednesday

7:50—American Indian songs (collected and transcribed by Professor Lehmer): Love Song (Pomo); Dance Song (Pomo); Love Song (Pomo); Grinding Song (Hopi); Spring on the Mesa (Hopi); Down the Stream (Miwok).

12:00—MacDowell: From an Indian Lodge; song.

FEBRUARY 20, 1927

NO INDIAN LOVE SONGS.

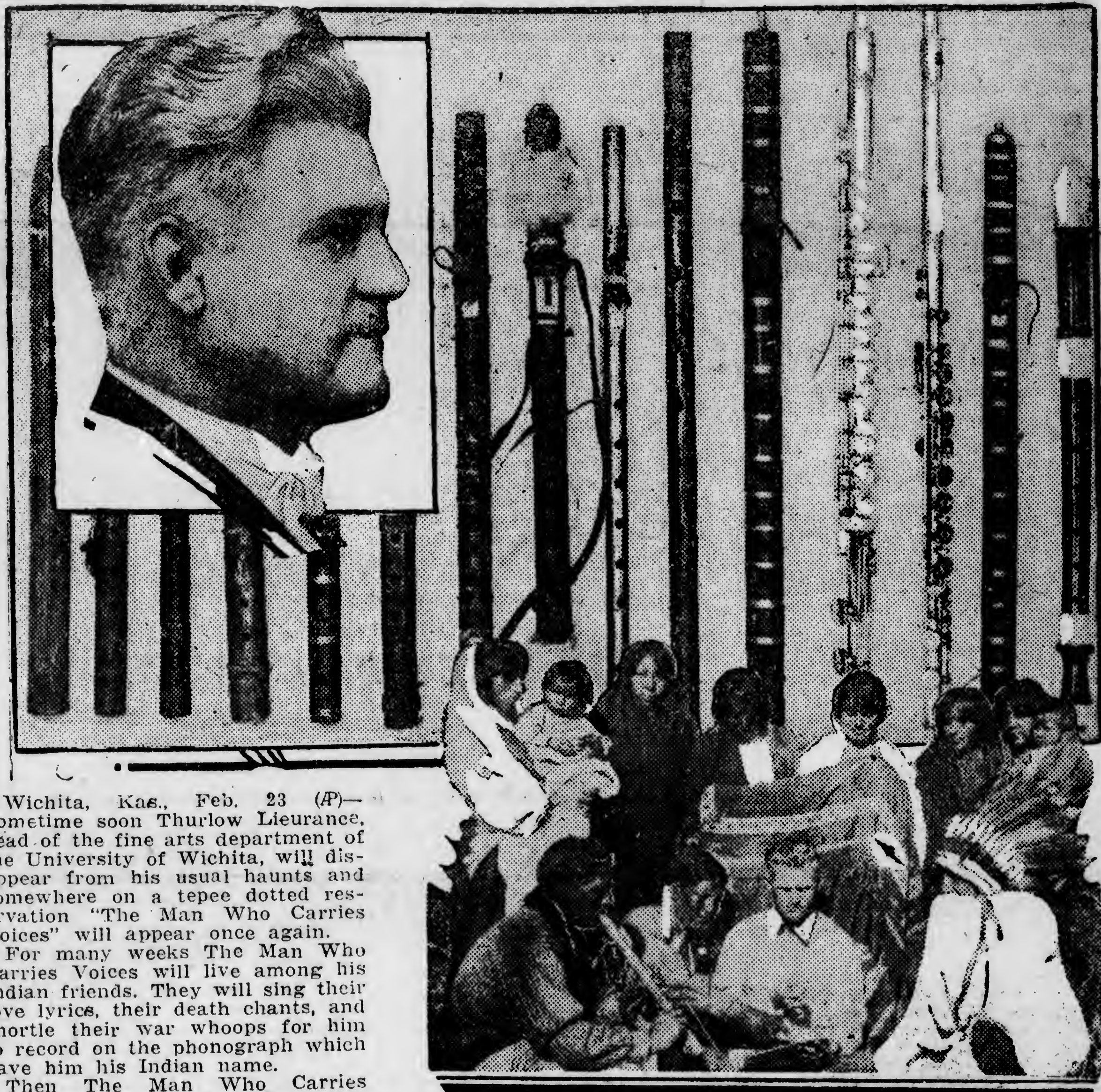
Few early American Indians had real love songs, declares a writer who has devoted her career to visiting Indian tribes collecting native music. A haunting Indian love song sung in romantic tenor, says the writer, always conjures up a picture of an Indian brave serenading his sweetheart in some primeval setting. But however good this may be as "musical magic," it is ethnologically inaccurate and does not square with the facts. For only one tribe, and that one living in aloofness in the Cape Flattery region, sang the "conventional love song."

This student of our aborigines and their music discerns great qualities in their very taciturnity, saying, "In the absence of love songs among the old-time Indians we see an evidence of their delicacy and sensitiveness as well as their silence concerning whatever was deepest and most sacred in their feelings. The Indian knew how to leave a great deal unsaid, and he trusted more to silence than we in our day of much talking."

Present day jazz "artists" hearing this will no doubt without any hesitation whatever classify our early Indian people as incurably peculiar.

Feb 24 - 1927

Man Who Carries Voices Preserves in Notes and Arias the Life of the Indians



Wichita, Kas., Feb. 23 (P)—Sometime soon Thurlow Lieurance, head of the fine arts department of the University of Wichita, will disappear from his usual haunts and somewhere on a tepee dotted reservation "The Man Who Carries Voices" will appear once again.

For many weeks The Man Who Carries Voices will live among his Indian friends. They will sing their love lyrics, their death chants, and chortle their war whoops for him to record on the phonograph which gave him his Indian name.

Then The Man Who Carries Voces will leave the reservation and as Thurlow Lieurance, composer of "By the Waters of Minnetonka," "Lullaby," and dozens of other songs, will return to his home to play and replay the records and interpret the sounds in modern music forms.

This singular procedure has been repeating itself for more than 15 years, and, as a result, Lieurance has gained fame for his musical interpretations of the life of the fast-disappearing American Indian. He is recognized as one of the foremost critics of Indian music.

Trustees of the University have granted Lieurance an extended leave of absence and he plans to spend part of it in further studies. The composer has melodies from

about 30 different Indian tribes in North America in his phonograph library. He has gathered many Indian mementos and his collection of 40 Indian flutes is considered one of the largest and finest in the world. In his Indian programs, the flute music provides the background, for, he says, the flute is the only native Indian instrument.

"Minnetonka" was written from material gathered from a tribe of Sioux Indians. Lieurance carried

the melody in his mind for many months and then set it on paper. Years went by before it obtained general recognition. Some way it got to Europe and Julia Clup, the Dutch musician, read it, played it, and introduced the piece back to America with its resulting tremendous success.

Much of Lieurance's actual composition work is done at "Cherry Hill," his summer home near Taylor's Falls, Minn.

Upper left—Prof. Thurlow Lieurance, "The Man Who Carries Voices." Upper—A group of Indian flutes. Lower—Prof. Lieurance going over a piece of music with a group of Indians. While the Indian plays the flute, the finger follows the music.

MAY 21, 1927

INDIAN WINNER COUNTY TITLE

Alex Ignacio Is Champion Harmonica Player in Contest

Before an audience of 1000 persons who packed the First Baptist Church auditorium, Alex James Ignacio, 18-year-old student of Sherman Indian Institute, last night was acclaimed the "champion harmonica player of Riverside County." Ignacio extracted melody from his tiny instrument in an expert manner, and triumphed over twenty-five other contestants.

Arranged and directed by George Swing for the Boy Scouts of the Baptist Church, the program was one of great variety. Harmonicas reigned supreme from the one in the hands of Tommy Lorbeer, the champion smallest player, to the band of 100 school students who studiously practiced several weeks under the direction of Mrs. Cora Merry.

The band played several numbers under the midget-leader, Keith Mason, and their offerings were greeted with tremendous ovations. Mrs. Merry will continue with the youngsters through next term, she announced last night.

Members of the band range in age from 6 to 15 years, and play hours often are sacrificed to practice with the mouth-organs, she said. Young Roland Hawes, no bigger than the director, is accompanist for the band.

Winners named by Judges Wallace Tate, Ira Kennedy and Dr. J. W. Neblett follow:

Gussie Sue Manuel, best Sherman Institute girl player; Roy Caldwell of Hemet, best out-of-town player; James Tower, best player of third grade students; Patrick Thornton of Banning, best player from the fifth grade; Jasper Field, champion harmonicist of sixth grade; Gertrude Cussen, best girl player; Tommy Lorbeer, the best youngest player; Ralph Scatena of Palm Springs, champion player of eighth and ninth grade students; Mary Louise Holmes, second best girl player; and Eula Hess, best girl musician of sixth grades.

Allen's Clipping Press Bureau

SAN FRANCISCO.
LOS ANGELES
PORTLAND, ORE.
CLIPPING FROM

OAKLAND, CALIF.
POST ENQUIRER
SEPTEMBER 23, 1927

INDIAN PROGRAM AT TECHNICAL HIGH

"Indian Lore" was the subject of a lecture given by H. O. Welty, principal of Technical high school, today before the students of Emeryville school. The girls' glee club of the school sang a group of Indian songs composed by D. N. Lehmer, professor of mathematics at the University of California.

SACRAMENTO CALIF.—UNION

OCTOBER 31, 1927

Authority³⁶⁴ Will Sing Indian Songs

Laura Mason Crisp, member of the Osage Indian tribe, authority on Indian music and vocalist of ability, will be in Sacramento today and tomorrow. She will appear before a meeting of the Campfire Girls tomorrow at Sherman, Clay & Co., Ninth and J streets, from 4 to 5 o'clock.

She is said to possess one of the most complete and valuable collections of Indian relics in the United States. The tour Laura Mason Crisp (Starlight) is making is to arouse interest in the history and present culture of the Indian. She sings the old Indian tribal songs and also addresses Campfire Girls, Girl Scouts and similar organizations on the beauties of the "Close to Nature" life. She uses the banjo as an accompanying instrument also for solo work. The banjo is the one musical instrument of purely American origin and is particularly suitable for the type of work this accomplished musician is doing.

BERKELEY, CALIF.

DAILY CALIFORNIAN

NOVEMBER 23, 1927

New Indian Songs, Dances Recorded by Professor Lehmer³⁶⁴

Returning from a trip among the Pomo Indians of Lake County, Professor D. N. Lehmer of the Mathematics department brings with him many new Indian songs and dances.

These heretofore unrecorded melodies were sung for Professor Lehmer by Jim Pumpkin, a blind, 80-year-old member of the tribe. The songs of the Pomo Indians are unusual, Professor Lehmer states, in that they are more regular and more lyrical than most music of the Redmen.

One peculiarity of the music of these people is the almost complete lack of love songs and derisive airs, found frequently among Indian tribes. Also interesting to note is the fact that so extensive are these tribal chants that old Jim Pumpkin remarked that he could sing for a week without once repeating himself.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—
CHRONICLE
JANUARY 31, 1923

city.

Professor Is Honor Guest⁶⁴

Professor Derrick Norman Lehmer, head of the department of mathematics at the University of California and composer and interpreter of Indian music, was the guest of honor at an informal evening last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Roberts of Scenic avenue. Among the guests were members of the Yurok Club, comprised of Yurok Indians of the lower Klamath country.

OAKLAND, CALIF. — TRIBUNE
FEBRUARY 7, 1923

In Concert
HASKE - NAS - WOOD.
Navajo Indian baritone, who will
give a public recital tomorrow
night in Berkeley.



NAVAJO SINGER TO BE HEARD

Haske-Nas-Wood, the young Navajo Indian baritone, who has been entertained extensively since his arrival in the Eastbay recently, will appear for the first time in public recital tomorrow night in Alumnae hall at the Anna Head school, Berkeley. It will be his only recital this season in the Eastbay.

The program will consist of a group of Navajo tribal songs, with drum accompaniment, and other songs by white composers, with piano accompaniment by Miss Helen Lehmer. Haske-Nas-Wood will sing "The Hunter's Loud Halloo," by O'Hara; "Retreat," by La Forge; "Nichavo!" by Mana-Zucca; "Wah-nee-tah" and "The Hills Are Shining," by Castle; four songs by Prof. Derrick N. Lehmer, Lieurance's "Love Song" and "From an Indian Village"; Grunn's "Peyote Drinking Song"; and "Rain in the Desert," by Jeancon. He will appear in Indian costume.

Among the patrons sponsoring the young Indian singer's first appearance here are Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Armer, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Cleaveland, Mr. and Mrs. Dane Coolidge, Miss Ruth Cross, Prof. and Mrs. Derrick Lehmer, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Howard, Mrs. E. H. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. William Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Eltse, Miss Mary Pierce and Miss Mary E. Wilson.

Following his Berkeley concert, Haske-Nas-Wood will go to Carmel, where he will sing in the theater of the Golden Bough on Saturday and Sunday evenings, February 11 and 12.

CONCORD, CALIF.
TRANSCRIPT
MARCH 8, 1928

Diablo High News

The students of Diablo had the most unusual privilege of hearing the celebrated Navajo baratone, Haske-Nask-Wood, at the regular student body meeting Friday, March 3.

Haske-Nask-Wood is a full blooded Navajo Indian born and reared on the Navajo reservation in New Mexico. He attended the reservation school, where it was found that Haske-Nask-Wood had an excellent voice. After graduating, he studied music and now is a finished singer.

His repertoire consisted of Navajo songs, a war song of the Pueblo Indians, and some Indian songs written by Professor Lehmer of the University of California. He was encored time and time again. His final number consisted of war dance steps. They met with a storm of applause.

The program presented Friday was without doubt the most enjoyed program that has been given at the high school for some time.

Rare Heritage of Indian Music Being Recorded by Dr. Lehmer

Poetic, Rich in Legend and Lore, Guarded by the Tribe
but Unrecorded—These Songs Might Be Lost
to World If Not Valued Also by White Man

INDIAN music—to the white man endless repetitions, explosive interjections, and lack of harmony, but to the red man or the occasional student of this native American music—a song of the tepee and campfire, an appeal to the Great Spirit for a bountiful crop of maize, or a legend of lost love—this is the subject that has claimed the attention of Dr. Derrick Lehmer, professor of mathematics at the University of California, Berkeley, Calif.

Dr. Lehmer makes the collection of Indian music his special obligation and through it has definitely enriched the store of these precious folk possessions of American music. Although he began this work but four years ago he is now recognized as one of the few authorities on Indian music. This versatile college educator is a musician, composer, a member of the California Writers' Club and editor of the quarterly University of California Chronicle; so singing and writing poetry were no new adventures to him when he first approached the study of Indian music.

He was engaged in writing a pageant of Yosemite Valley legends at the time, and went to the anthropology department of the university for assistance. There he found phonograph records of Indian songs which started him in this unique field of composition. Since then he has taken a small recording phonograph through many parts of the great Pacific region and the Southwest, going to Indian reservations, into deserts and mountains to record these strange melodies.

The songs of the Miwok, the Apache, the Chippewa, the Hopi, the Navajo, the Sioux, the Crow, the Pomo and the Yurok are among the collection which he gathered in this manner.

As the Call of a Bird

In his preface to "Seven Indian Songs," which he published in 1924, Dr. Lehmer says: "The song of the Indian is as difficult to put into black and white as the call of a bird or the cry of a wild animal. There is a certain gamy flavor which is sure to be lost in the transcription. Even if absolute accuracy in the representation were possible it would not be available for purposes of art without some adjustments and modifications. The endless repetitions, the explosive interjections, the lack of accompanying harmony, are enough to make the real Indian song intolerable to the ear of the white man." These seven songs were from the Miwok tribes of the Yosemite Valley.

Twenty-six other songs of different tribes have been completed by Dr. Lehmer, and he plans publication of about 60 Miwok airs in what might be termed the "original." In these 60 he will translate the airs into our modern musical notation as far as that notation permits, without regard to the white man's musical ideas and without accompaniment.

The best explanation of the essential difference between the music of the red man and that of his white brother is probably that made by an Indian to his collector friend. It was the terse comment: "White man's song too much talk."

Perhaps the Indian in his nearness to nature, in his life in desert mountain and forest, in his mysterious, reverent beliefs, does not need a volume of words to express what he feels. Often the words of his songs are untranslatable into a modern tongue; particularly is this true of the Miwoks, whose legends are of ancient origin and whose intervals somewhat resemble the early Greek modes. The words used, though meaningless to other ears, are associated by the tribe with some episode, and to their inward-looking vision suffice.

Another characteristic of the Indian's song is his tendency to have little regard for the formal closing cadence. When the native singer feels like it, he simply stops. Just why it has been expected that much of Indian music is in the minor is strange, unless it has been a projection of our own interpretation of what Indian music should be; for the Indian uses the major and minor quite interchangeably. However, they do not express quite the same

mood to him that they do to the white man.

Rhythm of Tom-Tom

One young admirer of Dr. Lehmer who has herself studied Indian music in a small way answered to someone who had called Dr. Lehmer's work his hobby:

"I think he finds it something more than a hobby. He is a poet, you know, and he sees the music and poetry of the songs. He sang us some, and even without the words they have a lovely syllable sound. Some of them are very jolly and all have the rhythm of the tom-tom, inescapable, steady, throbbing—over which the melody plays fresh, strange and warm."

Very seldom does Dr. Lehmer make an attempt to translate the words literally. Often they have no

time. He is the Indian lyricist. While his story-telling may be declamatory, his songs are not. They use the form of well-balanced phrase and answering phrase. He has a well-developed sense of key but for all his usable knowledge sticks to the shorter forms. The Miwok employs a happy idea for a hard day's work in his belief that he is freed from his tiredness through song. Before undertaking a strenuous bit of work he will first sit down and sing and will then arise prepared for his task.

Among the Hopi Indians the song has a more extended form and tends to the dramatic.

In gathering material Dr. Lehmer finds the most important step is establishing confidence in himself among the native singers. They do not welcome outsiders but one who comes recommended by a friend is invited to the campfire and given aid by the tribe. The proof of the respect that this dauntless collector has inspired is to be found in his hundreds of songs and his many records, from all the tribes he has visited.

His visits take him far whenever vacations from his teaching duties at the university will permit. Wherever Indian festivals are being held, wherever pageants are presented, and whenever there are large groups of Indians gathered for some occasion, there he is likely to be found

Actual Indian Music—With Words in Forgotten Language

Wi-hi-oe-aye-aye Nay-ay-me Nay-nay Nay-ay-me Aye-ying Aye-yay Hay.

Yo pumne ne-me-hay O

Yo ki-da ah-ha Ya-ha-a-ah-

Recorded by D. N. Lehmer

significance or are reduced to mere syllables such as "O-yo-li-lo" repeated over and over; or to such explosive vocal utterances as "Yo! Hah!"

To offset this sameness Dr. Lehmer has assembled and fitted together airs of different songs, then supplied his own words, as well as harmony. The words bear a logical relation to



Dr. Derrick Lehmer, Collector of Indian Music. Dr. Lehmer is Professor of Mathematics at the University of California, Berkeley.

the airs, and appear in the accepted guise of the Indian's poetic utterance. In the Miwok song "The Dawn" he used for the first few measures "The Mourning Dove Song," as a second theme a song used between dances, and for the climax, a "Song to the Sun." The combination makes a work in quite logical order growing in dramatic intensity to the end.

Five-Tone Scale

There is much use of the five-tone scale and concession to definite rhythmic effects. The Miwok is master of complicated rhythms, another resemblance to the early Greek modes, but resorts mostly to combinations and of double and triple

GERMAN ENGINEER TELLS OF TREATMENT

Arrested by Soviet Police and Treated as Criminal

BY WIRELESS TO THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

BERLIN—The description given by Dr. Goldstein, one of the German engineers arrested by the Soviets who has just returned to Berlin, of the treatment accorded him by the Russian officials surpasses in its gruesome details all the fragmentary reports which hitherto have reached this country. He was fetched out of bed in the roughest manner at 2 o'clock in the morning, was forbidden to speak while his belongings were searched most carefully, and was conveyed across the steppes in an open wagon without sufficient protection against the bitter cold as if he were a criminal.

The next night he spent in a prison cell, 4 meters by 3, together with four Russian prisoners. He was then transported to the prison at Rostoff, where he was compelled to share a cell, 1 meter by 70 centimeters broad and 4 meters long, with seven Russian prisoners.

In both instances the cell was extremely dirty and verminous. Every two days he was permitted to walk for five minutes in the courtyard. All this because the Reds had made an incorrect translation of a letter he received from one of his mechanics, in which the latter spoke of the abnormal conditions reigning in the industrial district of the Donetz basin. This was taken as sufficient proof of the charge that Dr. Goldstein was committing sabotage.

quirer with the law. Instead, there will be in the hands of every librarian, or at least available to every librarian, a State Law Index by means of which he can readily ascertain what is the law on any subject in any state and in all the states of the Union.

When it is considered that in the Sixty-ninth Congress there were laws enacted, the output of which filled approximately 2000 pages; and that most of the 48 states meet in biennial sessions—thus producing a legislative output fully 24 times as great—one gets a faint idea of what a stupendous task it means to prepare an index to the State statutes.

New Legislation

Briefly, it was this almost bewildering task of compiling an index to the mass of State laws that made an adequate and uniform system of indexing imperative. Numerous hearings were had before a bill, providing for the revision and printing of an Index to the State Statutes, resulting in the desired act. This act authorized and directed the Librarian of Congress to prepare and report to Congress biennially an index and digest to the legislation of the states of the United States, enacted during the biennium, and authorized a yearly appropriation of the sum of \$30,000 for the carrying out of that act.

that amendment hardly constitutes new matter. Restated matter is indexed, regardless of "newness" if it is re-enacted in the current year. The digest which will accompany the index will bring out all amendments and repeals, whether direct or implied.

At the time when the index was in its earliest stages the authorization was made for conferences between the states on the Delaware River project. There was no possible way for the workers in the Legislative Reference Service to know that what appeared to be mere and local legislation was going to develop into a greatly discussed topic. Another question that is continually asked is, Will information on current legislation be available while the sessions are in progress or immediately after, but previous to the publication of the index? The answer to this question is, according

APRIL 2, 1928

Homer Grunn Coming

What promises to be one of the best programs of the year will be given Tuesday afternoon when Homer Grunn, composer-pianist, and Chief Yowlache, baritone, will give a program of Indian music at the Woman's club.

Both Homer Grunn and Chief Yowlache are well known throughout Southern California. Both have received the highest praises of critics.

Of Homer Grunn the Los Angeles Examiner says:

"Prominent among the musicians who have given prestige to Los Angeles as a musical city is Homer Grunn. As a composer, he has done much to develop an authentic idiom in American music. As a pianist he has won distinction on the concert platform. His songs are in the repertoire of leading recitalists, and his orchestral works, especially his ballets, are increasingly in vogue. As a teacher, Mr. Grunn has achieved success and distinction even in a city where excellent piano instructors abound."

The following outline of the life of Chief Yowlache is of interest:

Chief Yowlache is a full-blooded Yakima Indian from the state of Washington, where he was born and brought up on the tribal reservation. The name of endearment given him by his mother was "Young Thunder," in memory of his grandfather, Big Thunder. Both of these names refer to the vibrant quality of their voices, Chief Yowlache having inherited his from his grandfather who was one of the bravest, most astute chiefs of his tribe. At one time Big Thunder is said to have repulsed an entire tribe of hostile Canadian Indians by the vibrations he sent out through his voice.

Chief Yowlache, fired by the desire to acquire the White Man's musical training, has justified his mother's faith in him, for he is now recognized as the most dynamic singer of his race.

Charles Wakefield Cadman says:

"I am not alone in my opinion of Yowlache's work as exemplified at the Wa Wan club yesterday when he sang a number of different songs before a discriminating audience . . . I was delighted with his singing and artistic handling of his voice."

APRIL 4, 1928

**INDIAN PROGRAM
CHARMS AUDIENCE****Homer Grunn and Chief
Yowlache Entertain
Club Women**

A delightful program of Indian music was given yesterday afternoon at the Riverside Woman's club by Homer Grunn, composer-pianist, and Chief Yowlache, Indian baritone. Chief Yowlache's first song, "Zuni Lovers Wooing" (Trover), was sung first in his native tongue and followed by the English translation. "Included in this group were "I Have Built a Swift Canoe," Cadman's "From the Long Moan of the Sea" and "The Moon Drops Low."

The singer was dressed in the picturesque regalia of an Indian chieftain, his artistic handling of his voice and his dramatic bearing casting a charming spell over the audience. The plaintive, vibrant qualities of his voice transported his hearers to the far away plains where in imagination they pictured the scenes about which he sang.

His second group was composed entirely of songs composed by Homer Grunn, including two love songs. In the third group was Grieg's "Swan Song" and "I Wept, Beloved." For his final offering he sang beautifully the popular number, "On the Road to Mandalay."

Mr. Grunn delighted his audience by playing several groups of his own compositions, the first being three of a pictorial nature, showing the similarity between Indian and Russia music. "The Flute God" was inspired by an old Indian legend; the second, "The Mysterious Story," told of the peculiar calls by which the Indians brought the animals out during the hunt; and the third was "Rain Dance." As an encore Mr. Grunn played "The Song of the Mesa," which was expressive of the distance and quietness of the Hopi plains.

In his second group were "Reverie d'Armour," "Beyond San Jacinto" and "Springtime," a charming waltz. As an encore he played a request number, "Sunrise" from the Desert Suite.

A surprise number on the pro-

gram was an interesting talk by White Bird, wife of Chief Yowlache. She is from the Cherokee tribe, while her husband is a full-blooded Yakima. Mrs. Yowlache described her costume, given to her by the Arapahoes who were at Grauman's theater during the presentation of "The Covered Wagon." The dress was of rose satin with a cape collar made of colored beads which the Indians procured on their trip to London. Her necklace was very old, having been made of deer bones, something rarely seen nowadays. Her handbag was made by the Crows.

The costume of Chief Yowlache was made of buckskin, decorated with long fringe, made by himself. He also had made his beautiful war bonnet, which was fashioned of eagle feathers which it took him four years to collect. His handbag was beaded Sioux fashion.

OAKLAND, CALIF.—TRIBUNE
APRIL 11, 1928

Medicine Man

HOSKIE NASWOOD,
Navajo singer, who will help to
make medicine against the
trouble devils of Friday the
13th, when the California
Writers' club celebrates its an-
nual kick-up at the Claremont
hotel.—Coleman photo.



WRITERS' CLUB TO GIVE BALL

Making medicine against the
double trouble of Friday, the thir-
teenth, which is the evening set
for the first annual Kick-Up ball
of the California Writer's club,
nine seeresses will be on duty at
the Claremont Hotel, according to
Dr. A. Lionel Stevenson, club presi-
dent.

The oldest available art of the
Western Hemisphere, will be pre-
sented to eye and ear by Hoskie
Naswood, Navajo singer, who is to
be one of the artist guests for the
ball. The ancient and more re-
mote art of the Eastern Hemis-
phere will be embodied in the
Oriental dancing of Grace Bur-
roughs, well known danseuse.

Dr. D. N. Lehmer, poet-mathe-
matician of Berkeley, will sing
original whimsies, suggesting
Lewis Carroll, poet-mathematician
of the recently sold "Alice-in-
Wonderland" manuscript.

Eunice Mitchell Lehmer has an-
nounced that a program of
sketches will open the ball at 8
o'clock and from that hour until
1 o'clock the Kick-Up will be in
session. Grace Jones Morgan is
the general chairman.

PALM SPRINGS, CAL.,
DESERT SUN
APRIL 6, 1928

INDIAN BARITONE ENTERTAINS GUESTS OF THE DESERT INN

Chief Yowlache, noted Indian bari-
tone and movie actor, gave the
guests of the Desert Inn a rare treat
Sunday night, when he, accompan-
ied by Professor Homer Grunn at the
piano, sang a number of Prof.
Grunn's Indian songs.

Professor Grunn is a well known
composer of Indian music. He wrote
the music which was sung by Chief
Yowlache at the last Desert Play.
He takes authentic Indian melodies
and harmonizes them.

Chief Yowlache sang Prof. Grunn's
latest Indian song, Sunday night,
the "Peote Drinking Song," which he
also acted.

White Bird, the wife of Chief Yow-
lache, gave a talk on her first trip to
New York.

Original Defective

MAY 3, 1928

MARTIN NAPA IN BENEFIT RECITAL

Mrs. Geo. E. Parker Will
Present Navajo Tenor
Tuesday Evening

Mrs. G. E. Parker will present Martin Napa, Navajo tenor, in a benefit recital in Poly high auditorium Tuesday evening at eight o'clock. He will be assisted by Miss Lorene Dales, soprano; Miss Eleanor Forrester, accompanist, and a group of Indian boys from Sherman institute in presenting the following program:

Duna McGill

Bedouin Love Song Pinsuti

I Know of Two Bright

Eyes Clutson

Martin Napa

Sing, Smile, Slumber Gounod

A Song for Lovers Deems-Taylor

Miss Lorene Dales

The Sunrise Call Troyer

Zuni Lovers Wooing Troyer

Pale Moon Logan

Martin Napa

A group of Indian dances by Eliseo Concha, Jose Cajete, Agapi-to Tapio, Heber Dan and Martin Napa, all in Indian dress with tom-toms, the boys singing as they dance.

Melisande in the Wood Goetz

The Kerry Dance Mallory

Thrushes Song Roy Lamont Smith

Miss Lorene Dales

If God Sent Me You Seaver

The Brown Bird Singing Wood

Mother Machree Ball

Martin Napa

Miss Dales is well known in Riverside as a charming soprano as well as an able accompanist. She is soon to be heard in one of the leading parts in "The Chimes of Normandy."

Martin Napa is a young Navajo Indian student at Sherman institute, who will be graduated this year. He possesses a splendid tenor voice, and this recital is being given to raise funds to assist him in his musical education.

MAY 14, 1923

INDIAN SINGER ON STATE BILL SCORES HIT

364
Beautiful Display of Navajo
Art Atmosphere Is Fea-
ture of Week.

A unique and beautiful display of Navajo Indian art on the mezzanine floor, at the State theater, furnishes atmosphere for the feature act on an interesting program, Haske-Nas-Wood, the



Indian baritone. The collection includes blankets of wonderful weave and design, turquoise native-made jewelry, samples of vari-colored corn that seems to have acquired all the hues of the rainbow is growing, and souvenirs of tribal life. Augmenting the exhibit are paintings of Indian life and habitat, the work of a local artist, Laura Adams Armer, to whom the collection belongs.

Haske-Nas-Wood is making his first appearance at a theater. Hitherto he has restricted himself to recitals on programs at women's clubs. Possessing a voice of wonderful tonal excellence and power, he has unusual control of expression and interpretation of sentiment in his first group, consisting of American ballads, of which "The Land of the Sky Blue Water" affords the best opportunity for sympathetic expression and exhibition of his vocal control and technique. The second group is tribal songs in the Navajo language, with drum accompaniment. The singer merits ranking with any vocalist who is appearing on the stage today.

The program is rich in vocal and instrumental music. Frank Siegrist's orchestra features selections from "Rose Marie," and Siegrist gives a trumpet solo, "At Dawning." As a tribute to mother's day, Walter McCoy sang "Little Mother," "Chuck" Thode playing the piano accompaniment.

Laura La Plante rollicks through an entertaining and humorous screen feature as the star in "Finders Keepers," the title being a sort of misnomer. It is a sort of a war story with no war scenes. Mostly camp life is the locale shown in the film for the unfolding of a romance between a colonel's daughter, the godmother of a regiment, played by Miss La Plante, and a buck private, excellently enacted by John Harron. The story is replete with subtle humor and hilarious comedy situations which never interfere with the clear action of the dominant romance, with a touch of pathos here and there. On the screen also are reels depicting Navajo Indian life and shorter subjects, completing a program interesting, entertaining and well worth the seeing and hearing.—E. S. G.

INDIAN PROGRAM AT CLUB MEETING

—364—
Dancers And Singers Will
Appear Tuesday Morning
At Breakfast Club

The name of Eagle Wing, an Indian dancer, was today added to those of Chief Yowlache and White Bird, the entertainers who are to present an Indian pageant at the weekly meeting of the Verdugo Breakfast club at the Rooster's Nest tomorrow morning, it was announced today by F. P. Newport, sponsor of the program. Eagle Wing is declared to be the greatest living authority on Indian dances today, and his performances have won him nation-wide fame.

In his presentation of his tribal dances tomorrow morning Eagle Wing will appear in elaborate Indian costume, as will also Chief Yowlache, Indian baritone, and White Bird, the wife of the chief, who is also on the program.

During the breakfast the two Indians will be admitted to the club as honorary members, with appropriate ceremonies.

Indian Music Composer

Homer Grunn, the noted composer of Indian songs, has a prominent place on the program that will present for the members of the club what is declared to be one of the most novel entertainments ever staged in the Rooster's Nest.

The wives of the club members have been invited to the breakfast and efforts are being made today to insure that a large attendance of the members will be on hand for the Indian pageant.

Allen's Clipping Press Bureau

LOS ANGELES,

SAN FRANCISCO,

PORTLAND, ORE.

CLIPPING FROM

LOS ANGELES, CAL.,
L. A. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
BULLETIN—670

JUN 25 1928

INDIAN MUSIC

A special program of Indian music was featured at the meeting held by the American Indian Progressive Association in the Chamber dining room, last Wednesday evening. John Steven McGroarty, historian and author of the Mission Play, was the principal speaker.

Allen's Clipping Press Bureau

LOS ANGELES.

SAN FRANCISCO,

PORTLAND, ORE.

CLIPPING FROM

LOS ANGELES, CAL.,
L. A. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
BULLETIN—070

JUN 25 1928

INDIAN MUSIC

A special program of Indian music was featured at the meeting held by the American Indian Progressive Association in the Chamber dining room, last Wednesday evening. John Steven McGroarty, historian and author of the Mission Play, was the principal speaker.

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

SEPTEMBER 4, 1928

Indian Songs on Phonograph Records

Julian Haynes Steward, graduate student in anthropology has just returned to the University of California with fifty phonograph records, made among Indian tribes of Inyo county during the summer just passed and comprising what is said to be the best collection of recordings of tribal songs and melodies ever obtained from this district. In his summer sojourn in the vicinity of Bishop and around Mono lake, Mono county, Steward carried with him a recording phonograph, made friends with the Indians and after gaining their confidence persuaded them to reproduce their native songs.

MADERA, CALIF.
TRIBUNE
SEPTEMBER 13, 1928

INDIAN SONGS ARE COLLECTED

BERKELEY, Sept. 17. — (United Press) — Songs of the vanishing Indian preserved forever on the phonograph discs is the accomplishment of Julian Haynes Steward, graduate student of anthropology at the University of California.

Steward has added his records to those already in the collection of the university and they are considered valuable from a historic standpoint. The university, for a score of years, has been collecting songs of the redmen.

During the summer Steward carried a tiny phonograph into the vicinity of Mono lake and there lived with the Piutes of Inyo county. He studied ancient Indian lore and persuaded the tribesmen to sing their songs for recording.

Steward obtained reproductions of such songs as the Gambling Song, Circle Dance Song, Cry Dance Song and Lost Bear Cub's Lament. The Cry Dance Song was especially difficult to obtain because the Indians object to singing it unless there is a death.

RICHMOND, CALIF.
INDEPENDENT
OCTOBER 24, 1928

INDIAN MUSIC TO FEATURE CLUB PROGRAM

Music, ceremonies and dances of the American Indian will feature the unusual program which has been prepared by Club Mendelssohn for presentation at their guest day program tomorrow in Memorial hall. More than 500 invitations have been issued to the affair, which will no doubt be one of the club season's outstanding events.

Featuring the program will be two full blooded American Indians, members of the Blackfoot tribe, who will present some of their native songs and dances. Lester Horton, one of the Blackfoot tribesmen, will entertain with some Indian ceremonial dances. Horton is a graduate of Carlisle College for Indians. Last week he directed a successful pageant at the Scottish Rite Temple in San Francisco, in which Mr. Ross, the other Blackfoot Indian, had a leading part. Ross will sing some of the native Indian chants and songs. The Blackfoot braves will wear their tribal dress.

The two Indians are directing the arrangement of the stage, where the program is to be presented. Indian bead work, baskets and blankets will be demonstrated by Sophia Reid, Indian basket weaver. Miss Reid will appear in costume, and while she weaves will tell the story connected with the pattern of the basket.

Mrs. Harry C. Roberts, president of Mills club, and active clubwoman of the east bay, will give a short talk on the American Indian. Mrs. Roberts is known throughout the state for her welfare work among Indians with a tribe of northern California Indians in order that she might have a better knowledge of their needs.

Mrs. William Hanlon, of Martinez, who is well known throughout the bay region for her interpretation of Indian songs, will be the guest soloist of the day.

Among the three club members who will contribute to the program will be Miss Alice Wilma Metz, who will give a group of violin numbers, Mrs. Myrtle Allison Smith, accompanist, and Mrs. Samuel Ripley, who will tell an Indian legend. Hughes Fowell, one of the club's scholarship pupils, will close the program with a group of piano solos.

Club Mendelssohn's members who will be hostesses tomorrow include the Mesdames Lee Dicely, Raymond Clarke, Harry Hammond, Ross Calfee, Edward Hoffman, Joseph Eaton and Samuel Ripley.

Mrs. F. C. Schallenberger is president of the club.

RIVERSIDE, CAL.
ENTERPRISE
OCTOBER 24, 1928

**NAPA TO SING
AT PALM SPRINGS**

Martin Napa, Navajo tenor and pupil of Mrs. George Parker, has been signed by Garnett Holmes for the part of soloist and Indian chief in the Palm Springs pageant.

Yesterday Mr. Napa sang at the Colton Woman's club, accompanied by Miss Eleanor Foerster. He sang "Sunrise Call" (Troyer), "Pale Moon" (Logan) and "Myra" (Clutson). For his encore he sang "One Alone" from the "Desert Song." His songs were given in costume and members of the club showered him with compliments at the close of the recital.

RICHMOND, CALIF.
RECORD HERALD
OCTOBER 25, 1928

MENDELSSOHN TO FEATURE INDIAN SONGS, DANCES

American Indian songs, dances and ceremonies will be featured today at a session of the Mendelssohn club in the Memorial hall. More than 500 invitations have been extended for the affair.

Lester Horton, a full blooded Blackfoot Indian, and a graduate of Carlisle, will be featured on the program. He will present tribal dances, songs and ceremonies.

Mrs. Harry C. Roberts, president of the Mills club, and active clubwoman of the bay district, will give a short talk on the American Indian. She is known throughout the state for her welfare work among the Indians.

Mrs. William Hanlon, of Martinecz, who is noted for her interpretation of Indian songs will be the guest soloist of the day.

Miss Alice Wilma Metz, Mrs. Myrtle Allison Smith, Mrs. S. S. Ripley and Hughes, Powell will participate in the program.

Hostesses of the day will include Mrs. Lee Dicely, Mrs. Raymond Clark, Mrs. Harry Hammond, Mrs. Ross Calfee, Mrs. Edward Hoffman, Mrs. Joseph Eaton and Mrs. Samuel Ripley.

DECEMBER 29, 1928

INDIANS TO SING NATIVE MUSIC

Oakland Hiawatha Pageant Attracts Interest of Music Lovers

Because most of the musical score is not only authentically Indian, but is also sung by the Indians themselves, the "Hiawatha Drama Pageant," which will be given at the Oakland Municipal Auditorium Theater on Sunday afternoon and evening, is attracting much attention from music lovers of the east bay, according to Mrs. H. C. Roberts of Piedmont.

About fifty Indians, representing various tribes, take part, and some very fine solo and group singing to drum accompaniment is a feature. Among the singers are Leslie G. Gordon, Iroquois; Agnes Mattz, Tolowa; Margaret Harry, Yurok; Albert Paul, Kutenai; Gertrude, Lucy and Thomas Wasson, Shoshone, and a group of Pueblos under the leadership of Andrew Paisano.

The orchestra music, which carries the Indian theme through the entire pageant, is arranged and directed by Orley See. He has chosen compositions of Derrick N. Lehmer, with selections from the works of Carlos Troyer, Natalie Curtis Burlin, Alice Fletcher, Thurlow Lieurance, Charles Wakefield Cadman and Homer Grunn. Several musicians from the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra are among the group, which includes: Mertianna Fowler, piano; Hans Hoing and Oskar Schreiber, violin; Dillal Pando, cello; L. Bacher, flute; Herman Trutner Jr., French horn; J. J. Siemsen, tympani.

DECEMBER 31, 1928

INDIAN PAGEANT IS PRESENTED

"The Song of Hiawatha," an Indian pageant following the poem of Longfellow, was played and sung before two large audiences at the Auditorium theater yesterday afternoon and evening. Americans, by race and adoption, composed the cast, several Indian tribes being represented. Both audiences, but in particular that of the afternoon, in which there was a preponderance of children, found the pageant impressive.

It has been presented in other California cities, including San Francisco and Los Angeles, and has a historically educative purpose. A committee of local women of prominence sponsored this presentation. Lester Horton of Algonquin descent, directed the play, and took the principal role of Hiawatha; Medita Kellett was Minnehaha; Blanche Tolmie was Nokomis.

The sequence of the incidents was read from the Longfellow text by Ivor Borolff. Incidental songs were given by Dorothea Johnson and others. The orchestra was directed by Orley See, who had arranged the score from compositions with an Indian basis by Dr. Derrick N. Lehmer, Berkeley.

Clara Nixon Bates was general chairman of the committees of arrangement. Mrs. H. C. Roberts was chairman of the production committee.

POINT ARENA, CAL.—RECORD

FEBRUARY 22, 1929

Preserving Music of Pacific Coast Indians

Every day the halls of the anthropology department of the University of California ring out with the low, plaintive music of the Indian tribes of the Pacific coast. One unacquainted with the proceedings might be led to think that a war dance was in progress, but the fact is that for many years the university management has been engaged in collecting phonographic records on which are preserved the old-time songs and dance music and dances of the Indians of the Pacific slope. They have succeeded in recording some gems. For instance, it has heretofore been impossible to get the Indians to render the "Cry Dance" song, which is one sung by professional mourners at funerals, and those who are familiar with it regard it as unlucky to sing a death song when there is no death. The Lost Bear Club's Lament is a bad ballad in a minor key which tells the tale of a bewildered little bear stumbling through the woods searching for its mother. These records are gone over daily by one of the faculty who is endeavoring to fathom the system which was made use of in the composition.

GERBER, CALIF.—STAR

FEBRUARY 28, 1929

Lassen Indian Songs Written By Pendleton

Emmett Pendleton, successful song writer of Tehama county whose four compositions were sold last year in England, and which now are being advertised in Europe as the leading musical creations of the season, is today completing a series of Indian songs, which originated among the Digger Indians of the region about Mt. Lassen.

Pendleton who spends much of his time in Gerber, says that these songs represent his best work. In telling how he obtained the melodies, he said that he visited old tribe members at the foot of Mt. Lassen, and heard their songs repeated over and over. His trained ear retained the melodies and he transcribed them to paper.

There are three compositions, most of them love selections. The Indian tom-tom is decidedly lacking. The melody is different and Pendleton believes they are valuable as this Indian tribe is fast becoming extinct.

BLUE LAKE, CAL.—ADVOCATE

MARCH 9, 1929

Preserving Music of Pacific Coast Indians

Every day the halls of the anthropology department of the University of California ring out with the low, plaintive music of the Indian tribes of the Pacific coast. One unacquainted with the proceedings might be led to think that a war dance was in progress, but the fact is that for many years the university management has been engaged in collecting phonographic records on which are preserved the old-time songs and dance music and dances of the Indians of the Pacific slope. They have succeeded in recording some gems. For instance, it has heretofore been impossible to get the Indians to render the "Cry Dance" song, which is one sung by professional mourners at funerals, and those who are familiar with it regard it as unlucky to sing a death song when there is no death. The Lost Bear Club's Lament is a bad ballad in a minor key which tells the tale of a bewildered little bear stumbling through the woods searching for its mother. These records are gone over daily by one of the faculty who is endeavoring to fathom the system which was made use of in the composition.

Modern Indian Music Follows Old Trends, According to Study *music*

By FRANCES DENSMORE

Collaborator, Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution

[Frances Densmore was born at Red Wing, Minn., May 21, 1867. She studied music at Oberlin Conservatory of Music and later at Harvard. In 1893 she began a study of the music of American Indians. She has made special researches for the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, in American Indian music since 1907. She is a member of several anthropological societies and has written a number of books on the American Indians, their songs and poems.]

Modern civilization and many decades of association with white people apparently have had but little effect upon the fundamental characteristics of Indian music and its methods and style of composition.



Frances Densmore

Indian music and songs of war are still distinctively Indian, and the native Americans seem to have substantially retained their original musical precepts in the face of decreasing numbers and the growth of the white population in this country.

Studies of songs composed by young Indian men while serving in France under the American flag in the World War revealed great devotion to the American flag and love for the United States. Most of their songs composed in France were in respect to the flag, in which the Indian symbolizes many of his ideals.

The songs of these young Indian warriors were notably lacking in sentimentalism. Virtually none of the songs composed over in France contained the feeling of "homesickness," or thoughts and expressions of a desire to return to homes in the United States. This is in striking contrast with songs composed by the young men of other races under similar circumstances.

Neither did these World War songs contain any evidence of rancor or the feeling of brutality which so often arises as the result of triumph in battle. On the contrary, the songs were concerned with the airplane, or the enemy and many of them eulogized the general thought that "we took the flag across the ocean, and we brought it back."

In the old days these Indians used

the body of a crow or raven as corresponding to a flag, and in this symbol placed utter loyalty. In time of war when an Indian rushed forward and placed his "flag" in the ground, in no case could he desert it, but was bound by loyalty to stand and defend it or die in the attempt. The only exceptions were in cases of very great emergency, when an Indian's comrades, perhaps, rushed in and rescued or dragged him away. This is undoubtedly one of the reasons why the Indian places such high honor and binding loyalty in the flag, nowadays, eulogizing it so extensively in songs.

Many other song customs were carried out during the World War that were practiced by the Indians in their old tribal wars. They still retained their old custom of two or three men cooperating in the writing of a song. In writing a song the two or three men keep at the task until they are all satisfied with the product, and after that the song is never changed.

JANUARY 30, 1931

Made Music Years Ago

The Indian flutes shown by MISS CHARLINE MOLLOY, student in archaeology, were found in gypsum caves at Las Vegas, Nev. Though estimated to be 20,000 years old, they still give forth the sweet notes that ushered in ceremonial and tribal dances of the dawn-days of civilization.—A. P. photo.



20,000-Year-Old Indian Flutes Found in Nevada

LAS VEGAS, Nev., Jan. 30. — Over 20,000 years ago, archaeologists now believe, there were Indians living on the great plains of America and inhabiting the mountain ranges.

They were musical, too, and knew the way to use hollow saplings, plugged at one end and bored at intervals to give the notes of the scale, very much as the modern flute of today.

Two of these Indian flutes, believed to have been used for native ceremonials and dances in the days when man was young, have just been unearthed in excavations in a gypsum cave near here.

The instruments were in an excellent state of preservation, and gave out the mellow notes of the scale with fidelity and sweetness.

Miss Charline Molly, student in archaeology, who confesses to doing a little flute-playing "on the side", was the first to extract music from the two instruments after the lapse of 20,000 years.

The flute has come down through the centuries as one of the principal Indian musical instruments, it and the tom-tom being used still, in most native celebrations, while the flute-note still forms the motif for much of the modern Indian music which is written by white composers for orchestral use.

SEMINOLES BREAK

"WALL OF SILENCE"

Wash. Star - Feb. 8, 1931.

Characteristic Songs Are Re-
ported Obtained From
'Glades Indians.

The "wall of silence" of the Seminole Indians of the Florida everglades has been broken, Miss Frances Densmore, specialist in Indian music of the Bureau of American Ethnology, reported in a letter to the bureau this week.

Less than two weeks ago Miss Densmore, provided with recording instruments, went among this people, who hitherto have been hostile to being observed by scientists. Years of experience in Indian manners enabled her to secure almost at once some of the characteristic Seminole songs, including those which accompany "the green corn dance."

The Seminoles, it is explained at the Bureau of Ethnology, never have been entirely reconciled since the two great Seminole Wars early in the nineteenth century, one of which cost the Government \$20,000,000, and finally was won only by violating a flag of truce to capture the Indian chief.

The ethnology of the Creek people, from whom the Seminoles are directly derived, is well known. They were moved by the Government to the Indian Territory, where they established themselves. But following the great Creek War many of the tribesmen refused to remain with the tribe and drifted into Northern Florida. These "separatists"—an approximate translation of the Indian words "seminoles"—eventually came together in two large bands. They are believed to have preserved quite thoroughly the old Creek manners, customs and language, which will be studied by Miss Densmore.

Throughout the years the Seminoles, representing an extremely conservative element among the American Indians, have preserved a considerable degree of independence, attending to their own tribal affairs and many details of civil Government. Jurisdiction over them has been partly in the hands of the Federal and partly of the State Government. Through the years they have been reputedly a very suspicious people and only today some of the more liberal among them are beginning to adopt the ways of white men.

NOVEMBER 6, 1931

Music

WOMEN HEAR FINE INDIAN PROGRAM

Surprised at Beauty of Native Music Funds Asked

Members of the Glendora Woman's Club who assembled at the club house Tuesday afternoon for their regular monthly meeting were treated to an exceptionally fine program and most delightful afternoon.

A short business meeting conducted by the President, Mrs. J. M. Reed, was opened by the Salute to the Flag, given in tableaux by Mrs. Oliver Powell representing the Red Cross nurse. Mrs. Arthur E. De Mott, a Past President of the club read the American Creed from the State Year Book.

Splendid reports were given by Mrs. E. F. Underhill on the Highway Safety Conference, and Mrs. Powell, Philanthropy chairman, who made a plea for financial aid for the needy for this winter. Mrs. Drake, Chairman of Ways and Means reported the sum of \$92.50 cleared by the October committee. It was moved, seconded and carried that the amendments to the By-Laws go into effect with the printing of the new year book.

Exceptional Program

The interpretation of Indian music and legends as given by Mr. Wesley Roberston, a quarter blood Choctaw Indian, was one of unusual brilliance and charm. Gifted with a beautiful baritone voice and pleasing personality Mr. Roberston gave a program long to be remembered. Many of the songs he gave both in the native tongue and in the American translation, and gave the meaning and spirit of each in a very delightful and intimate manner. In his first group were a Navajo Prayer Song, the Choctaw Love Song, the Zuni hymn of thanksgiving to the sun, the Crow maiden's prayer and the Rain Dance of the Navajos.

The second group of songs was of more modern music and included Homer Grund's Flute Song, the Weaver's Song and the Navajo's Rain Chat. All of the songs were accompanied by the music of the Tom-Tom played by Mr. Roberston and acted in pantomime. The one of the Rain Chat being especially well done. The last number was one of the best on the entire program, the Zuni Warrior's Blanket Song, the wooing song of the Zuni Indian youth, and accompanied by the youth. With this was the dance, also.

Beautiful Costumes

Adding much to the pleasure and interest of the program were the costumes worn by Mr. Roberston. The first one was a beautiful white buckskin costume of the Arapahoe Indians. It is entirely sewn by hand and hand beaded. Another costume was the Comanche dancing costume and dancing cap. This was a very elaborate affair, with much feather trimming, the feathers being entirely of wild birds, such as the eagle, dove, etc. It was very beautiful. Another costume was that of an Indian chieftain, with long feather headress. With each costume was worn the accompanying trinkets and adornments.

Much credit is due the accompanist, Miss Frances Sylvester for

Continued on Page 6

Unemployed to Share Miss Addams's Award

The five thousand dollar award Miss Jane Addams recently received from the Pictorial Review Achievement Award Committee, for her achievements in social welfare work and the promotion of international peace will be shared with the unemployed of Chicago's congested area, she says. The reporters who were bent on gaining an interview with Miss Addams learned that she has "great confidence in the League of Nations and the Kellogg Peace Pact." As for gangsters, she told them quickly that "Capone, for instance, controls other racketeers besides the one dealing in liquor—But the heyday of the gangsters has passed in spite of the prohibition question, in spite of lack of enforcement, and the undue violence in connection with it, she came out against modification of the prohibition laws."

Women Enjoy Fine Indian Program

(Continued from Page 1)

her brilliant work at the piano in the difficult Indian music. She also gave some splendid piano solos.

Fall fruits were used for the decoration of the auditorium and brilliant pomegranates, persimmons and autumn foliage were very attractive. The stage was artistically decorated in keeping with the afternoon's program, baskets of cactus and Indian rugs being used. On the mantel was an exhibit of Indian baskets and curios.

Mrs. John Thum, chairman of the tea, had as her committee Mrs. B. F. Mull, Mrs. Maude Jamieson, Mrs. F. R. Curtiss, Mrs. Kate Greyer, Mrs. Belle Darrow and Mrs. T. H. Brownrigg. To Mrs. Mull and Mrs. Jamieson must go the credit for the beautiful and artistic decorations for the auditorium and tea room.

The tea table, which was presided over by Mrs. B. F. Mull and Mrs. Maude Jamieson, was very beautiful with a large centerpiece of brilliantly colored fruits and tall candelabra. A pleasant social hour was enjoyed over the tea cups by the large number of members and their guests. A number of out of town guests were present for the afternoon.

NOVEMBER 20, 1931

Woman's Club Meets—

One of the interesting meetings of the Azusa Woman's club held in recent months was the one last Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, with Mrs. Helen Heth, club president, presiding, Mrs. C. A. Richter, secretary, reading the minutes of the previous meeting at the opening of the business session. Mrs. Adolph Weber gave an interesting report on the fall flower show, in which it was shown that the receipts from the sale of plants amounted to \$18.80 while candy sales brought in \$10.40. Mrs. Carpenter, local chairman for the annual Red Cross roll call, reported \$309.50 had been received from the sale of memberships to that time. Mrs. Winnie Fenton was announced as the chairman of the committee which this year will arrange baskets to be distributed to needy families here and was allowed the sum of \$20.00 toward the expenses of preparing them. Mrs. Charles Mace, luncheon chairman for the first two weeks of November announced that \$93.03 had been cleared for the club. The main entertainment feature of this meeting was the appearance before the club of Chief Ho-To-Pi, American Indian baritone singer, who was introduced by Mrs. Jumper, program chairman. He delighted all with his singing and also gave a very fine talk on Indian life, touching on the religion, marriage rites and other phases of the various tribes. For the appearance of Chief Ho-To-Pi, the stage in club auditorium had been very effectively arranged with an Indian setting. After the meeting and program, the ladies adjourned to lounge where they enjoyed refreshments of coffee and sa-

OAKLAND, CALIF. TRIBUNE

FEB. 17, 1932

Soprano Will Give Indian Air Program

Miss Frances Knight, soprano, will be heard at the Y. W. C. A. lobby concert tomorrow from 6:30 to 7 p. m., in a program of American Indian airs.

She will sing interpretations of Dr. Derrick Norman Lehmer, well-known for his Indian songs. Miss Knight is a member of the Steindorf Choral.

The Y. W. C. A. concerts, held each Thursday evening, are open to the public free of charge.

PROGRAM GIVEN AT MEETING ENJOYED

Indian Singers Heard at Monthly Session of Chapter

Pasadena Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held its April meeting last week at the Green Hotel.

The luncheon tables were beautifully decorated with a profusion of spring flowers—as also was the palm room where later the program took place. The regent, Mrs. Frank E. Clements, and guests, Mrs. Laurence M. Riddle, state chairman of Indian citizenship; Mrs. Frances D. Hall, of the Indian service in Los Angeles; Miss Myra Frye, singer, and Mrs. F. M. Skinner, vice-regent of Hollywood Chapter, D. A. R., were each presented with an exquisite corsage bouquet.

The hostesses were Mrs. Franklin B. Gridley, chairman, assisted by Mrs. C. R. Lingle, Mrs. J. H. Breyer, Mrs. Edward H. Morse, Dr. Julia E. Richardson, Mrs. Frank P. Pearson, Mrs. Roy R. Munger, Mrs. W. S. Campbell, Mrs. George W. Dodge.

After adjournment to the palm room the program opened with the salute to the flag and the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" led by Lone Star, a young Indian cornetist, accompanied by Harry Probst. ~~Mrs. H. D. Bentley, chaplain~~ pro tem in place of Mrs. F. C. Pew, read an Indian version of the twenty-third Psalm and a beautiful Indian prayer.

Mrs. E. D. Burbank, chapter chairman of Indian citizenship, who had arranged the program, then took charge. She told of the enjoyable excursion of the previous Friday to Palm Springs Indian reservation, made by thirteen members of the chapter. Thanks were given to Mrs. N. W. Glover for the exhibit of a fine 60-year-old ceremonial costume bought from an Indian chief's daughter of Montana. Mrs. Riddle was introduced and spoke of the fine work of Mrs. Edythe Tate Thompson along the line of the hospitalization of the Indians of California.

The next speaker, Mrs. Hall, placement adviser of the Indian Service, Los Angeles, gave a most interesting address on the varied lines of useful employment for which Indian girls and boys, graduates of government schools, are trained. One thousand forty-eight of these young Indians have made good in business, domestic service, and the useful arts. They have earned over \$200,000 and their services have been in demand through the entire period of the depression.

Mrs. Burbank then introduced the Indian singer, Miss Frye, "Weeping Star," who explained each detail of her fine buckskin costume from the magnificent beaded band on her head to the moccasins on her feet. It represented contributions from her entire family. Miss Frye also explained the ritual nature of Indian music, and sang a group of four songs; after Lone Star in full Indian costume had played several fine numbers on his cornet, Weeping Star and Lone Star gave a group of songs together thus concluding a very delightful music recital.

PROFESSOR PENS INDIAN OPERA

30 TURNS TO ROMANCE



DR. DERRICK N. LEHMER, professor of mathematics at the University of California, is pictured with Mrs. Lehmer in Indian costume. Professor Lehmer has just written another Indian opera. "The Necklace

of the Sun" a story of cliff-dwellers, which soon will have its premiere in Oakland. Imagination and higher mathematics go hand in hand, according to Professor Lehmer. He also is authority on primitive Indian music.

ANCIENT CLAN PORTRAYED IN MUSIC; STORY

**Dr. Derrick Lehmer Pens
Music, Story of American
Cliff Dwellers**

Beauty, imagination, higher mathematics.

Are the first two compatible with the third?

One of the world's foremost mathematicians says yes, emphatically. He must be right. This mathematical genius, who is Dr. Derrick Norman Lehmer of the University of California, has written another Indian opera—music and all!

"The Necklace of the Sun," soon to have its premiere in Oakland, is a story of the pre-historic cliff-dwellers, a story of flaming loves and bitter hatreds, imaginative, colorful, stirring. American primitives reincarnated.

By day a prosaic professor of mathematics, by night a poet and musician, a dreamer of dreams?

NOT EXACTLY

"But that is not precisely the case," Dr. Lehmer, in his office in Wheeler hall, pointed out. "To be a good mathematician one must possess the power of imagination."

"Beauty and harmony lie in the rhythm of numbers, just as in poetry and music. The two go hand in hand."

"One does not turn from mathematics to music and poetry, but simply applies to them the same principles. All three are set down in beauty."

Prof. Perham W. Nahl of the university art department had once remarked that a great artist is capable of success in other lines. History, of course, bears him out.

SEEKS HARMONY

Dr. Lehmer nodded agreement. "Quite true. A great artist might also be a great mathematician. One experiences the same feelings in working out a profound mathematical problem that one does in the composition of music or verse."

"The thrill of perfect harmony is both the goal and the reward."

Dr. Lehmer is credited with more knowledge of the music of the primitive American Indians than any other person.

For years he had prowled backwoods and prairies, mesas and mountains, collecting the almost forgotten Indian sagas. Collecting them in a phonograph for permanency.

PRAISE OF INDIANS

Out of this rare knowledge he has composed the "Seven Songs of the Yosemite Valley," numerous other songs and poems, and more recently an Indian opera, "The Harvest."

When "The Harvest" was presented, California Indians came from far and wide to see it. Listened to their ancient folk songs, handed down from generation to generation, and lived for the moment in the glories of the past. Their words of approval were Dr. Lehmer's cherished accolade.

MAYAN DRAMA

And now, out of the ancient southwest, comes a Mayan drama, "The Necklace of the Sun"—an attempt to recapture in music, thought and feeling, as well as in color, the lives of those early and little known Americans. A daring undertaking but not too daring for a great mathematician!

Rehearsals are under way. The premiere will be sung by the Chamber Opera company, under the direction of Dr. Ian Alexander, at the Scottish Rite auditorium, Feb. 28. So promising is the production in its present stage that even the composer, conservative and modest though he is, has hopes of a Metropolitan presentation.

BISHOP, CALIF., REGISTER
OCTOBER 15, 1936

NEW WORK AMONG INDIANS

Mrs. Frank Parcher, who has been filling the position of Carson correspondent for the Reno Gazette, will leave that employment this week to engage in a new work for preservation of Indian music and traditions. She is to gather from the old Indians their music, tales and information about old-time modes of living. This will be taught to the children in the school at Stewart, so that the old lore will be passed on from one generation to another, as was done before white men's learning supplanted the old campfire modes of instruction. Children in the school are being encouraged to write of Indian lore rather than of the usual essay subjects of common schools.

This work is promoted by a board composed of Dr. Kroeber, anthropologist of the University of California; Dr. Elkus, of the department of music in the same institution; Mrs. Clarke, wife of the president of the University of Nevada; Dr. Hodge, of the Southwest Museum, and Miss Bowler, Indian Superintendent.

CHICO, CAL. ENTERPRISE
MARCH 20, 1937

Makes Record of Indian Songs

The first permanent record of the songs and music of the Maidu Indians, the survivors of which reside mostly in Chico, has been completed by Miss Frances Dinsmore, field worker for the Southwestern Museum at Los Angeles.

Miss Dinsmore has been working in this vicinity among the Indians for several days and left today for Los Angeles.

Mrs. Amanda Wilson and Pablo Sylvers, two of the tribe's oldest survivors, aided Miss Dinsmore in her research by singing the old songs into a recording apparatus. From these phonograph records, Miss Dinsmore will write out the notes. The records are kept by her and never, said the museum representative, copied or used commercially.

In addition to studying the music of the songs, Miss Dinsmore also made notes on the events with which the songs were associated, and will publish her findings.

Songs Tell Story

Many of the Maidu songs, Miss Dinsmore said, tell stories or are interwoven with tribal customs. The field worker found the Butte county Indians extremely interesting, and willing to assist her in order to have the material preserved for their grandchildren.

She also made a study of the musical instruments of the tribes; and found them different from other groups.

Miss Dinsmore said there is no trace of a war song among the Chico Indians, and that most of their music is connected with events of their daily lives, referring more particularly to outstanding occasions.

Chico Finally Chosen

Chico was selected as the place to study northern California Indians only after long consideration and much inquiry as to existing tribal members, the research worker said.

Before becoming associated with the Los Angeles Museum, Miss Dinsmore spent several years studying music of other American Indian tribes, and has published several books on their music and customs, under the direction of the Smithsonian Institute.

INDEPENDENCE, CALIF.
INDEPENDENT
OCTOBER 16, 1936

Seek to Perpetuate Music and History of Indians

Beginning a project to perpetuate the music, myths and legends of Indians of this section, Mrs. Genevieve Cameron Parcher is now engaged in a most interesting piece of research work, with headquarters at Stewart, Nev.

Mrs. Parcher is gathering historical and musical material to be

used later in teaching Indian children of their own tribal background. The project, a federal one, is being handled under direction of nationally known educators at the University of California, University of Nevada, Los Angeles and of Miss Alida Bowler of Stewart

Indian agency.

It is hoped that through this study the history, music and dances of Indians may be perpetuated through presentation from time to time of Indian pageants.

Mrs. Parcher will be engaged in this work for at least a year.

ALAMEDA, CALIF.
OCTOBER 17, 1923

Indian Music Give Composer Before School Students

364 Music of American Redman Is Adapted By Composer From Native Themes

The music students, Girls' Glee club, and as many others interested in music as could be accommodated in the assembly hall at the Alameda High school, had the interesting experience of listening to a talk on the music of the American Indians, with an insight into the manners and customs of some of the different tribes, given by the noted composer, Thurlow Lauerance, who also contributed some of his own compositions at the piano for the pleasure of the students, who were much impressed by coming into personal touch with the composer.

The knowledge of the Indians and their native themes has been gained by years of careful research which has been done by the composer for the Smithsonian Institution and for his own love of the work. This interest was aroused through the contact with the native people which he gained while with his brother, Dr. Edward Lauerance, who was a government agent and surgeon. He has made records personally, and with the phonograph, of thousands of the different themes or melodies, which he has worked into compositions both for voice and instrument, one of the most important of these being the first Indian rhapsody written, which is now being featured by Sousa in his winter programs. These themes which he has developed have been the result of the careful study of the Indians in thirty-one different sections of the country.

With the composer is his wife, who dramatizes the compositions in Indian costumes. The instrument used to best illustrate these themes is the flute, the primitive flutes being used by the different tribes. In the concert tours which Mr. and Mrs. Lauerance are making they are accompanied by Edward Powell, flutist, of Boston. The tour has been interrupted by the illness of Mrs. Lauerance, who is improving, but will not be able to continue the journey to Salt Lake City, where the next concert is to be given, until the latter part of the week.

RECORDS OF INDIAN SONGS.

Ranchman Procures Valued Addition to "Canned Music" Collection.

When the Bannock Indians of Idaho were singing their tribe songs during a recent war dance they paid but little attention to Ralph W. Dixie, an Indian ranchman of the Fort Hall reservation of that state, as he quietly bent over a peculiar little contrivance which kept up a continual whirring noise and which ceased as the songs stopped. The Indians did not know they were contributing to the "canned music" supply of the country.

But this is just what they were doing, and only a few days ago the Indian office in this city received several of the records, allowing the officials to listen for hours to the real songs of the Indians. They have been sent to the bureau of ethnology, which is engaged in collecting data on the customs, songs and dances of Indian tribes throughout the country. The records will be copied shortly and then returned to the Indian bureau.

The Bannocks are a particularly superstitious tribe, and it is declared that had they known what Dixie was doing as he bent over his little phonograph it might have taken several troops of cavalry to have held them in subjection.

Nevada

1909-1932

Indian Woman Held for Murder.

ELKO, Nev., May 22.—Sarah Appear, an

aged Indian woman, who two weeks ago killed her mother-in-law and burned the body in the belief that it would cure her husband, who was ill, was today held for the grand jury for murder. The woman said that the "medicine squaw" of the tribe told her that unless she killed her husband's mother her husband would die. She enticed her victim to a lonely spot in the hills and killed her with an iron bar.

INDIANS ON WARPATH

Star Feb. 27, 1911

A Number of Lives Reported to Have Been Lost in Uprising of the Shoshones.

RENO, Nev., February 27.—In a battle yesterday sixty miles west of Tuscarora eight Indians and one policeman were killed and other members of the Indian band were captured. The battle took place at Kelly creek, Humboldt county, twenty-five miles north of Golconda.

A band of western Shoshones who belong on the reservation of that tribe, near the eastern boundary of Nevada, are the Indians who have committed the depredations mentioned in dispatches to the Indian office. Four ranchmen were killed by the Indians, according to the telegrams which have come to Commissioner Valentine of the Indian bureau.

8 INDIANS SLAIN IN FIGHT

Post 1911 Feb. 28

Squaws and Children Among Victims of Battle With Police.

Murderers of Stockmen Wiped Out at Bay—One Member of Nevada State Force Killed.

Reno, Nev., Feb. 27.—In a battle yesterday, 60 miles west of Tuscarora, eight Indians and one policeman were killed and other members of an Indian band were captured. The battle took place at Kelly Creek, Humboldt county, 25 miles north of Golconda.

The police had been trailing the Indians for a week, believing they were the murderers of four stockmen, whose bodies were found some ten days ago in a canyon on the eastern slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The victims' horses had been taken, and ponies which had been ridden by the murderers were found shot nearby, the outlaws apparently concluding their own stock too weak to keep up with them in their flight.

When Capt. J. P. Donnelly, of the State police, and his force approached, the Indians started a war dance and then opened the fight. Some of them were wounded in the running skirmish, which extended over a mile. The remaining Indians hid in the brush and continued to fight.

Four bucks, two squaws, and two children were killed, and one young squaw and three children were captured.

Ed Hofle, a member of Capt. Donnelly's posse, was killed. None of the others was wounded.

The property taken from the stockmen was found by the posse after the battle.

140 Indians Are Given Home Sites

Lots Assigned Families at Battle Mountain

Special Dispatch to The Chronicle.

RENO (Nev.), September 27.—One hundred and forty homeless Indians were made happy yesterday at Battle Mountain when they were assigned lots and will be aided in making homes of their own. Along with the allotment goes provision for a motion picture theater, assembly hall and other things of educational as well as entertaining value.

A year ago the Indian Service began making colonies through Nevada for homeless Indians, and have already established one each near Reno, Carson City and Yerington. For the colony just east of Reno a matrons' hall is among the improvements to be added at once. The plans have just been finished and approved.

One of the attractions at the Battle Mountain colony is a flowing artesian well, 300 feet deep and which raises twenty-four gallons a minute ten feet above ground, giving ample provision for a modern water works system for the colony.

San Francisco Chronicle, Sept. 28, 1919.

Allen's Clipping
Press Bureau

SAN FRANCISCO.

LOS ANGELES.

PORTLAND, ORE.

CLIPPING FROM

WINNEMUCCA, NEV. STAR

JULY 17, 1922

December 1-1922

able.

NEVADA INDIAN YOUTH
VISITS PRESIDENT HARDING

The Philadelphia Evening Post of recent date had the following in relation to Wm. Joaquin, who left Battle Mountain on the 6th of November for Massachusetts to enter school. At the time of his departure the young man was a student in the Battle Mountain high school.

"William Joaquin, a full-blooded Indian youth on his way from his home at Battle Mountain, Nevada, to Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass., was received today by Mayor Moore.

"Mr. Joaquin is a member of the Shoshone tribe and is being sent to the New England school by Frank Curran, a Cushing alumnus, who was district attorney in Lander county, Nevada, but now practicing law in Fresno, Calif. Mr. Curran previously sent twenty-nine white boys to his alma-mater.

"The youth, who is twenty, was escorted to the mayor's office by a delegation, including George F. Hoffman and Bartley J. Doyle. The mayor gave the youth a musical cylinder roll containing the "Cushing Academy March," composed by Lieut. Jos. Kieffer, leader of the police band, as a tribute to the late Louis H. Eisenlohr, who was a benefactor to the academy.

"While shaking hands with President Harding in Washington yesterday he told the president his name was pronounced 'Wah-keen.' He is of medium stature and played basketball on his high school team.

"When told of an Indian girl who was disowned by a western tribe because she bobbed her hair, the bronze

countenance broke into a smile and he said: 'That doesn't make any difference with our tribe, my sister has bobbed hair.' Willie also observed that 'flappers' of the east are not new to him, as he saw the type on the Pacific coast last winter."

The Battle Mountain Scout says:

Letter From Brother.

Since the above clipping was received from Willie Joaquin, by his sister, Jessie, who is a student in the Battle Mountain high school, the personal letter has arrived:

"Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 18, 1922.

"My Dear Sister: I got here last night about 4:30 o'clock (by eastern time. It is three hours faster than your time.)

"Had a very good trip all the way and couldn't begin to tell all the things I saw. The first place that I made a stop was in Washington, D. C., for four days. I saw all the places of interest that we have read about in history, about George Washington times in the New England states. First I went through the mint and saw them making money, then to the public library, the capitol, the museum of natural history, the airdome, fish hatchery, soldiers' home, Washington monument, Lincoln memorial,

medium stature and played basketball on his high school team.

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WM. JOAQUIN.

Allen's Clipping
Press Bureau
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
PORTLAND ORE
CLIPPING FROM

Tonopah News
Times

12/5/22

Incidental.

PROMISING GOLD FIND BY INDIANS NEAR SILVER PEAK

364
A gold strike in the Silver Peak range is the latest sensation in local mining circles that furnished the incentive for a mild rush over Sunday. The permanency of the values or the depth of the veins has not been established but the surface indications are more encouraging than anything seen for a long time, since the days of Ellendale, and may prove just as illusory. The location is 52 miles from Tonopah or 15 miles south of Silver Peak in the range which is oftener referred to as the Palmetto range, but which most prospectors agree is in the Silver Peak range. Samples brought in Sunday night and run yesterday returned the following values in gold and a slight trace of silver: 80c, \$2.50, \$80.80, \$130.70, \$44.90, \$28.60, \$2.90.

On the strength of these returns Harry Stimler will send out three men today to prospect the district. Four men have been doing trenching along the ledge for a depth of four feet where the vein appears to be widening in wedge shape. Although the strike was made a month ago by Tom Fisherman and Bob West two of the best known Shoshone Indian prospectors, nothing was known of it in Tonopah until

last Thursday when Fisherman completed locating a group of six claims he optioned to the H. C. Stimler company. As soon as the bond was signed Stimler dispatched four men to the scene and went out himself Saturday to secure samples which were run yesterday with the foregoing results. The vein has been stripped for 100 feet under the direction of C. W. Watson. The values occur in the schist between two andesite walls. Fisherman is almost blind and requires a powerful magnifying glass to enable him to distinguish small objects. He is credited with discovering the old camp of Stimler in the Silver Peak district and also Clifford and Gibraltar and his friends insist that he found Tonopah two years before Jim Butler, when he took samples of black manganese off what later was the Mizpah claim of the Butler group. Returning to Silver Peak with his samples he started back with Henry Jagels but ran short of water and did not reach his objective. For the rights at Stimler Fisherman received \$10,000 paid down in \$20 gold pieces, which represented the only currency the Indian prospector had any faith in; Henry Jagels got \$40,000 and Jimmy George received \$10,000.

Aller's Clipping Press Bureau

SAN FRANCISCO.

LOS ANGELES.

PORTLAND, ORE.

CLIPPING FROM

WINNEMUCCA, NEV.

SILVER STATE

DECEMBER 12, 1922

INDIANS MAKE A BIG GOLD STRIKE

**Pannings Show Fabulous Values In
Yellow Metal and Ore is Esti-
mated to Run Eighty
Thousand Dollars a Ton**

News of a sensational gold strike leaked out this morning and the town was wild with excitement among prospectors and mining men in general. The discovery was made at a camp which has been christened Nappase, and which lies 15 miles due south of Silver Peak, and from a hole that was sunk four feet on Sunday, pannings running as high as \$80,000 per ton in gold were reported, says the Bonanza.

The new discovery was made some time ago by Bob Bass and Tom Fisherman, two Indians thoroughly experienced in prospecting, and following the running of a trench for a length of 50 feet, the ledge was found to have a width of four feet, with average values in gold of from \$40 to \$50 per ton. The two Indians located four claims which have been bonded to H. C. Stimler, the first payment having been made.

Following the news of this mineral find over twenty autos left Tonopah Saturday and Sunday, while almost an equal number left Goldfield, and ground is being staked in many directions. John Nay was one of the first to get in the field and he located 12 claims, the surface showings of which are considered excellent.

The camp of Nappase lies at an elevation of 6500 feet. The formation is schist between andesite walls with white quartz being greatly in evidence. There is a fine spring of water within one mile of the original discovery while pine and cedar abound in quantities. Better than the average size trees are to be found in many instances having a length of 20 feet.

A number of prospectors and mining men have signified their intentions of leaving tomorrow for the scene of the new mineral find, and samples of ore which have been on exhibition in the office of H. C. Stimler, have attracted much attention.

YERINGTON, NEV. TIMES
July 16, 1924

NEVADA INDIAN TO VOTE

364
"Approximately fifteen hundred adult Indians on six reservations in Nevada will be entitled to vote at the election next November under the law passed at the last session of Congress giving citizenship to every native born Indian in the United States," according to James E. Jenkins, superintendent of Indian agencies.

"This number does not comprise more than half the number in the state," he continued, "but many Indians not on reservations are already entitled to vote and between one and two hundred have voted here for years."

Mr. Jenkins does not believe that twenty-five per cent of the Indians will take advantage of the opportunity to vote, as he stated they have never been educated to take any interest in public affairs, but declares the right to vote will interest a few who will avail themselves of the opportunity and this will help to interest and educate others.

Indians who will be entitled to vote are located on the Pyramid Lake, Fort McDermitt, Walker River, Fallon, Owyhee and Moapa reservations.

ELY, NEV. RECORD—576

AUG 22 1924

Nov. Shoshone

COUNTRY TO BURN UP--- WHITE MAN TO LEAVE--- INDIAN GET COUNTRY

354
An old time resident of Snake valley who speaks Shoshone like a native American, who visited Ely this week, was somewhat excited over an interview which he recently had with a medicine man of the Shoshones, who predicted dire calamities for the intermountain section. The medicine man is bowed in form with the passing of many years but his intellect is as keen as that of the youngest warrior of the tribe, hence his prediction is taken with seriousness by all members of the tribe, according to our informant, who reports his interview with the medicine man as follows:

"Many years ago my father he tell me his father tell him great medicine chief Shoshones say sometime no rain he come two, maybe three year. Grass and trees he die, deer and jackrabbit he all die, but Great Spirit he send much plenty pine nuts, which Shoshone hide in caves. Two year, maybe so three year, Great Spirit he set fire to country. Everything he burn up. White man leave country. Indian he have plenty pine nuts in cave. He stay. White man he no come back. Indians have country all by he lone-some. Heap plenty pine nuts this year. Indian he store 'em in caves. No rain this year. Maybe no rain next year, then Great Spirit he burn up country and white man go, and damn good thing, too. Indian he stay."

How "Red" Are These Indians?

INTERESTING development in Nevada. There are 3,000 citizen Indians in that State. These Indians are eligible to vote at this election and it is the first general election at which they have been eligible.

Their tribal leaders are urging them to exercise the franchise in November, always with the proviso that they would not forfeit any reservation or other protective privileges. And Superintendent James E. Jenkins of the Indian Service has instructed them that no such privileges would be jeopardized, and that they are entitled to act as citizens at the polls.

Four hundred Shoshones are about to hold a council at Battle Mountain at which their status will be explained. Other tribes are planning similar councils.

Now this long-delayed entry of the Red Man into the governmental affairs of the conquering race is a bit of real history in itself. But it takes on a particular significance in the fact that, if these 3,000 Indians all register, and if they vote as a body, they will swing the State of Nevada.

Politicians say the Indians will hold the balance of power. This appears not unlikely. In 1920 Nevada gave 15,479 votes to Harding and 9,851 to Cox in a runaway Republican year. In 1916 Nevada gave 12,131 votes to Hughes and 17,778 votes to Wilson.

This year, a solid block of 3,000 votes might well determine a doubtful State.

The sentiments of these Indians therefore become, for the first time, politically important. Are they Republicans, Democrats or Progressives? What did they think of Teapot Dome, and what do they think of the Dawes plan? Are they in the farmer group? How "red" are these Indians?

It would be a striking bit of historical irony if these people whom we have oppressed and all but exterminated should swing the key State in a tied-up election and determine the American

Presidency at this world junct

AN

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—BEE

FEBRUARY 12, 1926

DISEASE RAVAGES NEVADA INDIANS

ELKO (Nev.), Feb. 12.—Ravaged by influenza and tuberculosis Indians in Elko County are reported in a desperate condition. District Attorney Mathews has taken up the matter with the Indian service and has been promised assistance.

Reports made to county officials state the Indians are without money or medicine, and in some cases lack sufficient food and clothing. Three deaths from tuberculosis have occurred at the local colony in the past week.

MAY 21, 1931

A Shoshone Indian Reminds Uncle Sam That Dole System Did Not Work Out for the Tribes

For some time the United States has had the dole system, and it has proved a failure.

This assertion, surprising to most of us, was made the other day at Salt Lake by George P. La Vatta, a Shoshone Indian, and agent in the Indian service.

Educated and race proud, this man attributes most of the ills of his people to the fact they were made wards of the Government and given a dole. In a speech quoted in the *Tribune* of Salt Lake, he said the effect of the dole was to stultify ambition, paralyze initiative and make the recipient dissatisfied and unhappy.

No man of spirit wants free rations. He wants to work for what he eats and wears. Employment failing he looks for society to discover the reasons and apply the remedies. And he may understand, whether it is advisable or not, there is a distinction between the dole as England knew it and employment insurance. The latter may change to the former when de-

mands are too heavy and the machinery is not able to function. What was theoretically insurance in England became, in many instances, a dole.

As for the Indians' case, this agent recalls that when he was a boy there were five hundred miserable tribesmen on the reservation where he lived, all drawing rations from the Government. Today there are none. All, he says, are drawn out into the economic current wrestling their livelihoods from the land, livestock, business and other enterprises. They are happier so, says this Shoshone, than they were as economic wards.

At this date a red man stands to remind us, America is not inexperienced with the dole, and to rejoice that newer policies have changed conditions. The Indian on the reservation, getting his mere pittance, was anything but the noble spectacle. In his experience there may be something applicable to present day discussion.

BERKELEY, CALIF
GAZETTE

JUNE 23, 1931

Shoshone

INDIANS WOULD BURN AUTO OF DEAD MAN

By United Press

ELKO, Nev., June 23.—Trouble is brewing among the Indians of Elko because friends of the late Louie Clark, Indian, want to burn his automobile so he can journey to the happy hunting grounds in style.

The trouble arose because Louie's mother is more practical and wants the automobile herself. She has appealed to Sheriff Joe Harris to prevent the tribesmen from burning the car in a funeral pyre.

SACRAMENTO CAL. BEE

AUGUST 3, 1931

Tribal Rites Mark Funeral Of Nevada Shoshone

PARADISE (Nev.), Aug. 3. —

With medicine men of the Shoshone tribe conducting tribal rites and many white friends in attendance, the funeral of Frank Muddoon, aged Indian chief, was held near Paradise. The old warrior died at the Indian village after an illness of several months. He is said to have been more than 90 years old.

The old chief was long noted for his friendly attitude toward the white man, but is said to have had profound contempt for any able-bodied male refusing to fight for his country. When the Shoshones and Piutes ruled what is now Nevada a man became a warrior or ceased to be considered as a man.

If he refused to march to battle, or tried to avoid the summons of the war chief, he was stripped of the trappings of a man, dressed as a squaw and forced to labor with the women in the fields and wickiups of the tribe.

He was slapped and whipped by the mocking women, forced to do the most hated tasks, and pointed out to the jeering children as a thing of supreme contempt.

RENO, NEVADA—JOURNAL

AUGUST 7, 1931

NEVADA INDIAN WARFARE RIVALS FALL OF ALAMO

Seeying information of the early day Indian warfare in the Paradise, Nevada, section, which he says rivals in interest the fall of the Alamo in Texas, C. H. Huffold, city superintendent of schools at Coleman, Texas, was a visitor in Reno yesterday.

Huffold was born at Star City in Humboldt county, and states that his father built a stockade in that section during the Indian wars of pioneer times, where the settlers took refuge in time of peril. As far as is known, he said, the thrilling days in the Paradise Valley region during the Indian uprisings have never been recorded in written page.

He was one of the first students at the University of Nevada, when the institution was located at Elko. Huffold last visited Reno as a boy, 40 years ago.

With his family he motored to Lake Tahoe yesterday and planned a trip to Yosemite before returning home.

Brave Garb of Shoshones And Arapahoes in Movies Of No Use on Reservation

In Paint and Feathers and Buckskins, These Old-Time Warriors Regain Their Dignity—At Home in Jeans They Sink Back Again, a Beaten Race

AMERICAN INDIAN SERIES—NO. 7

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR is publishing a series of 15 articles on the American Indian, his past, his present, and his future. As a feature of this comprehensive study, Mr. Henry Edison Williams of the Monitor staff, in a 20,000-mile automobile tour of the United States, visited the Indian country to get his facts first-hand. Other writers will contribute to various phases of the subject.

By HENRY EDISON WILLIAMS
Staff Correspondent of
The Christian Science Monitor

THERMOPOLIS, Wyo. — In the "Covered Wagon" you may have seen them. Or it might have been in "The Big Trail" or "The Iron Horse," or "War Paint." Big, strapping bucks, riding their ponies superbly; fat squaws with their burly, toiling behind primitive traps; comely maidens plaiting their hair; symmetrical young braves tautening bow strings—and over all the glamour of a romantic past.

Excellent actors are these Indians from the Wind River Agency of western Wyoming, as many as 300 at a time having been employed in the different screen productions mentioned. Romantic figures are these Shoshones and Arapahoes as they stalk across the screen in their traditional trappings. Some directors assert that they present the best types to be found on any reservation.

But what of these Red Men of the Plains when the Klieg lights are turned off, the cosmetics wiped away, and they return to their reservation in the valley of the Big and Little Wind Rivers? Does the glamour remain? Does romance persist?

If the springs of the automobile are strong, if the tires are resilient, if the hand on the wheel is firm and the eye of the driver alert, one may find out.

Stories, However, Differ

From Riverton or Lander—the one on the eastern edge of the reservation, the other on the southern—there is little choice in routes. The same rolling hills, the same wide vistas, the same distant view of a vast drop curtain which is the Rocky Mountains—and the same execrable highways.

There is this difference, however. In Riverton one is told that the Indians are in fine shape, wisely handled, and that the land leased to white stockmen is apportioned with great wisdom. He is told this by a lessee himself, so it must be true!

In Lander, on the other hand, one is informed that the Indians' affairs are grossly mismanaged, that they—the occupants of the richest grazing land in the State—are practically destitute of stock, and that their revenues from leases are almost entirely devoted to administrative expenses rather than to tribal relief. He is told this by merchants interested in Indian patronage, so this also must be true!

Such divergence of opinion is puzzling, so in such circumstances, still seeking the romantic Indian of the screen, one drives to Fort Washakie, seat of the agency administration.

Generally one finds in the vicinity of the agency headquarters the best

conditions prevalent, so in company with a grandson of Chief Washakie, whole rule of iron gave the tribe distinction for many years, a round of visits ensues.

Who remembers Sacajawea, the brave Indian maid who guided Lewis and Clark through the North-

(Continued on Page 5, Column 3)



SHOSHONES AND ARAPAHOS—NAMES TO PONDER
Wyo. of Locks, With a Calm Dignity, Awaits the Pension That the Government Says Will Come to Him but That Does Not. Son of Chief Washakie, Chief Runs Behind and Joe Mood Joe, in the Dress for the Dance, "Gift of the Waters."

Shoshones oes in Movies on Reservation

bacon over a tiny stove. He greets the visitors mildly.

Have they come to help him with his pension? For long time he has asked for pension money on account of his son, who cannot help him now in his old age. Government fellow say pension money will come, agent say pension money will come, but many moons have passed and no pension money come. If the white brother from far-off place will help him get pension money, he will be very happy, because he will then have food to eat.

More screen color awaits the visitor at the tent and summer wicket of "Movo's old woman." Movo's Old Woman—and no one can be found who knows her by any other name—is very happy. Her toothless mouth extends in a wide grin as she tells the visitors that today she will eat plenty. This very morning she went out to the brook and caught a fine fish.

Like the other Indians visited, her tent is pitifully bare of furnishings, pitifully bare of food. She sleeps on the ground wrapped in thin woolen blankets, and when winter comes she is often cold and hungry, she says.

Study the face of Steve Tappay, head of another family living in a log cabin near the agency headquarters, and one sees there a more poignant drama of frustrated hopes than ever was presented on the screen.

But Not Like on the Screen

Types? Oh, there are plenty of them in the Wind River country. But off the screen, one realizes that he is visiting a broken people, a people conquered, subdued, indifferent to the future.

And this does not seem strange when their history is considered. Remember that the Shoshones and the Arapahoes were both wide-ranging, freedom-loving people of the plains, although they were age-old rivals. Remember that the process of their subjugation was one of the most ignoble chapters in the

history of the West. The Shoshones and the Arapahoes are helpless to defend their position, being on the reservation only because they cannot help themselves.

The Shoshones are now asking the United States Government to pay them rental for that portion of the land occupied by the Arapahoes for the past 50 years. The bill was introduced by Senator J. B. Kendrick (D.), of Wyoming, about four years ago, and is now before the United States Court of Claims.

The Arapahoes also have a claim in the same court for their interest in the Black Hills which was lost to them at the same time the Sioux and Cheyennes last theirs, as all three tribes were signers of the great Sioux treaty of 1868 at Fort Laramie.

Band Finds Old-Time Peace

But there is, after all, some screen color on the reservation, although it is far from the agency headquarters. Many years ago a small clique of Indians rebelled at the stern rule of Chief Washakie and went off by themselves to a remote portion of the reservation.

Strangely enough, removed from all but the most casual contact with the agency administration, they have prospered. Their tepees dot the course of a clear stream, their herds graze on the rich grass of the Rocky Mountain foothills. They live a free, and comparatively undisturbed, existence amidst surroundings they prefer. Their cattle support them. They follow many of their ancient customs unmolested. In winter they have food to eat.

Speaking of herds, however, brings one to the most obvious need on the reservation. In the richest grazing land of the State the only considerable herds to be found on the reservation are those owned by white lessees. In a land where, as has been shown repeatedly, cattle raising is the best paying industry, these Indians are being urged to adopt farming and sheep raising. Farming they despise. Sheep raising, they assert, does not pay their white neighbors and why should it pay them?

For a time the tribe owned cattle but these, they declare, they were urged to dispose of during a year of depression, and since then they have not accumulated enough funds to buy fresh stock. With a benevolent Government posing as the protector of the Indian, it is hard to compre-

hended the agency money after all their grain had been turned in. Is it surprising, they ask, that they look askance on farming?

The report of the first superintendent of the reservation, Mr. James Irvin, commends the industry of the Shoshones and adds this: "Cattle will place them beyond the contingencies of the chase." Today the contingencies of the chase are even more problematical. A few deer are left in the foothills; a few horses are left, although last winter, mild as it was, made great inroads on this form of diet. If cattle will solve this problem—and experts declare it will—the Indians are wondering why the urgency does not reach the ears of those in a position to give them cattle.

There Is an Oil Problem

Another bone of contention in the district is the Maverick Spring oil field. This field was drilled some 12 years ago and some development work has been going on ever since, but recently the work was held up and the department is apparently taking no action to compel the oil companies to market the product.

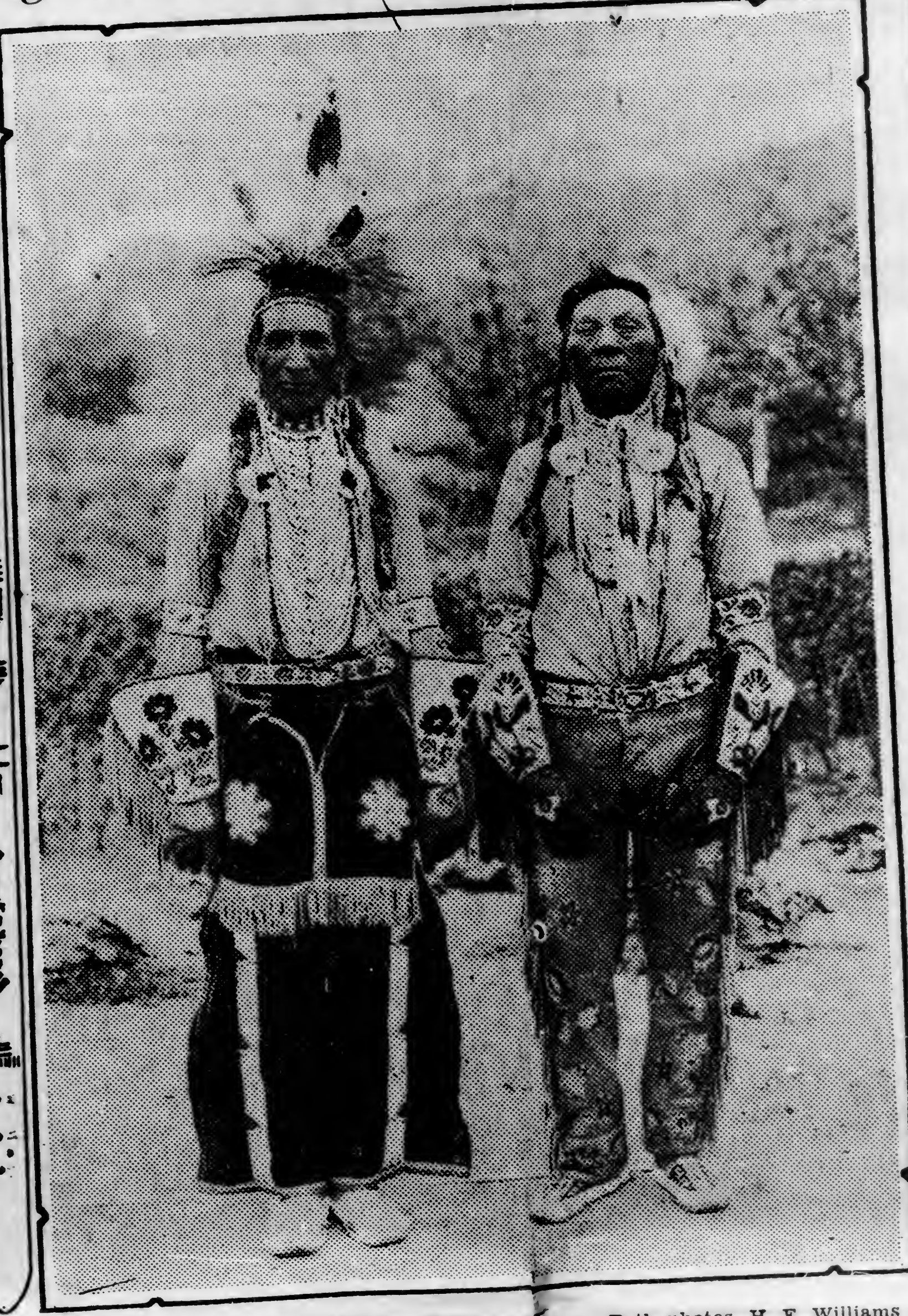
The land still belongs to the Shoshones, the leases being handled by the Indian Department. These leases call for production, but extensions have been granted from time to time. The Shoshones and Arapahoes are deeply interested in the field because—if, as is predicted, the daily production should run around 15,000 barrels—the royalties to be paid them would amount, with oil at 80 cents a barrel, to some \$1500 daily or more than \$500,000 a year.

It may be argued by the department that failure to throw open these oil wells is either due to the present low price of oil or to the feeling that the oil belonging to the Indians should be conserved.

But the Indians contend that, since a pipe line is necessary to market the oil and it will take nine months to construct such a pipe line, this facility should be completed so that advantage may be taken of future advantageous prices. They also declare that revenue from the oil leases would permit the tribes to stock their depleted ranges with cattle and thus give sustenance and employment to those who are now destitute and jobless.

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Both photos, H. E. Williams

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Furthermore, merchants of Riverton assert that the Indians have never spent their money as carefully as they did the last per capita payment authorized by Congress. Most of this dole, they declare, was spent by the Indians for food and absolutely necessary clothing.

Another hopeful note is struck by the character of Indians selected to serve on the council. This council is composed of 12 Indians, six from each tribe, who meet to discuss the problems of the reservation and work out remedies under the agency superintendent. It is noteworthy that the present council is composed almost entirely of young, progressive Indians, most of whom are graduates of Carlisle or Haskell.

The superintendent reports that an income of about \$125,000 was realized last year from the leasing of ceded lands and like revenues, \$70,000 of which was used for administrative expenses such as clerical hire, education, hospitals and missions. He reports that about 40 individuals have become interested in sheep raising during the year; also the sale of 12 units of cattle, which makes about 25 families now occupied in a measure in that industry.

No, there is little screen glamour to be found in the vicinity of Wind River. Existence is a serious business to most of these fine aboriginal "types."

Feathers Packed Away

The feathered headdresses are laid away, only to be brought out at the famous annual Sun-dance, or when some motion picture director avails himself of the Indians' services at \$3 a day. Romantic? Well, for a \$3 a day, the Indians say, they can well afford to look romantic. Think of it: In a week they can each earn enough food to keep a family from sacrificing its last horse.

Not all the Indians on the reservation are destitute. Some have fine farms well stocked. Some have paying jobs. Some work for the Government. Some are employed as tradesmen. The superintendent, in fact, reports that all but five or six Indians under his jurisdiction make some effort toward self-support.

Nevertheless, with a picture of the wild, free-riding Indians of the screen in thought, one recalls the pitiful tent of Sacajawea's grandson sitting in broad acres of grazing land on which there are no cattle. One thinks of the "rent money" requested by the Shoshones for the 50-year occupancy of their land, and of the possible revenue from oil royalties, and he considers what a boon it would be to these people if, perhaps, from some such source as these, enough might be realized to set these Indians up in the cattle industry, thus giving them a means to recapture some of the romance they have given the world through their screen work and release it once more in their own daily careers.

ROOSEVELT ACCEPTS
BUST OF WASHINGTON
 ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 22 (AP)—Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt accepted the bust of George Washington, which was presented to him by the Albany Historical Society, today.

Indian Clings to His Traditions



SHOSHONES AND ARAPAHOS—NAMES TO PONDER

—Both photos, H. E. Williams

Left to Right—Matavish Allen, Snowy of Locks, With a Calm Dignity, Awaits the Pension That the Government Says Will Come to Him but That Does Not Come. With Him Is a Grandson of Chief Washakie, Chief Runs Behind and Joe Mood Joe, in the Dress for the Dance, "Gift of the Waters."

Brave Carib of Shoshones And Arapahoes in Movies Of No Use on Reservation

(Continued from Page 1)

west Territory? Her modest little monument rises on a hillside near the agency buildings, and about a mile away sits another testimony of the way the United States has rewarded its Indian benefactors. It is the home of Andy Brazil, grandson of Sacajawea.

By crawling through a dilapidated fence and crossing a small field one reaches it—a little 8x10 tent, dirty, ragged, patched with gunnysacks and boarded up at the sides.

The Place is Deserted

The grandson of Sacajawea is not home, but peering within his tent one discovers in one corner a cot of logs, the mattress composed of loose straw covered with gunnysacks and thin woolen blankets, all in a state of disarray. A small sheet-iron stove and a dry-goods-box cupboard make up the remainder of the furniture.

Curious to ascertain how the Government has remembered the family of the Indian girl whose services to its representatives helped to secure to it its richest territory, one investigates the mess box. It contains about two pounds of sugar, a can of tea, some baking powder, a little lard. Nothing else. A near-by trader volunteers the information that "Old Andy's" fare is eked out by small bits of cast-off meat and an occasional bone from the butcher's table at the trading post.

But wait: Across the fence is a one-room log cabin. It is closed and the door is locked, but one is told that this, too, is the home of Sacajawea's grandson.

"Why does he not occupy it?" "Well, you see, Andy can't work much, so he keeps the cabin for the accommodation of his relatives who come to help him with the farm."

"Does the farm support him?" A shrug of shoulders.

"Andy got pretty hungry last winter."

And so much for Sacajawea's grandson.

Along the road a bit another tent shows white against the wide stretch of green grazing land. This proves to

beacon over a tiny stove. He greets the visitors mildly.

Have they come to help him with his pension? For long time he has asked for pension money on account of his son, who cannot help him now in his old age. Government fellow say pension money will come, but many moons have passed and no pension money come. If the white brother from far-off place will help him get pension money, he will be very happy, because he will then have food to eat.

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The feathered headdresses are laid away, only to be brought out at the famous annual Sun-dance, or when some motion picture director avails himself of the Indians' services at \$3 a day. Romantic? Well, for a \$3 a day, the Indians say, they can well afford to look romantic. Think of it: In a week they can each earn enough food to keep a family from sacrificing its last horse.

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Nevertheless, with a picture of the wild, free-riding Indians of the screen in thought, one recalls the pitiful tent of Sacajawea's grandson sitting in broad acres of grazing land on which there are no cattle. One thinks of the "rent money" requested by the Shoshones for the 50-year occupancy of their land, and of the possible revenue from oil royalties, and he considers what a boon it would be to these people if, perhaps, from some such source as these, enough might be realized to set these Indians up in the cattle industry, thus giving them a means to recapture some of the romance they have given the world through their screen work and release it once more in their own daily careers.

Left to Right—Matavish Allen, Snowy of Locks, With a Calm Dignity, Awaits the Pension That the Government Says Will Come to Him but That Does Not Come. With Him Is a Grandson of Chief Washakie, Chief Runs Behind and Joe Mood Joe, in the Dress for the Dance, "Gift of the Waters."

Brave Carib of Shoshones And Arapahoes in Movies Of No Use on Reservation

(Continued from Page 1)

west Territory? Her modest little monument rises on a hillside near the agency buildings, and about a mile away sits another testimony of the way the United States has rewarded its Indian benefactors. It is the home of Andy Brazil, grandson of Sacajawea.

By crawling through a dilapidated fence and crossing a small field one reaches it—a little 8x10 tent, dirty, ragged, patched with gunnysacks and boarded up at the sides.

The Place is Deserted

The grandson of Sacajawea is not at home, but peering within his tent one discovers in one corner a cot of logs, the mattress composed of loose straw covered with gunnysacks and thin woolen blankets, all in a state of disarray. A small sheet-iron stove and a dry-goods-box cupboard make up the remainder of the furniture.

Curious to ascertain how the Government has remembered the family of the Indian girl whose services to its representatives helped to secure to it its richest territory, one investigates the mess box. It contains about two pounds of sugar, a can of tea, some baking powder, a little lard. Nothing else. A near-by trader volunteers the information that "Old Andy's" fare is eked out by small bits of cast-off meat and an occasional bone from the butcher's table at the trading post.

But wait: Across the fence is a one-room log cabin. It is closed and the door is locked, but one is told that this, too, is the home of Sacajawea's grandson.

"Why does he not occupy it?"

"Well, you see, Andy can't work much, so he keeps the cabin for the accommodation of his relatives who come to help him with the farm."

"Does the farm support him?"

A shrug of shoulders.

"Andy got pretty hungry last winter."

And so much for Sacajawea's grandson.

Along the road a bit another tent shows white against the wide stretch of green grazing land. This proves to be the home of Archie Ute and his family. It is another of those little 8x10 tents, with blankets thrown about on the floor serving as sleeping accommodations, and the usual makeshift food cupboard in the foreground.

Five in Cramped Space

Five persons occupy these limited quarters. In the mess tin is a bag of beans, some flour, bacon, salt and coarse ration coffee. On a table outside the tent are four hoofs of beef, the hide still clinging to them. This constitutes the family's meat supply.

The search for romantic screen characters is proving depressing, but one continues until the little home of Charlie Nagaroni is reached.

Charlie lives alone. In feathered headdress he would satisfy the most exacting demands, but he wears no feathers on the reservation. Cotton shirt, overalls, a bandanna handkerchief about his neck, a store cap on his head, only the two braided locks hanging down either side of his shoulders remain to mark him as a son of the plains.

His seamed face is creased with good nature. His eyes look mildly out on a world which has proved bewildering. At first he is reluctant to talk. He has been most chary of speech since government agents secured an affidavit from him regarding something he did not comprehend, and later explanations by his tribal brethren showed him to have been an unintentional perjurer. But when the talk turns to traders his face brightens.

"Yes," he declares through an interpreter, "the best friends of Indians are traders. Traders give food when there is no money. Traders take interest in Indian. Without traders many would starve in hard times."

Looks for Pension Money

Another "type" is Matavish Allen—Matavish Allen, with his long, white locks, his serene and kindly face, and his dim eyes, ruminating about a son who went away to war and never came back! He lives in one of the government-built cabins. He is cooking small strips of fat

bacon over a tiny stove. He greets the visitors mildly.

Have they come to help him with his pension? For long time he has asked for pension money on account of his son, who cannot help him now in his old age. Government fellow say pension money will come, agent say pension money will come, but many moons have passed and no pension money come. If the white brother from far-off place will help him get pension money, he will be very happy, because he will then have food to eat.

More screen color awaits the visitor at the tent and summer wickiup of "Movo's old woman." Movo's Old Woman—and no one can be found who knows her by any other name—is very happy. Her toothless mouth extends in a wide grin as she tells the visitors that today she will eat plenty. This very morning she went out to the brook and caught a fine fish.

Like the other Indians visited, her tent is pitifully bare of furnishings, pitifully bare of food. She sleeps on the ground wrapped in thin woolen blankets, and when winter comes she is often cold and hungry, she says.

Study the face of Steve Tappay, head of another family living in a log cabin near the agency headquarters, and one sees there a more poignant drama of frustrated hopes than ever was presented on the screen.

But Not Like on the Screen

Types? Oh, there are plenty of them in the Wind River country. But off the screen, one realizes that he is visiting a broken people, a people conquered, subdued, indifferent to the future.

And this does not seem strange when their history is considered. Remember that the Shoshones and the Arapahoes were both wide-ranging, freedom-loving people of the plains, although they were age-old rivals. Remember that the process of their subjugation was one of the most ignoble chapters in the history of Indian warfare.

Remember the official report of Col. John M. Chivington after the slaying of 600 Arapahoes on Sand Creek, where he states: "It is perhaps unnecessary for me to add that we took no prisoners."

Remember the Powder River Campaign in 1865 in which women and children were slain indiscriminately; and then recall the last armed action against the Arapahoes in 1874 when Captain Bates and 165 Shoshones under Chief Washakie surprised a party of Arapahoes accused—the victims declare, falsely—of stealing horses and wiped out practically the whole band.

Remember some of these things and it does not seem strange that these Indians are still indifferent to the White Man's overtures, still skeptical of the White Man's creed.

In 1869 the Shoshones made a treaty with the Government for the reservation lying in Wind River Valley between the main range of the Rocky Mountains on the west and the Owl Creek Mountains on the north and east, comprising about 2,000,000 acres. The treaty says, among other things, that "all land lying within the above described boundaries is hereby set aside for the exclusive use and benefit of the Shoshone Indians."

Bitter Dose for Shoshones

In 1877 the Government sent a commission to consult with Chief Washakie to get permission to place a large band of Arapahoes on the reservation. With the distinct understanding that these ancient enemies of his people would be allowed to remain only until the Government could secure for them a reservation of their own, the old chief agreed. The Arapahoes were brought in in 1878. There they have remained to this day, with no compensation having been made for their occupancy of the land.

Relations between the two bands, each of which now number about 1000, have at times been greatly strained, but no open outbreak has followed. It is significant, however, that during all these years there is recorded no case of intermarriage between the two tribes. Today the Shoshones still consider the Arapa-

hoes invaders, and the Arapahoes are helpless to defend their position, being on the reservation only because they cannot help themselves.

The Shoshones are now asking the United States Government to pay them rental for that portion of the land occupied by the Arapahoes for the past 50 years. The bill was introduced by Senator J. B. Kendrick (D.), of Wyoming, about four years ago, and is now before the United States Court of Claims.

The Arapahoes also have a claim in the same court for their interest in the Black Hills which was lost to them at the same time the Sioux and Cheyennes lost theirs, as all three tribes were signers of the great Sioux treaty of 1868 at Fort Laramie.

Band Finds Old-Time Peace

But there is, after all, some screen color on the reservation, although it is far from the agency headquarters. Many years ago a small clique of Indians rebelled at the stern rule of Chief Washakie and went off by themselves to a remote portion of the reservation.

Strangely enough, removed from all but the most casual contact with the agency administration, they have prospered. Their teepees dot the course of a clear stream, their herds graze on the rich grass of the Rocky Mountain foothills. They live a free, and comparatively undisturbed, existence amidst surroundings they prefer. Their cattle support them. They follow many of their ancient customs unmolested. In winter they have food to eat.

Speaking of herds, however, brings one to the most obvious need on the reservation. In the richest grazing land of the State the only considerable herds to be found on the reservation are those owned by white lessees. In a land where, as has been shown repeatedly, cattle raising is the best paying industry, these Indians are being urged to adopt farming and sheep raising. Farming they despise. Sheep raising, they assert, does not pay their white neighbors and why should it pay them?

For a time the tribe owned cattle but these, they declare, they were urged to dispose of during a year of depression, and since then they have not accumulated enough funds to buy fresh stock. With a benevolent Government posing as the protector of the Indian, it is hard to comprehend, they say, why the paramount means of livelihood should have been allowed to slip through their fingers, and why, in a distinctly favorable cattle country, they who prefer to raise cattle should be urged to turn to another and less profitable avenue of endeavor.

What Cattle Would Do

There are nearly 2000 Indians on the reservation. Experts declare that 20,000 head of cattle not only would give the Indians all the beef they could eat, but also give them living expenses, a diversity of employment, and an incentive to improve their conditions.

Indians farm indifferently. Furthermore, most of them have no adequate facilities to farm profitably even if supplied with seed. They doubt, too, in the light of recent events, if they could make a living at farming even granted the facilities.

Not long ago the agency sold many Indians seed wheat at \$3.85 a hundred pounds. The Indians' understanding was that this was to be returned bushel for bushel when the harvest was realized, as had been the practice in former years.

Instead of this, when the Indians came to pay they were told that, owing to the fall in the market, they could be allowed only 70 cents a bushel. The agency, furthermore, issued orders to the traders not to take grain from Indians who refused to pay up on this basis. It is declared that many Indians still

owed the agency money after all their grain had been turned in. Is it surprising, they ask, that they look askance on farming?

The report of the first superintendent of the reservation, Mr. James Irvin, commends the industry of the Shoshones and adds this: "Cattle will place them beyond the contingencies of the chase." Today the contingencies of the chase are even more problematical. A few deer are left in the foothills; a few horses are left, although last winter, mild as it was, made great inroads on this form of diet. If cattle will solve this problem—and experts declare it will—the Indians are wondering why the urgency does not reach the ears of those in a position to give them cattle.

There Is an Oil Problem

Another bone of contention in the district is the Maverick Spring oil field. This field was drilled some 12 years ago and some development work has been going on ever since, but recently the work was held up and the department is apparently taking no action to compel the oil companies to market the product.

The land still belongs to the Shoshones, the leases being handled by the Indian Department. These leases call for production, but extensions have been granted from time to time. The Shoshones and Arapahoes are deeply interested in the field because—if, as is predicted, the daily production should run around 15,000 barrels—the royalties to be paid them would amount, with oil at 80 cents a barrel, to some \$1500 daily or more than \$500,000 a year.

It may be argued by the department that failure to throw open these oil wells is either due to the present low price of oil or to the feeling that the oil belonging to the Indians should be conserved.

But the Indians contend that, since a pipe line is necessary to market the oil and it will take nine months to construct such a pipe line, this facility should be completed so that advantage may be taken of future advantageous prices. They also declare that revenue from the oil leases would permit the tribes to stock their depleted ranges with cattle and thus give sustenance and employment to those who are now destitute and jobless.

The argument has been advanced that money is detrimental to the Indian. They tell of druggists in towns near the reservation who make much profit by selling rubbing alcohol to the Indians as a beverage. But Mr. R. P. Haas, superintendent of the reservation, declares that there is very little liquor traffic among the Indians as compared with white communities.

Dry Era Helps Indians

"Local and national prohibition," he says, "has undoubtedly decreased the liquor traffic among these Indians, and I believe it is

say, they can well afford to look romantic. Think of it: In a week they can each earn enough food to keep a family from sacrificing its last horse.

Not all the Indians on the reservation are destitute. Some have fine farms well stocked. Some have paying jobs. Some work for the Government. Some are employed as tradesmen. The superintendent, in fact, reports that all but five or six Indians under his jurisdiction make some effort toward self-support.

Nevertheless, with a picture of the wild, free-riding Indians of the screen in thought, one recalls the pitiful tent of Sacajawea's grandson sitting in broad acres of grazing land on which there are no cattle. One thinks of the "rent money" requested by the Shoshones for the 50-year occupancy of their land, and of the possible revenue from oil royalties, and he considers what a boon it would be to these people if, perhaps, from some such source as these, enough might be realized to set these Indians up in the cattle industry, thus giving them a means to recapture some of the romance they have given the world through their screen work and release it once more in their own daily careers.

ELKO NEV. INDEPENDENT
SEPTEMBER 14, 1931

INDIANS TO BE MOVED THIS WEEK

364
**Thirty Families of
Aborigines will Have
Homes Changed**

Department Acts to Protect Interests of This City

The work of transferring about 30 Shoshone Indian families from their village, now in the vicinity of the source of Elko's domestic water supply, to the 35-acre tract of land recently acquired by the Indian department of the federal government from Dr. J. E. Worden, will be undertaken and completed this week, according to statement made by officials who will have charge of the work.

Frederick Snyder, superintendent of Indian affairs at Stewart Institute, near Carson City, will personally superintend the work of moving which will include transfer of cabins.

Mrs. Holcomb, matron connected with the Indian department, is here and will occupy tomorrow the residence which Dr. and Mrs. Worden built on the land that hereafter will be haven for the Indians of this district. Dr. and Mrs. Worden will vacate promptly and occupy the Emilio Dotta residence property that for several years has been occupied by H. H. Duke and family.

RENO, NEVADA-GAZETTE

OCTOBER 14, 1931

NEVADA INDIANS MAKE APPEAL FOR AID

364
FALLON, Nev., Oct. 14.—(Special).—Indians in Western Nevada face the danger of going hungry this winter and others may suffer illness from exposure, according to a letter which has been forwarded by a group of Stillwater Indians to the United States senate committee on Indian affairs. The letter cites drought conditions which have prevailed on the reservation here and the inability of white farmers to employ red men as ranch hands.

The letter complains that at no time has the government properly provided for the aged Indians. Allowances of \$7.50 a month for food is said to be far inadequate and the food handed out is not properly balanced.

"We advise that our condition as a tribe is most deplorable, for we have not raised enough of a crop to get our seed back, and the result of this is that where we have no money or credit, we are starving," the letter reads.

"There is no work of any kind. Those of the white people who reside near are themselves unable to employ help as they have done heretofore. It is, of course, unnecessary to inform you that the prolonged drought has aggravated this most serious condition. This statement applies generally to Indians all over Nevada." The letter further says that the greater sufferers are the children, many of whom, undernourished during normal times, are living in homes in which there is no food.

Complaint is made in the letter that inspectors for the government calling to investigate conditions among the Indians "are taken in tow by the representatives of the department of Indian affairs, and these local agents present to the inspectors such matters as may reflect the better side." A plea is added that the inspectors gain their knowledge direct from the Indians.

Another request is made that the government provide more liberally with irrigation water and make advance payments thereof when necessary.

"We are obliged to pray that you take immediate action in rendering unto us that assistance which is most urgently required, which matter is familiar to the representatives of this state in congress and the senate of the United States," the letter ends.

BERKELEY, CALIF
GAZETTE
NOVEMBER 3, 1931

NEVADA INDIANS REQUEST U.S. AID DURING WINTER

By United Press

FALLON, Nev., Nov. 3—Nevada Indians face starvation this winter.

Tucked away in odd corners of the state and forced to live like white men, the Indians have witnessed the drought. Their crops are gone. They can not move on to more fertile valleys. They must stay and starve.

The once healthy children now are suffering from mal-nutrition and are living in homes where there is no food, according to a letter sent by a group of the Stillwater Indians to the U. S. Senate Committee on Indian Affairs.

The letter alleges that in the past the government improperly provided for the aged Indians. Allowances of \$7.50 a month for the food bill is said to be inadequate and the food handed out is not properly balanced.

"It is unnecessary to inform you that the prolonged drought has aggravated this most serious condition," the letter said. "This statement applies generally to Indians all over Nevada."

In closing, the letter states, the Indians charge that the inspectors are shown only the bright side of Indian life and ask that inspectors gain their knowledge of conditions direct from the Indians.

LAS VEGAS NEV. AGE,

OCTOBER 18, 1932

SHOSHONES TO BEGIN ACTION AGAINST U. S.

Shoshone Indians of northern Nevada have started action to recover \$100,000 from the United States government. A meeting was recently held on the request of the senate committee, which made an investigation of affairs several weeks ago.

According to the Indians, who claim to be members of the Temoak band of Shoshone Indians, the United States entered into an agreement with the band on Oct. 1, 1863, whereby the Indians were to cease hostilities against white people entering their country and were to allow them to pass through unmolested and were also to permit prospectors to comb the mountains and hills in search of mineral wealth. In exchange the government guaranteed the band \$5,000 yearly, or its equivalent in cattle and food, for a period of twenty years and were to designate a reservation in the territory belonging to the Shoshone Indians on which the band was to locate.

The Indians now claim that the first \$5,000 was paid to them in cattle to bind the treaty, but the cattle were again taken away. Since that time, they say, no additional payments have been made. Instead of designating a reservation on the Shoshone land, which comprised most of the territory now covered by White Pine, Eureka, Lander and Elko counties, the government fixed a reservation at Duckwater, in the country of the Piutes, their avowed enemies.

Now the Shoshones are preparing to petition the United States government for money and interest due them and in addition are asking that a reservation be assigned them and that steps be taken for the care of aged and indigent Indians who are unable to care for themselves—Elko Free Press.